

A M E L I A.

B Y

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V O L. III.



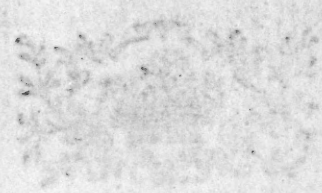
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B O O K VII.

C H A P. I.

A very short Chapter, and consequently requiring no Preface.

MRS. Bennet having fastened the Door, and both the Ladies having taken their Places, she once or twice offered to speak, when Passion stopt her Utterance; and after a Minute's Silence she burst into a Flood of Tears. Upon which *Amelia* expressing the utmost Tendernefs for her, as well by her Look as by her Accent; cry'd--- 'What can be the Reason, dear Madam, of all this Emotion?'--- 'O Mrs. Booth,' answered she,--- 'I find I have undertaken what I am not able to perform---You would not wonder at my Emotion, if you knew

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‘ you had an Adulteress and a Murderer
‘ now standing before you.’

Amelia turned pale as Death at these Words, which Mrs. *Bennet* observing, collected all the Force she was able, and a little composing her Countenance, cry’d,
‘ I see, Madam, I have terrified you with
‘ such dreadful Words; but I hope you
‘ will not think me guilty of these Crimes
‘ in the blackest Degree.’--- ‘ Guilty!’
cries *Amelia*. ‘ Oh Heavens!’ ‘ I believe
‘ indeed your Candour,’ continued Mrs. *Bennet*, ‘ will be readier to acquit me
‘ than I am to acquit myself-- Indiscretion,
‘ at least, the highest, most unpardonable
‘ Indiscretion, I shall always lay to my
‘ own Charge; and when I reflect on the
‘ fatal Consequences, I can never, never
‘ forgive myself.’ Here she again began to lament in so bitter a manner, that *Amelia* endeavoured, as much as she could (for she was herself greatly shocked) to sooth and comfort her; telling her, that if Indiscretion was her highest Crime, the unhappy Consequences made her rather an unfortunate than a guilty Person; and concluded by saying,---‘ Indeed, Madam,
‘ you have raised my Curiosity to the
‘ highest

‘ highest Pitch, and I beg you will proceed
‘ with your Story.’

Mrs. *Bennet* then seemed a second time going to begin her Relation, when she cried out, ‘ I would, if possible, tire you
‘ with no more of my unfortunate Life
‘ than just with that Part which leads to a
‘ Catastrophe, in which I think you may
‘ yourself be interested; but I protest I
‘ am at a Loss where to begin.’

‘ Begin wherever you please, dear Ma-
‘ dam,’ cries *Amelia*; ‘ but I beg you will
‘ consider my Impatience.’ ‘ I do consider
‘ it,’ answered Mrs. *Bennet*; ‘ And there-
‘ fore would begin with that Part of my
‘ Story which leads directly to what con-
‘ cerns yourself: For how, indeed, should
‘ my Life produce any thing worthy your
‘ Notice?’---‘ Do not say so, Madam,’ cries
Amelia, ‘ I assure you I have long suspected
‘ there were some very remarkable Inci-
‘ dents in your Life, and have only
‘ wanted an Opportunity to impart to you
‘ my Desire of hearing them:---I beg
‘ therefore you would make no more
‘ Apologies.’---‘ I will not, Madam,’
cries Mrs. *Bennet*, ‘ And yet I would

‘ avoid any thing trivial ; tho’, indeed, in
 ‘ Stories of Distress, especially where
 ‘ Love is concerned, many little Inci-
 ‘ dents may appear trivial to those who
 ‘ have never felt the Passion, which to
 ‘ delicate Minds are the most interesting
 ‘ Part of the Whole.’——‘ Nay but, dear
 ‘ Madam,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘ This is all
 ‘ Preface.’——

‘ Well, Madam,’ answered Mrs. *Bennet*,
 ‘ I will consider your Impatience.’ She
 then rallied all her Spirits in the best
 Manner she could, and began as is
 written in the next Chapter.

And here possibly the Reader will blame
 Mrs. *Bennet* for taking her Story so far
 back, and relating so much of her Life
 in which *Amelia* had no Concern ; but in
 Truth, she was desirous of inculcating a
 good Opinion of herself, from recounting
 those Transactions where her Conduct was
 unexceptionable, before she came to the
 more dangerous and suspicious Part of her
 Character. This I really suppose to have
 been her Intention : For to sacrifice the
 Time and Patience of *Amelia* at such a
 Season, to the mere Love of Talking of
 herself,

herself, would have been as unpardonable in her, as the bearing it was in *Amelia* a Proof of the most perfect good Breeding.

C H A P. II.

The Beginning of Mrs. Bennet's History.

‘ I Was the younger of two Daughters
‘ of a Clergyman in *Essex*; of one in
‘ whose Praise if I should indulge my fond
‘ Heart in speaking, I think my Inven-
‘ tion could not outgo the Reality. He
‘ was indeed well worthy of the Cloth he
‘ wore; and that, I think, is the highest
‘ Character a Man can obtain.

‘ During the first Part of my Life,
‘ even ’till I reached my Sixteenth Year,
‘ I can recollect nothing to relate to
‘ you. All was one long serene Day, in
‘ looking back upon which, as when we
‘ cast our Eyes on a calm Sea, no Object
‘ arises to my View. All appears one
‘ Scene of Happiness and Tranquillity.

‘ On the Day, then, when I became six-
‘ teen Years old, must I begin my History;

‘ for on that Day, I first tasted the Bit-
‘ terness of Sorrow.

‘ My Father, besides those prescribed
‘ by our Religion, kept five Festivals
‘ every Year. These were on his Wed-
‘ ding-Day, and on the Birth-Day of each
‘ of his little Family. On these Occa-
‘ sions he used to invite two or three
‘ Neighbours to his House, and to in-
‘ dulse himself, as he said, in great Ex-
‘ cess: For so he called drinking a Pint
‘ of very small Punch; and indeed it
‘ might appear Excess to one who on other
‘ Days rarely tasted any Liquor stronger
‘ than small Beer.

‘ Upon my unfortunate Birth-Day then,
‘ when we were all in a high Degree of
‘ Mirth, my Mother having left the
‘ Room after Dinner, and staying away
‘ pretty long, my Father sent me to see
‘ for her. I went according to his Orders;
‘ but tho’ I searched the whole House,
‘ and called after her without Doors, I
‘ could neither see nor hear her. I was a
‘ little alarmed at this (tho’ far from
‘ suspecting any great Mischief had be-
‘ fallen her) and ran back to acquaint my
‘ Father, who answered coolly, (for he
‘ was

‘ was a Man of the calmest Temper,) “ Very well, my Dear, I suppose she is “ not gone far, and will be here immediately.’ Half an Hour or more past “ after this, when, she not returning, my “ Father himself expressed some Surprise “ at her Stay; declaring, it must be some “ Matter of Importance which could detain her at that time from her Company. “ His Surprise now encreased every Minute; and he began to grow uneasy, and “ to shew sufficient Symptoms in his Countenance of what he felt within. He “ then dispatched the Servant Maid to “ enquire after her Mistress in the Parish; “ but waited not her Return; for she was “ scarce gone out of Doors, before he “ begged Leave of his Guests to go himself on the same Errand. The Company “ now all broke up, and attended my “ Father, all endeavouring to give him “ Hopes that no Mischief had happened. “ They searched the whole Parish; but in “ vain: They could neither see my Mother “ nor hear any News of her. My Father “ returned home in a State little short of “ Distraction. His Friends in vain attempted to administer either Advice or “ Comfort; he threw himself on the Floor “ in the most bitter Agonies of Despair.

‘ Whilst he lay in this Condition, my
‘ Sister and myself lying by him all equal-
‘ ly, I believe, and completely miserable,
‘ our old Servant Maid, came into the
‘ Room, and cried out, her Mind misgave
‘ her that she knew where her Mistress
‘ was. Upon these Words my Father
‘ sprung from the Floor, and asked her
‘ eagerly, where?—But oh! Mrs. *Booth*,
‘ how can I describe the Particulars of a
‘ Scene to you, the Remembrance of
‘ which chills my Blood with Horror, and
‘ which the Agonies of my Mind, when
‘ it past, made all a Scene of Confusion!
‘ The Fact then in short was this; my
‘ Mother, who was a most indulgent Mis-
‘ tress to one Servant, which was all we
‘ kept, was unwilling, I suppose, to disturb
‘ her at her Dinner; and therefore went
‘ herself to fill her Tea-Kettle at a Well,
‘ into which stretching herself too far,
‘ as we imagine, the Water then being
‘ very low, she fell with the Tea-Kettle
‘ in her Hand. The missing this gave
‘ the poor old Wretch the first Hint of
‘ her Suspicion, which upon Examination
‘ was found to be too well grounded.

‘ What

“ What we all suffered on this Occasion
“ may more easily be felt than described.
——“ It may indeed,” answered *Amelia*,
“ and I am so sensible of it, that unless
“ you have a Mind to see me faint before
“ your Face, I beg you will order me
“ something; a Glass of Water, if you
“ please.” Mrs. *Bennet* immediately complied with her Friend’s Request; a Glass of Water was brought, and some Hartshorn Drops infused into it: Which *Amelia* having drank off, declared she found herself much better; and then Mrs. *Bennet* proceeded thus.

“ I will not dwell on a Scene which I
“ see hath already so much affected your
“ tender Heart, and which is as disagreeable to me to relate, as it can be to you to hear. I will therefore only mention to you the Behaviour of my Father on this Occasion, which was indeed becoming a Philosopher and a Christian Divine. On the Day after my Mother’s Funeral, he sent for my Sister and myself into his Room; where, after many Caresses, and every Demonstration of Fatherly Tenderness, as well in Silence as in Words, he began to exhort us to

‘ bear with Patience the great Calamity
‘ that had befallen us; saying, “ That
“ as every human Accident, how terrible
“ soever, must happen to us by Divine
“ Permission at least, a due Sense of our
“ Duty to our great Creator, must teach
“ us an absolute Submission to his Will.
“ Not only Religion, but Common Sense
“ must teach us this: For Oh! my dear
“ Children, cries he, How vain is all Re-
“ sistance, all Repining! Could Tears
“ wash back again my Angel from the
“ Grave, I should drain all the Juices of
“ my Body through my Eyes; but oh,
“ could we fill up that cursed Well with
“ our Tears, how fruitless would be all
“ our Sorrow!”---‘ I think I repeat you
‘ his very Words: For the Impression
‘ they made on me is never to be oblite-
‘ rated.---He then proceeded to comfort us
‘ with the chearful Thought that the Loss
‘ was entirely our own, and that my
‘ Mother was greatly a Gainer by the
‘ Accident which we lamented. I have
“ a Wife,” cries he, “ my Children, and
“ you have a Mother now amongst the
“ Heavenly Choir: How selfish therefore
“ is all our Grief! How cruel to her are
“ all our Wishes!”---In this Manner he
‘ talked to us near half an Hour, tho’ I
‘ must

‘ must frankly own to you, his Arguments
‘ had not the immediate good Effect on
‘ us which they deserved: For we retired
‘ from him very little the better for his
‘ Exhortations; however, they became
‘ every Day more and more forcible upon
‘ our Recollection; indeed they were greatly
‘ strengthened by his Example: For in
‘ this, as in all other Instances, he practised
‘ the Doctrines which he taught. From
‘ this Day he never mentioned my Mother
‘ more, and soon after recovered his usual
‘ Cheerfulness in Public; tho’ I have Reason
‘ to think he paid many a bitter Sigh
‘ in private to that Remembrance which
‘ neither Philosophy nor Christianity could
‘ expunge.

‘ My Father’s Advice, enforced by his
‘ Example, together with the Kindness
‘ of some of our Friends, assisted by that
‘ ablest of all the mental Physicians,
‘ Time, in a few Months pretty well re-
‘ stored my Tranquillity, when Fortune
‘ made a second Attack on my Quiet.
‘ My Sister, whom I dearly loved, and
‘ who as warmly returned my Affection,
‘ had fallen into an ill State of Health
‘ some time before the fatal Accident
‘ which I have related. She was indeed

‘ at that Time so much better, that we had
‘ great Hopes of her perfect Recovery ;
‘ but the Disorders of her Mind on that
‘ dreadful Occasion so affected her Body,
‘ that she presently relapsed to her former
‘ declining State, and thence grew conti-
‘ nually worse and worse, till after a Decay
‘ of near seven Months, she followed my
‘ poor Mother to the Grave.

‘ I will not tire you, dear Madam,
‘ with Repetitions of Grief ; I will only
‘ mention two Observations which have
‘ occurred to me from Reflections on the
‘ two Losses I have mentioned. The
‘ first is, that a Mind once violently hurt
‘ grows, as it were, callous to any fu-
‘ ture Impressions of Grief ; and is never
‘ capable of feeling the same Pangs a
‘ second Time. The other Observation
‘ is, that the Arrows of Fortune, as well
‘ as all others, derive their Force from
‘ the Velocity with which they are dis-
‘ charged : For when they approach you
‘ by slow and perceptible Degrees, they
‘ have but very little Power to do you
‘ Mischief.

‘ The Truth of these Observations I
‘ experienced, not only in my own Heart,
‘ but

‘ but in the Behaviour of my Father,
‘ whose Philosophy seemed to gain a com-
‘ plete Triumph over this latter Cala-
‘ mity.

‘ Our Family was now reduced to two;
‘ and my Father grew extremely fond
‘ of me, as if he had now conferred an
‘ entire Stock of Affection on me, that
‘ had before been divided. His Words
‘ indeed testified no less: For he daily
‘ called me his only Darling, his whole
‘ Comfort, his All. He committed the
‘ whole Charge of his House to my Care,
‘ and gave me the Name of his little
‘ House-keeper, an Appellation of which
‘ I was then as proud as any Minister of
‘ State can be of his Titles. But tho’ I
‘ was very industrious in the Discharge of
‘ my Occupation, I did not, however,
‘ neglect my Studies, in which I had
‘ made so great a Proficiency, that I was
‘ become a pretty good Mistress of the
‘ *Latin* Language, and had made some
‘ Progress in the *Greek*. I believe, Ma-
‘ dam, I have formerly acquainted you,
‘ that Learning was the chief Estate I in-
‘ herited of my Father, in which he had
‘ instructed me from my earliest Youth.

‘ The

‘ The Kindness of this good Man had
‘ at length wiped off the Remembrance
‘ of all Losses ; and I, during two Years,
‘ led a Life of great Tranquillity, I think
‘ I might almost say of perfect Happi-
‘ ness.

‘ I was now in the nineteenth Year of
‘ my Age, when my Father’s good For-
‘ tune removed us from the County of
‘ *Essex* into *Hampshire*, where a Living
‘ was conferred on him by one of his old
‘ School-fellows, of twice the Value of
‘ what he was before possessed of.

‘ His Predecessor in this new Living
‘ had died in very indifferent Circum-
‘ stances, and had left behind him a
‘ Widow with two small Children. My
‘ Father, therefore, who with great Œco-
‘ nomy had a most generous Soul, bought
‘ the whole Furniture of the Parsonage-
‘ house at a very high Price ; some of it
‘ indeed he would have wanted : For tho’
‘ our little Habitation in *Essex* was most
‘ completely furnished ; yet it bore no
‘ Proportion to the Largeness of that
‘ House in which he was now to dwell.

‘ His

‘ His Motive, however, to the Purchase was, I am convinced, solely Generosity ; which appeared sufficiently by the Price he gave, and may be farther enforced by the Kindness he shewed the Widow in another Instance : For he assigned her an Apartment for the Use of herself and her little Family ; which he told her, she was welcome to enjoy as long as it suited her Conveniency.

‘ As this Widow was very young, and generally thought to be tolerably pretty, tho’ I own she had a Cast with her Eyes which I never liked, my Father, you may suppose, acted from a less noble Principle than I have hinted : But I must in Justice acquit him ; for these kind Offers were made her before ever he had seen her Face ; and I have the greatest Reason to think, that for a long Time after he had seen her, he beheld her with much Indifference.

‘ This Act of my Father’s gave me, when I first heard it, great Satisfaction : For I may, at least with the Modesty of the ancient Philosophers, call myself a Lover of Generosity ; but when
‘ I be-

‘ I became acquainted with the Widow,
‘ I was still more delighted with what
‘ my Father had done : For tho’ I could
‘ not agree with those who thought her a
‘ consummate Beauty, I must allow that
‘ she was very fully possessed of the Power
‘ of making herself agreeable ; and this
‘ Power she exerted with so much Success,
‘ with such indefatigable Industry to ob-
‘ blige, that within three Months I be-
‘ came in the highest Manner pleased with
‘ my new Acquaintance, and had con-
‘ tracted the most sincere Friendship for
‘ her.

‘ But if I was so pleased with the
‘ Widow, my Father was by this Time
‘ enamoured of her. She had, indeed,
‘ by the most artful Conduct in the World,
‘ so insinuated herself into his Favour, so
‘ entirely infatuated him, that he never
‘ shewed the least Marks of Cheerfulness
‘ in her Absence, and could, in Truth,
‘ scarce bear that she should be out of
‘ his Sight.

‘ She had managed this Matter so well,
‘ (O she is the most artful of Women !)
‘ that my Father’s Heart was gone before
‘ I ever suspected it was in Danger. The
‘ Discovery,

‘ Discovery, you may easily believe, Madam, was not pleasing. The Name of a Mother-in-law sounded dreadful in my Ears, nor could I bear the Thought of parting again with a Share in those dear Affections, of which I had purchased the Whole by the Loss of a beloved Mother and Sister.

‘ In the first Hurry and Disorder of my Mind on this Occasion, I committed a Crime of the highest Kind against all the Laws of Prudence and Discretion. I took the young Lady herself very roundly to Task, treated her Designs on my Father as little better than a Design to commit a Theft; and in my Passion, I believe, said she might be ashamed to think of marrying a Man old enough to be her Grandfather: For so in Reality he almost was.

‘ The Lady on this Occasion acted finely the Part of a Hypocrite. She affected to be highly affronted at my unjust Suspicions, as she called them, and proceeded to such Asseverations of her Innocence, that she almost brought me to discredit the Evidence of my own Eyes and Ears.

‘ My

‘ My Father, however, acted much
‘ more honestly : For he fell the next
‘ Day into a more violent Passion with me
‘ than I had ever seen him in before, and
‘ asked me, whether I intended to return
‘ his paternal Fondness by assuming the
‘ Right of controlling his Inclinations?
‘ with more of the like Kind, which fully
‘ convinced me what had passed between
‘ him and the Lady, and how little I had
‘ injured her in my Suspicions.

‘ Hitherto I frankly own my Aversion
‘ to this Match had been principally on
‘ my own Account : For I had no ill Opi-
‘ nion of the Woman, tho’ I thought
‘ neither her Circumstances nor my Fa-
‘ ther’s Age promised any Kind of Fe-
‘ licity from such an Union ; but now
‘ I learnt some Particulars, which, had
‘ not our Quarrel become public in the
‘ Parish, I should perhaps have never
‘ known. In short, I was informed, that
‘ this gentle obliging Creature, as she had
‘ at first appeared to me, had the Spirit
‘ of a Tigress, and was by many believed to
‘ have broken the Heart of her first Hus-
‘ band.

‘ The

‘ The Truth of this Matter being confirmed to me upon Examination, I resolved not to suppress it. On this Occasion Fortune seemed to favour me, by giving me a speedy Opportunity of seeing my Father alone and in good Humour. He now first began to open his intended Marriage, telling me that he had formerly had some religious Objections to Bigamy, but he had very fully considered the Matter, and had satisfied himself of its Legality. He then faithfully promised me, that no second Marriage should in the least impair his Affection for me; and concluded with the highest Elogiums on the Goodness of the Widow, protesting that it was her Virtues and not her Person with which he was enamoured.

‘ I now fell upon my Knees before him, and bathing his Hand in my Tears, which flowed very plentifully from my Eyes, acquainted him with all I had heard; and was so very imprudent, I might almost say so cruel, to disclose the Author of my Information.

“ My

‘ My Father heard me without any Indication of Passion ; and answered coldly, that if there was any Proof of such Facts, he should decline any further Thoughts of his Match ; “ But Child,” said he, “ tho’ I am far from suspecting the Truth of what you tell me, as far as regards your Knowledge ; yet you know the Inclination of the World to Slander.” However, before we parted he promised to make a proper Enquiry into what I had told him.---But I ask your Pardon, dear Madam, I am running minutely into those Particulars of my Life, in which you have not the least Concern.’

Amelia stopt her Friend short in her Apology, and tho’, perhaps, she thought her impertinent enough, yet, (such was her good Breeding) she gave her many Assurances of a Curiosity to know every Incident of her Life which she could remember ; after which Mrs. Bennet proceeded as in the next Chapter.

C H A P. III.

Continuation of Mrs. Bennet's Story.

‘ I THINK, Madam,’ said Mrs. Bennet, ‘ I told you my Father promised me to enquire farther into the Affair ; but he had hardly Time to keep his Word : For we separated pretty late in the Evening, and early the next Morning he was married to the Widow.

‘ But tho’ he gave no Credit to my Information, I had sufficient Reason to think he did not forget it, by the Resentment which he soon discovered to both the Persons whom I had named as my Informers.

‘ Nor was it long before I had good Cause to believe, that my Father’s new Wife was perfectly well acquainted with the good Opinion I had of her, not only from her Usage of me, but from certain Hints which she threw forth with an Air of Triumph. One Day particularly I remember she said to my Father, upon his mentioning his Age, “ O, my Dear, I hope you have many
“ Years

“ Years yet to live ; unless, indeed, I
“ should be so cruel as to break your
“ Heart.” She spoke these Words look-
“ ing me full in the Face, and accompa-
“ nied them with a Sneer, in which the
“ highest Malice was visible under a thin
“ Covering of affected Pleasantry.

“ I will not entertain you, Madam,
“ with any Thing so common as the cruel
“ Usage of a Step-mother ; nor of
“ what affected me much more, the un-
“ kind Behaviour of a Father under such
“ an Influence. It shall suffice only to tell
“ you, that I had the Mortification to
“ perceive the gradual and daily Decrease
“ of my Father’s Affection. His Smiles
“ were converted into Frowns ; the tender
“ Appellations of Child, and Dear, were
“ exchanged for plain *Molly*, that Girl,
“ that Creature, and sometimes much
“ harder Names. I was at first turned all
“ at once into a Cypher, and at last seem-
“ ed to be considered as a Nuisance in the
“ Family.

“ Thus altered was the Man of whom
“ I gave you such a Character at the En-
“ trance on my Story ; but alas ! he no
“ longer acted from his own excellent
“ Disposition ;

‘ Disposition; but was in every thing governed and directed by my Mother-in-Law. In Fact, whenever there is great Disparity of Years between Husband and Wife, the Younger is, I believe, always possessed of absolute Power over the Elder: For Superstition itself is a less firm Support of absolute Power than Dotage.

‘ But tho’ his Wife was so entirely Mistress of my Father’s Will, that she could make him use me ill, she could not so perfectly subdue his Understanding, as to prevent him from being conscious of such ill Usage; and from this Consciousness he began inveterately to hate me. Of this Hatred he gave me numberless Instances, and I protest to you, I know not any other Reason for it than what I have assigned; and the Cause, as Experience hath convinced me, is adequate to the Effect.

‘ While I was in this wretched Situation, my Father’s Unkindness having almost broken my Heart, he came one Day into my Room with more Anger in his Countenance than I had ever seen; and after bitterly upbraiding me with
‘ my

‘ my undutiful Behaviour both to himself
‘ and his worthy Confort, he bid me pack
‘ up my Alls, and immediately prepare to
‘ quit his House; at the same time gave
‘ me a Letter, and told me that would
‘ acquaint me where I might find a Home;
‘ adding, that he doubted not but I ex-
‘ pected and had indeed solicited the In-
‘ vitation; and left me with a Declaration
‘ that he would have no Spies in his
‘ Family.

‘ The Letter I found on opening it,
‘ was from my Father’s own Sister; but
‘ before I mention the Contents, I will
‘ give you a short Sketch of her Charac-
‘ ter, as it was somewhat particular. Her
‘ personal Charms were not great; for
‘ she was very tall, very thin, and very
‘ homely. Of the Defect of her Beauty
‘ she was perhaps sensible; her Vanity
‘ therefore retreated into her Mind, where
‘ there is no Looking-Glass, and conse-
‘ quently where we can flatter ourselves
‘ with discovering almost whatever Beau-
‘ ties we please. This is an encouraging
‘ Circumstance; and yet I have observed,
‘ dear Mrs. *Booth*, that few Women, ever
‘ seek these Comforts from within, till
‘ they are driven to it by Despair of find-
‘ ing

‘ing any Food for their Vanity from
‘without. Indeed, I believe, the first
‘Wish of our whole Sex is to be hand-
‘some.’

Here both the Ladies fixed their Eyes
on the Glass, and both smiled.

‘My Aunt, however,’ continued Mrs.
Bennet, ‘from Despair of gaining any
‘Applause this Way, had applied herself
‘entirely to the Contemplation of her
‘Understanding, and had improved this
‘to such a Pitch, that at the Age of
‘Fifty, at which she was now arrived,
‘she had contracted a hearty Contempt
‘for much the greater Part of both Sexes;
‘for the Women, as being Idiots, and
‘for the Men, as the Admirers of Idiots.
‘That Word and Fool were almost con-
‘stantly in her Mouth, and were bestowed
‘with great Liberality among all her
‘Acquaintance.

‘This Lady had spent one Day only
‘at my Father’s House in near two Years.
‘It was about a Month before his second
‘Marriage. At her Departure she took
‘Occasion to whisper me her Opinion of
‘the Widow, whom she called a pretty
VOL. III. C ‘Idiot,

‘ Idiot, and wondered how her Brother could bear such Company under his Roof; for neither she nor I had at that Time any Suspicion of what afterwards happened.

‘ The Letter which my Father had just received, and which was the first she had sent him since his Marriage, was of such a Nature, that I should be unjust if I blamed him for being offended; Fool and Idiot were both plentifully bestowed in it as well on himself as on his Wife. But what, perhaps, had principally offended him, was that Part which related to me: For after much Panegyric on my Understanding, and saying he was unworthy of such a Daughter, she considered his Match not only as the highest Indiscretion, as it related to himself; but as a downright Act of Injustice to me. One Expression in it I shall never forget. “ You have placed,” said she, “ a Woman above your Daughter, who, in Understanding, the only valuable Gift of Nature, is the lowest in the whole Class of pretty Idiots.” After much more of this Kind, it concluded with inviting me to her House.

‘ I can truly say, that when I had read
‘ the Letter, I entirely forgave my Fa-
‘ ther’s Suspicion, that I had made some
‘ Complaints to my Aunt of his Beha-
‘ viour: For tho’ I was indeed innocent,
‘ there was surely Colour enough to su-
‘ spect the contrary.

‘ Tho’ I had never been greatly at-
‘ tached to my Aunt, nor indeed had she
‘ formerly given me any Reason for such
‘ an Attachment; yet I was well enough
‘ pleased with her present Invitation. To
‘ say the Truth, I led so wretched a Life
‘ where I then was, that it was impossible
‘ not to be a Gainer by any Exchange.

‘ I could not, however, bear the
‘ Thoughts of leaving my Father with
‘ an Impression on his Mind against me
‘ which I did not deserve. I endeavoured
‘ therefore to remove all his Suspicion of
‘ my having complained to my Aunt by
‘ the most earnest Asseverations of my
‘ Innocence; but they were all to no
‘ Purpose. All my Tears, all my Vows,
‘ and all my Entreaties were fruitless.
‘ My new Mother indeed appeared to be
‘ my Advocate; but she acted her Part

‘ very poorly, and far from counter-
‘ feiting any Desire of succeeding in my
‘ Suit, she could not conceal the excessive
‘ Joy which she felt on the Occasion.

‘ Well, Madam, the next Day I de-
‘ parted for my Aunt’s, where after a
‘ long Journey of forty Miles, I arrived
‘ without having once broke my Fast on
‘ the Road: For Grief is as capable as
‘ Food of filling the Stomach; and I had
‘ too much of the former to admit any
‘ of the latter. The Fatigue of my
‘ Journey and the Agitation of my Mind,
‘ joined to my Fasting, so overpowered
‘ my Spirits, that when I was taken from
‘ my Horse, I immediately fainted away,
‘ in the Arms of the Man who helped me
‘ from my Saddle. My Aunt express’d
‘ great Astonishment at seeing me in this
‘ Condition, with my Eyes almost swollen
‘ out of my Head with Tears; but my
‘ Father’s Letter, which I delivered her
‘ soon after I came to myself, pretty well,
‘ I believed, cured her Surprize. She
‘ often smiled with a Mixture of Con-
‘ tempt and Anger, while she was read-
‘ ing it; and having pronounced her
‘ Brother to be a Fool, she turned to me,
‘ and with as much Affability as possible,
‘ (for

(for she is no great Mistress of Affability)
said, "Don't be uneasy, dear Molly;
for you are come to the House of a
Friend; of one who hath Sense enough
to discern the Author of all the Mis-
chief; depend upon it, Child, I will ere
long make some People ashamed of
their Folly." This kind Reception
gave me some Comfort, my Aunt as-
suring me that she would convince him
how unjustly he had accused me of
having made any Complaints to her.
A Paper War was now begun between
these two, which not only fixed an irre-
concilable Hatred between them; but
confirmed my Father's Displeasure against
me, and in the End, I believe, did me
no Service with my Aunt: For I was
considered by both as the Cause of their
Diffension; tho' in Fact, my Step-
Mother, who very well knew the Affec-
tion my Aunt had for her, had long
since done her Business with my Father;
and as for my Aunt's Affection toward
him, it had been abating several Years,
from an Apprehension that he did not
pay sufficient Deference to her Under-
standing.

‘ I had lived about half a Year with
‘ my Aunt, when I heard of my Step-
‘ Mother’s being delivered of a Boy, and
‘ the great Joy my Father expressed on
‘ that Occasion; but, poor Man, he lived
‘ not long to enjoy his Happiness; for
‘ within a Month afterwards I had the
‘ melancholy News of his Death.

‘ Notwithstanding all the Disobligations
‘ I had lately received from him, I was
‘ sincerely afflicted at my Loss of him.
‘ All his Kindness to me in my Infancy,
‘ all his Kindness to me while I was
‘ growing up, recurred to my Memory,
‘ raised a thousand tender, melancho-
‘ ly Ideas, and totally obliterated all
‘ Thoughts of his latter Behaviour, for
‘ which I made also every Allowance and
‘ every Excuse in my Power.

‘ But what may perhaps appear more
‘ extraordinary, my Aunt began soon to
‘ speak of him with Concern. She said,
‘ he had some Understanding formerly,
‘ tho’ his Passion for that vile Woman
‘ had in a great Measure obscured it;
‘ and one Day, when she was in an ill
‘ Humour with me, she had the Cruelty
‘ to

‘ to throw out a Hint, that she had never
‘ quarrelled with her Brother, if it had
‘ not been on my Account.

‘ My Father during his Life had allow-
‘ ed my Aunt very handsomely for my
‘ Board; for Generosity was too deeply
‘ rivetted in his Nature to be plucked out
‘ by all the Power of his Wife. So far,
‘ however, she prevailed, that tho’ he
‘ died possessed of upwards of 2000 l.
‘ he left me no more than 100 l. which,
‘ as he expressed in his Will, was to set
‘ me up in some Business, if I had the
‘ Grace to take to any.

‘ Hitherto my Aunt had in general
‘ treated me with some Degree of Affec-
‘ tion; but her Behaviour began now to
‘ be changed. She soon took an Oppor-
‘ tunity of giving me to understand, that
‘ her Fortune was insufficient to keep me;
‘ and as I could not live on the Interest
‘ of my own, it was high time for me to
‘ consider about going into the World.
‘ She added, That her Brother having
‘ mentioned my setting up in some Busi-
‘ ness, in his Will, was very foolish; that
‘ I had been bred to nothing; and besides,
‘ that the Sum was too trifling to set me

‘ up in any Way of Reputation ; she desired me therefore to think of immediately going into Service.

‘ This Advice was perhaps right enough ; and I told her I was very ready to do as she directed me ; but I was at that time, in an ill State of Health, I desired her therefore to let me stay with her, till my Legacy, which was not to be paid till a Year after my Father’s Death, was due ; and I then promised to satisfy her for my Board ; to which she readily consented.

‘ And now, Madam,’ said Mrs. *Bennet* sighing, ‘ I am going to open to you those Matters which lead directly to that great Catastrophe of my Life, which hath occasioned my giving you this Trouble, and of trying your Patience in this Manner.

Amelia, notwithstanding her Impatience, made a very civil Answer to this ; and then Mrs. *Bennet* proceeded to relate what is written in the next Chapter.

C H A P. IV.

Further Continuation.

‘ **T**HE Curate of the Parish where
‘ my Aunt dwelt was a young Fel-
‘ low of about four and twenty. He had
‘ been left an Orphan in his Infancy, and
‘ entirely unprovided for ; when an Un-
‘ cle had the Goodness to take Care of
‘ his Education, both at School and at
‘ the University. As the young Gentleman
‘ was intended for the Church, his Uncle,
‘ tho’ he had two Daughters of his own,
‘ and no very large Fortune, purchased
‘ for him the next Presentation of a Liv-
‘ ing of near 200 l. a Year. The Incum-
‘ bent, at the Time of the Purchase, was
‘ under the Age of Sixty, and in apparent
‘ good Health ; notwithstanding which he
‘ died soon after the Bargain, and long
‘ before the Nephew was capable of Or-
‘ ders ; so that the Uncle was obliged to
‘ give the Living to a Clergyman, to hold
‘ it till the young Man came of proper
‘ Age.

‘ The young Gentleman had not attained
‘ his proper Age of taking Orders, when he
‘ had the Misfortune to lose his Uncle and

‘ only Friend ; who, thinking he had
‘ sufficiently provided for his Nephew
‘ by the Purchase of the Living, considered him no farther in his Will, but
‘ divided all the Fortune of which he died
‘ possessed, between his two Daughters ;
‘ recommending it to them, however, on
‘ his Death-bed, to assist their Cousin with
‘ Money sufficient to keep him at the
‘ University, till he should be capable of
‘ Ordination.

‘ But as no Appointment of this Kind
‘ was in the Will, the young Ladies,
‘ who received about 2000*l.* each, thought
‘ proper to disregard the last Words of
‘ their Father : For besides that both of
‘ them were extremely tenacious of their
‘ Money, they were great Enemies to
‘ their Cousin, on Account of their Father’s Kindness to him, and thought
‘ proper to let him know that they thought
‘ he had robbed them of too much already.

‘ The poor young Fellow was now
‘ greatly distressed : For he had yet above
‘ a Year to stay at the University, without any visible Means of sustaining himself there.

‘ In

‘ In this Distress, however, he met
‘ with a Friend, who had the Good-na-
‘ ture to lend him the Sum of twenty
‘ Pounds, for which he only accepted his
‘ Bond for forty, and which was to be
‘ paid within a Year after his being pos-
‘ sessed of his Living.

‘ With this small Sum thus hardly ob-
‘ tained, the poor Gentleman made a
‘ Shift to struggle with all Difficulties,
‘ till he became of due Age to take upon
‘ himself the Character of a Deacon.
‘ He then repaired to that Clergyman,
‘ to whom his Uncle had given the Liv-
‘ ing upon the Conditions above-men-
‘ tioned, to procure a Title to Ordina-
‘ tion; but this, to his great Surprize and
‘ Mortification, was absolutely refused
‘ him.

‘ The immediate Disappointment did
‘ not hurt him so much, as the Conclu-
‘ sion he drew from it: For he could
‘ have but little Hopes, that the Man
‘ who could have the Cruelty to refuse
‘ him a Title, would vouchsafe after-
‘ wards to deliver up to him a Living of
‘ so considerable a Value; nor was it long

‘ before this worthy Incumbent told
‘ him plainly, that he valued his Uncle’s
‘ Favours at too high a Rate to part with
‘ them to any one; nay, he pretended
‘ Scruples of Conscience, and said that if
‘ he had made any slight Promises, which
‘ he did not now well remember, they
‘ were wicked and void; that he looked
‘ upon himself as married to his Parish,
‘ and he could no more give it up, than
‘ he could give up his Wife, without Sin.

‘ The poor young Fellow was now ob-
‘ liged to seek farther for a Title, which
‘ at length he obtained from the Rector
‘ of the Parish where my Aunt lived.

‘ He had not long been settled in the
‘ Curacy, before an intimate Acquain-
‘ tance grew between him and my Aunt :
‘ For she was a great Admirer of the
‘ Clergy, and used frequently to say they
‘ were the only conversable Creatures in
‘ the Country.

‘ The first Time she was in this Gentle-
‘ man’s Company was at a Neighbour’s
‘ Christning, where she stood God^dmother.
‘ Here she displayed her whole little Stock
‘ of Knowledge, in order to captivate Mr.

‘ *Bennet* (I suppose, Madam, you already guess that to have been his Name)
‘ and before they parted gave him a very
‘ strong Invitation to her House.

‘ Not a Word passed at this Christning
‘ between Mr. *Bennet* and myself ; but
‘ our Eyes were not unemployed. Here,
‘ Madam, I first felt a pleasing Kind of
‘ Confusion, which I know not how to
‘ describe. I felt a Kind of Uneasiness ;
‘ yet did not wish to be without it. I
‘ longed to be alone ; yet dreaded the
‘ Hour of Parting. I could not keep my
‘ Eyes off from the Object which caused
‘ my Confusion, and which I was at once
‘ afraid of and enamoured with.---But
‘ why do I attempt to describe my Situation to one who must, I am sure, have
‘ felt the same ?

Amelia smiled, and Mrs. *Bennet* went on thus, ‘ O, Mrs. *Booth*, had you seen
‘ the Person of whom I am now speaking,
‘ you would not condemn the Suddenness
‘ of my Love. Nay, indeed, I had seen
‘ him there before, tho’ this was the first
‘ Time I had ever heard the Music of his
‘ Voice.---O ! it was the sweetest that was
‘ ever heard.

‘ Mr.

‘ Mr. *Bennet* came to visit my Aunt
‘ the very next Day. She imputed this
‘ respectful Haste to the powerful Charms
‘ of her Understanding, and resolved to
‘ lose no Opportunity in improving the
‘ Opinion which she imagined he had
‘ conceived of her. She became by this
‘ Desire quite ridiculous, and ran into
‘ Absurdities and a Gallimatia scarce cre-
‘ dible.

‘ Mr. *Bennet*, as I afterwards found, saw
‘ her in the same Light with myself; but
‘ as he was a very sensible and well-bred
‘ Man, he so well concealed his Opinion
‘ from us both, that I was almost angry,
‘ and she was pleased even to Raptures,
‘ declaring herself charmed with his Un-
‘ derstanding; tho’ indeed he had said
‘ very little; but I believe he heard him-
‘ self into her good Opinion, while he
‘ gazed himself into Love.

‘ The two first Visits which Mr. *Ben-
‘ net* made to my Aunt, tho’ I was in
‘ the Room all the Time, I never spoke
‘ a Word; but on the third, on some Ar-
‘ gument which arose between them, Mr.
‘ *Bennet* referred himself to me. I took
his

‘ his Side of the Question, as indeed I
‘ must to have done Justice, and repeated
‘ two or three Words of *Latin*. My
‘ Aunt reddened at this, and exprest great
‘ Disdain of my Opinion, declaring she
‘ was astonished that a Man of Mr. *Bennet*’s
‘ Understanding could appeal to
‘ the Judgment of a silly Girl : Is she,
‘ said my Aunt bridling herself, fit to de-
‘ cide between us ? Mr. *Bennet* spoke
‘ very favourably of what I had said ;
‘ upon which my Aunt burst almost into
‘ a Rage, treated me with downright
‘ Scurrility, called me conceited Fool,
‘ abused my poor Father for having
‘ taught me *Latin*, which, she said, had
‘ made me a downright Coxcomb, and
‘ made me prefer myself to those who
‘ were a hundred Times my Superiors in
‘ Knowledge. She then fell foul on the
‘ learned Languages, declared they were
‘ totally useless, and concluded that she
‘ had read all that was worth reading,
‘ tho’ she thanked Heaven she understood
‘ no Language but her own.

‘ Before the End of his Visit, Mr.
‘ *Bennet* reconciled himself very well to
‘ my Aunt, which, indeed, was no dif-
‘ ficult Task for him to accomplish ; but
‘ from

‘ from that Hour she conceived a Hatred
‘ and Rancour towards me, which I could
‘ never appease.

‘ My Aunt had, from my first Coming
‘ into her House, expressed great Dislike
‘ to my Learning. In plain Truth, she
‘ envied me that Advantage. This Envy
‘ I had long ago discovered; and had
‘ taken great Pains to smother it, care-
‘ fully avoiding ever to mention a *Latin*
‘ Word in her Presence, and always sub-
‘ mitting to her Authority; for indeed I
‘ despised her Ignorance too much to dis-
‘ pute with her. By these Means I had
‘ pretty well succeeded, and we lived to-
‘ lerably together. But the Affront paid
‘ to her Understanding by Mr. *Bennet* in
‘ my Favour was an Injury never to be
‘ forgiven to me. She took me severely
‘ to Task that very Evening, and re-
‘ minded me of going to Service, in such
‘ earnest Terms, as almost amounted to
‘ literally turning me out of Doors; ad-
‘ vising me, in the most insulting Manner,
‘ to keep my *Latin* to myself; which,
‘ she said, was useless to any one; but
‘ ridiculous, when pretended to by a Ser-
‘ vant.

‘ The

‘ The next Visit Mr. *Bennet* made at
‘ our House, I was not suffered to be pre-
‘ sent at. This was much the shortest of
‘ all his Visits; and when he went away,
‘ he left my Aunt in a worse Humour
‘ than ever I had seen her. The Whole
‘ was discharged on me in the usual
‘ Manner, by upbraiding me with my
‘ Learning, Conceit, and Poverty; re-
‘ minding me of Obligations, and insisting
‘ on my going immediately to Service.
‘ With all this I was greatly pleased, as it
‘ assured me, that Mr. *Bennet* had said
‘ something to her in my Favour; and I
‘ would have purchased a kind Expression
‘ of his at almost any Price.

‘ I should scarce, however, have been
‘ so sanguine as to draw this Conclusion,
‘ had I not received some Hints, that I
‘ had not unhappily placed my Affections
‘ on a Man who made me no Return:
‘ For tho’ he had scarce addressed a dozen
‘ Sentences to me (for, indeed, he had
‘ no Opportunity) yet his Eyes had re-
‘ vealed certain Secrets to mine, with
‘ which I was not displeased.

‘ I re-

‘ I remained, however, in a State of
‘ Anxiety near a Month ; sometimes
‘ pleasing myself, with thinking Mr. *Bennet*’s Heart was in the same Situation
‘ with my own ; sometimes doubting that
‘ my Wishes had flattered and deceived
‘ me ; and not in the least questioning
‘ that my Aunt was my Rival : For I
‘ thought no Woman could be Proof a-
‘ gainst the Charms that had subdued me.
‘ Indeed, Mrs. *Booth*, he was a charming
‘ young Fellow ; I must, I must pay this
‘ Tribute to his Memory---O, gracious
‘ Heaven ! why, why did I ever see him !
‘ why was I doom’d to such Misery !’---
Here she burst into a Flood of Tears, and
remained incapable of Speech for some
Time ; during which, the gentle *Amelia*
endeavoured all she could to soothe her ;
and gave sufficient Marks of sympathizing
in the tender Affliction of her Friend.

Mrs. *Bennet*, at length, recovered her
Spirits, and proceeded, as in the next
Chapter.

C H A P. V.

The Story of Mrs. Bennet continued.

‘ I SCARCE know where I left off---
‘ Oh! I was, I think, telling you,
‘ that I esteemed my Aunt as my Rival;
‘ and it is not easy to conceive a greater
‘ Degree of Detestation than I had for
‘ her; and what may, perhaps, appear
‘ strange, as she daily grew more and
‘ more civil to me, my Hatred encreased
‘ with her Civility: For I imputed it all
‘ to her Triumph over me, and to her
‘ having secured the Heart I longed for
‘ beyond all Apprehension.

‘ How was I surpris’d, when one Day,
‘ with as much good Humour as she was
‘ Mistress of, (for her Countenance was
‘ not very pleasing) she asked me, how I
‘ liked Mr. *Bennet*? The Question, you
‘ will believe, Madam, threw me into
‘ great Confusion; which she plainly per-
‘ ceived, and without waiting for my
‘ Answer, told me, she was very well
‘ satisfied; for that it did not require her
‘ Discernment to read my Thoughts in
‘ my Countenance.’ “ Well, Child,”
‘ said

‘ said she, ’ “ I have suspected this a great
“ while, and I believe it will please you
“ to know, that I Yesterday made the
“ same Discovery in your Lover.” ‘ This,
‘ I confess to you, was more than I could
‘ well bear, and I begged her to say no
‘ more to me at that Time, on that Sub-
‘ ject.’---“ Nay, Child,” ‘ answered she,
“ I must tell you all, or I should not act
“ a friendly Part. Mr. Bennet, I am
“ convinced, hath a Passion for you; but
“ it is a Passion which I think you should
“ not encourage. For, to be plain with
“ you, I fear he is in Love with your
“ Person only. Now this is a Love, Child,
“ which cannot produce that rational
“ Happiness, which a Woman of Sense
“ ought to expect.”---In short, she ran
‘ on with a great Deal of Stuff about ra-
‘ tional Happiness, and Women of Sense,
‘ and concluded, with assuring me, that
‘ after the strictest Scrutiny, she could
‘ not find that Mr. Bennet had an adequate
‘ Opinion of my Understanding; upon
‘ which she vouchsafed to make me many
‘ Compliments, but mixed with several
‘ Sarcasms concerning my Learning.

‘ I hope, Madam, however,’ said she to
Amelia, ‘ you have not so bad an Opinion of
‘ my

‘ my Capacity, as to imagine me dull.
‘ enough to be offended with Mr. *Bennet’s*
‘ Sentiments ; for which I presently knew
‘ so well to account. I was, indeed, charmed
‘ with his Ingenuity, who had discovered,
‘ perhaps, the only Way of reconciling my
‘ Aunt to those Inclinations, which I now
‘ assured myself he had for me.

‘ I was not long left to support my Hopes
‘ by my Sagacity. He soon found an Op-
‘ portunity of declaring his Passion. He
‘ did this in so forcible, tho’ gentle, a
‘ Manner, with such a Profusion of Fer-
‘ vency and Tenderness at once, that his
‘ Love, like a Torrent, bore every Thing
‘ before it ; and I am almost ashamed to
‘ own to you, how very soon he prevailed
‘ upon me to--to--in short, to be an ho-
‘ nest Woman, and to confess to him the
‘ plain Truth.

‘ When we were upon a good Footing
‘ together, he gave me a long Relation of
‘ what had past, at several Interviews
‘ with my Aunt, at which I had not been
‘ present. He said, he had discovered,
‘ that as she valued herself chiefly on her
‘ Understanding, so she was extremely
‘ jealous of mine, and hated me on Ac-
count

‘ count of my Learning. That as he had
‘ loved me passionately from his first see-
‘ ing me, and had thought of Nothing,
‘ from that Time, but of throwing him-
‘ self at my Feet, he saw no Way so open to
‘ propitiate my Aunt as that which he had
‘ taken ; by commending my Beauty, a
‘ Perfection to which she had long resigned
‘ all Claim, at the Expence of my Under-
‘ standing, in which he lamented my
‘ Deficiency to a Degree almost of Ridi-
‘ cule. This he imputed chiefly to my
‘ Learning ; on this Occasion he advanc-
‘ ed a Sentiment, which so pleased my
‘ Aunt, that she thought proper to make
‘ it her own : For I heard it afterwards
‘ more than once from her own Mouth.
‘ *Learning, he said, had the same Effect*
‘ *on the Mind, that strong Liquors have*
‘ *on the Constitution ; both tending to*
‘ *eradicate all our natural Fire and En-*
‘ *ergy.* His Flattery had made such a
‘ Dupe of my Aunt, that she assented,
‘ without the least Suspicion of his Sin-
‘ cerity, to all he said ; so sure is Vanity
‘ to weaken every Fortrefs of the Under-
‘ standing, and to betray us to every At-
‘ tack of the Enemy.

‘ You

‘ You will believe, Madam, that I readily forgave him all he had said, not only from that Motive which I have mentioned, but as I was assured he had spoke the Reverse of his real Sentiments. I was not, however, quite so well pleased with my Aunt, who began to treat me as if I was really an Idiot. Her Contempt, I own, a little piqued me ; and I could not help often expressing my Resentment, when we were alone together, to Mr. *Bennet* ; who never failed to gratify me, by making her Conceit the Subject of his Wit ; a Talent which he possessed in the most extraordinary Degree.

‘ This proved of very fatal Consequence : For one Day, while we were enjoying my Aunt in a very thick Arbour in the Garden, she stole upon us unobserved, and overheard our whole Conversation. I wish, my Dear, you understood *Latin*, that I might repeat you a Sentence, in which the Rage of a Tigress, that hath lost her young, is described. No *English* Poet, as I remember, hath come up to it ; nor am I myself equal to the Undertaking. She burst in upon us, open-mouthed, and
‘ after

‘ after discharging every abusive Word
‘ almost, in the only Language she understood, on poor Mr. *Bennet*, turned
‘ us both out of Doors; declaring, she
‘ would send my Rags after me, but
‘ would never more permit me to set my
‘ Foot within her Threshold.

‘ Consider, dear Madam, to what a
‘ wretched Condition we were now reduced. I had not yet received the
‘ small Legacy left me by my Father;
‘ nor was Mr. *Bennet* Master of five
‘ Pounds in the whole World.

‘ In this Situation, the Man I doated
‘ on to Distraction had but little Difficulty
‘ to persuade me to a Proposal, which,
‘ indeed, I thought generous in him to
‘ make; as it seemed to proceed from that
‘ Tenderness for my Reputation, to which
‘ he ascribed it; indeed, it could proceed from no Motive with which I should
‘ have been displeased.---In a Word, within two Days we were Man and Wife.

‘ Mr. *Bennet* now declared himself the
‘ happiest of Men; and for my Part, I sincerely declare, I envied no Woman upon
‘ Earth. ---How little, alas! did I
‘ then

‘ then know, or suspect the Price I was
‘ to pay for all my Joys.---A Match of
‘ real Love is, indeed, truly Paradise;
‘ and such perfect Happiness seems to be
‘ the forbidden Fruit to Mortals, which
‘ we are to lament having tasted, during
‘ the rest of our Lives.

‘ The first Uneasiness which attacked
‘ us after our Marriage was on my Aunt’s
‘ Account. It was very disagreeable to
‘ live under the Nose of so near a Rela-
‘ tion, who did not acknowledge us; but,
‘ on the contrary, was ever doing us
‘ all the ill Turns in her Power; and
‘ making a Party against us in the Parish,
‘ which is always easy enough to do a-
‘ mongst the Vulgar, against Persons who
‘ are their Superiors in Rank, and, at the
‘ same Time, their Inferiors in Fortune.
‘ This made Mr. *Bennet* think of procur-
‘ ing an Exchange, in which Intention
‘ he was soon after confirmed by the Ar-
‘ rival of the Rector. It was the Rec-
‘ tor’s Custom to spend three Months
‘ every Year at his Living; for which
‘ Purpose he reserved an Apartment in
‘ his Parsonage-House, which was full
‘ large enough for two such little Families
‘ as then occupied it: We, at first, pro-

‘ mised ourselves some little Convenience
‘ from his boarding with us; and Mr.
‘ *Bennet* began to lay aside his Thoughts
‘ of leaving his Curacy, at least for some
‘ Time. But these golden Ideas presently
‘ vanished: For tho’ we both used our
‘ utmost Endeavours to please him, we
‘ soon found the Impossibility of succeeding.
‘ He was, indeed, to give you his
‘ Character in a Word, the most peevish
‘ of Mortals. This Temper, notwithstanding
‘ that he was both a good and a
‘ pious Man, made his Company so insufferable,
‘ that nothing could compensate it. If his
‘ Breakfast was not ready to a Moment, if a
‘ Dish of Meat was too much or too little done;
‘ in short, if any thing failed of exactly
‘ hitting his Taste, he was sure to be out of
‘ Humour all that Day; so that, indeed, he
‘ was scarce ever in a good Temper a whole
‘ Day together: For Fortune seems to take
‘ a Delight in thwarting this Kind of
‘ Disposition, to which Human Life, with
‘ its many Crosses and Accidents, is in
‘ Truth by no Means fitted.

‘ Mr. *Bennet* was now, by my Desire,
‘ as well as his own, determined to quit
‘ the Parish; but when he attempted to

‘ get an Exchange, he found it a Matter
 ‘ of more Difficulty than he had appre-
 ‘ hended : For the Rector’s Temper was
 ‘ so well known among the neighbouring
 ‘ Clergy, that none of them could be
 ‘ brought to think of spending three
 ‘ Months in a Year with him.

‘ After many fruitless Enquiries, Mr.
 ‘ *Bennet* was at last informed of an Office
 ‘ lately erected, opposite *Cecil-street* in the
 ‘ *Strand*, called the *Universal Register*, where
 ‘ he was assured he might probably have his
 ‘ Choice of above a hundred Curacies, in
 ‘ different Parts of the Kingdom. This
 ‘ greatly pleased him ; and he resolved,
 ‘ without more Delay, to take his Leave of
 ‘ the Rector ; which he did in the most
 ‘ friendly Manner possible, and preached
 ‘ his farewell Sermon ; nor was there a
 ‘ dry Eye in the Church, except among
 ‘ the few whom my Aunt, who remained
 ‘ still inexorable, had prevailed upon to
 ‘ hate us without any Cause.

‘ To *London* we came, and took
 ‘ up our Lodging the first Night at the
 ‘ Inn where the Stage Coach set us
 ‘ down ; the next Morning my Husband
 ‘ went early to the Office, from whence

‘ he returned in a Kind of Rapture, saying, he had been at a Place where all the Necessities of Life were provided for. I have not only heard, said he, of Variety of Curacies ; but I have equipped myself with a Lodging in the Neighbourhood of a worthy Peer, who was my Fellow Collegiate ; and what is more, I have a Direction from the Office to a Person who will advance your Legacy at a very reasonable Rate.

‘ This last Particular was extremely agreeable to me ; for our last Guinea was now broached ; and the Rector had lent my Husband ten Pounds to pay his Debts in the Country : For with all his Peevishness he was a good and a generous Man, and had indeed so many valuable Qualities, that I lamented his Temper, after I knew him thoroughly, as much on his Account, as on my own.

‘ We now quitted the Inn, and went to our Lodgings, where my Husband having placed me in Safety, as he said, he went about the Business of the Legacy, with good Assurance of Success : There being, as he told me, near fifty Gentle-

‘ Gentlemen, whose Names were registered
‘ in the Office, who transacted Business
‘ of this Kind.

‘ My Husband returned elated with his
‘ Success, the second Person to whom he
‘ applied having undertaken to advance
‘ the Legacy, which he fulfilled as soon
‘ as the proper Enquiries could be made,
‘ and proper Instruments prepared for
‘ that Purpose.

‘ This, however, took up so much
‘ Time, that as our Fund was so very
‘ low, we were reduced to some Distress,
‘ and obliged to live extremely penurious;
‘ nor would all do, without my taking a
‘ most disagreeable Way of procuring
‘ Money, by pawning one of my Gowns.

‘ Mr. *Bennet* was now settled in a Cu-
‘ racy in Town, greatly to his Satisfac-
‘ tion; and our Affairs seemed to have a
‘ prosperous Aspect, when he came home
‘ to me one Morning in much apparent
‘ Disorder, looking as pale as Death, and
‘ begged me by some Means or other to
‘ get him a Dram; for that he was taken
‘ with a sudden Faintness and Lowness of
‘ Spirits.

‘ Frighted as I was, I immediately ran
‘ down Stairs, and procured some Rum
‘ of the Mistress of the House; the first
‘ Time indeed I ever knew him drink
‘ any. When he came to himself, he begged
‘ me not to be alarmed; for it was
‘ no Distemper, but something that had
‘ vexed him, which had caused his Disorder,
‘ which he had now perfectly recovered.

‘ He then told me the whole Affair.
‘ He had hitherto deferred paying a Visit
‘ to the Lord whom I mentioned to have
‘ been formerly his Fellow Collegiate,
‘ and was now his Neighbour, ’till he
‘ could put himself in decent Rigging.
‘ He had now purchased a new Cassock,
‘ Hat and Wig, and went to pay his Respects
‘ to his old Acquaintance, who had
‘ received from him many Civilities and
‘ Assurances in his Learning at the University,
‘ and had promised to return them
‘ fourfold hereafter.

‘ It was not without some Difficulty
‘ that Mr. Bennet got into the Antichamber.
‘ Here he waited, or, as the Phrase
‘ is, cooled his Heels for above an Hour,
‘ before

‘ before he saw his Lordship ; nor had he
‘ seen him then, but by an Accident :
‘ For my Lord was going out, when he
‘ casually intercepted him in his Passage
‘ to his Chariot. He approached to Sa-
‘ lutation with some Familiarity, tho’
‘ with Respect, depending on his former
‘ Intimacy, when my Lord stepping short
‘ very gravely told him, he had not the
‘ Pleasure of knowing him. How ! my
‘ Lord, said he, can you have so soon
‘ forgot your old Acquaintance *Tom Ben-*
‘ *net* ? O Mr. *Bennet*, cries his Lordship,
‘ with much Reserve, is it you ? You
‘ will pardon my Memory. I am glad
‘ to see you, Mr. *Bennet* ; but you must
‘ excuse me at present : For I am in very
‘ great Haste. He then broke from him,
‘ and without more Ceremony, or any fur-
‘ ther Invitation, went directly into his
‘ Chariot.

‘ This cold Reception from a Person
‘ for whom my Husband had a real
‘ Friendship, and from whom he had
‘ great Reason to expect a very warm
‘ Return of Affection, so affected the
‘ poor Man, that it caused all those Symp-
‘ toms which I have mentioned before.

‘ Tho’ this Incident produced no material Consequence, I could not pass it over in Silence, as of all the Misfortunes which ever befel him, it affected my Husband the most. I need not, however, to a Woman of your Delicacy, make any Comments on a Behaviour, which, tho’ I believe it is very common, is nevertheless cruel and base beyond Description, and is diametrically opposite to true Honour, as well as to Goodness.

‘ To relieve the Uneasiness which my Husband felt on Account of his false Friend, I prevailed with him to go every Night, almost for a Fortnight together, to the Play; a Diversion of which he was greatly fond, and from which he did not think his being a Clergyman excluded him; indeed, it is very well if those austere Persons who would be inclined to censure him on this Head, have themselves no greater Sins to answer for.

‘ From this Time during three Months, we pass our Time very agreeably, a little too agreeably perhaps for our Circumstances: For however innocent Diversions

‘ versions may be in other Respects, they
‘ must be owned to be expensive. When
‘ you consider then, Madam, that our
‘ Income from the Curacy was less than
‘ Forty Pounds a Year, and that after
‘ Payment of the Debt to the Rector, and
‘ another to my Aunt, with the Costs in
‘ Law which she had occasioned by suing
‘ for it, my Legacy was reduced to less
‘ than Seventy Pounds, you will not wonder that in Diversions, Cloaths, and
‘ the common Expences of Life, we had
‘ almost consumed our whole Stock.

‘ The inconsiderate Manner in which
‘ we had lived for some Time will, I
‘ doubt not, appear to you to want some
‘ Excuse; but I have none to make for it.
‘ Two Things, however, now happened
‘ which occasioned much serious Reflex-
‘ ion to Mr. *Bennet*; the one was, that
‘ I grew near my Time; the other, that
‘ he now received a Letter from *Oxford*
‘ demanding the Debt of Forty Pounds,
‘ which I mentioned to you before. The
‘ former of these he made a Pretence of
‘ obtaining a Delay for the Payment of the
‘ latter, promising in two Months to pay
‘ off half the Debt, by which Means he obtained a Forbearance during that Time.

‘ I was now delivered of a Son, a
‘ Matter which should in Reality have
‘ encreased our Concern; but on the con-
‘ trary it gave us great Pleasure; greater
‘ indeed could not have been conceived
‘ at the Birth of an Heir to the most
‘ plentiful Estate. So entirely thoughtless
‘ were we, and so little Forecast had we
‘ of those many Evils and Distresses to
‘ which we had rendered a Human Crea-
‘ ture, and one so dear to us, liable. The
‘ Day of a Christening is in all Families,
‘ I believe, a Day of Jubilee and Rejoic-
‘ ing; and yet, if we consider the Interest
‘ of that little Wretch, who is the Occa-
‘ sion of all this Joy, how very little
‘ Reason would the most sanguine Persons
‘ have for rejoicing on this Occasion.

‘ But tho’ our Eyes were too weak to
‘ look forward, for the Sake of our Child,
‘ we could not be blinded to those Dangers
‘ that immediately threatned ourselves.
‘ Mr. Bennet, at the Expiration of the
‘ two Months, received a second Letter
‘ from Oxford, in a very peremptory Stile,
‘ and threatening a Suit without any far-
‘ ther Delay. This alarmed us in the
‘ strongest Manner; and my Husband, to
‘ secure

‘ secure his Liberty, was advised for a
 ‘ while to shelter himself in the Verge
 ‘ of the Court.

‘ And now, Madam, I am entring on
 ‘ that Scene which directly leads to all
 ‘ my Misery.’ — Here she stopped, and
 wiped her Eyes, --- and then begging
Amelia to excuse her for a few Minutes.
 ran hastily out of the Room, leaving
Amelia by herself, while she refreshed
 her Spirits with a Cordial to enable her
 to relate what follows in the next
 Chapter.

C H A P. VI.

Farther Continued.

MRS. Bennet returning into the Room,
 made a short Apology for her Ab-
 sence, and then proceeded in these
 Words..

‘ We now left our Lodging, and took
 ‘ a second Floor in that very House where
 ‘ you now are ; to which we were recom-
 ‘ mended by the Woman where we had
 ‘ before lodged: For the Mistresses of both
 ‘ Houses were acquainted ; and, indeed,
 ‘ we had been all at the Play together. To
 ‘ this new Lodging then, (such was our
 D 6 ‘ wretched

‘ wretched Destiny) we immediately repaired, and were received by Mrs. *Ellison* (how can I bear the Sound of that detested Name!) with much Civility; she took care, however, during the first Fortnight of our Residence, to wait upon us every *Monday* Morning for her Rent: Such being it seems the Custom of this Place, which being inhabited chiefly by Persons in Debt, is not the Region of Credit.

‘ My Husband, by the singular Goodness of the Rector, who greatly compassionated his Case, was enabled to continue in his Curacy, tho’ he could only do the Duty on *Sundays*. He was, however, sometimes obliged to furnish a Person to officiate at his Expence; so that our Income was very scanty, and the poor little Remainder of the Legacy being almost spent, we were reduced to some Difficulties, and what was worse, saw still a Prospect of greater before our Eyes.

‘ Under these Circumstances, how agreeable to poor Mr. *Bennet* must have been the Behaviour of Mrs. *Ellison*, who, when he carried her her Rent on the usual Day, told him, with a benevolent
‘ Smile,

‘ Smile, that he needed not to give him-
‘ self the Trouble of such exact Punctua-
‘ lity. She added, that, if it was at any
‘ time inconvenient to him, he might pay
‘ her when he pleased. To say the Truth,
‘ says she, I never was so much pleased with
‘ any Lodgers in my Life,---I am convinced,
‘ Mr. *Bennet*, you are a very worthy Man,
‘ and you are a very happy one too; for you
‘ have the prettiest Wife and the prettiest
‘ Child I ever saw.---These, dear Madam,
‘ were the Words she was pleased to make
‘ use of; and I am sure she behaved to
‘ me with such an Appearance of Friend-
‘ ship and Affection, that, as I could not
‘ perceive any possible Views of Interest
‘ which she could have in her Professions,
‘ I easily believed them real.

‘ There lodged in the same House,
‘ O Mrs. *Booth*! the Blood runs cold to
‘ my Heart, and should run cold to yours
‘ when I name him:---There lodged in
‘ the same House a Lord---The Lord in-
‘ deed whom I have since seen in your
‘ Company. This Lord, Mrs. *Ellison*
‘ told me, had taken a great Fancy to
‘ my little *Charly*: Fool that I was, and
‘ blinded by my own Passion, which made
‘ me conceive that an Infant, not three
‘ Months

‘ Months old, could be really the Object
‘ of Affection to any besides a Parent ;
‘ and more especially to a gay young
‘ Fellow ! But if I was silly in being de-
‘ ceived, how wicked was the Wretch
‘ who deceived me ; who used such Art,
‘ and employed such Pains, such incre-
‘ dible Pains to deceive me ! He acted
‘ the Part of a Nurse to my little Infant ;
‘ he danced it, he lulled it, he kissed it ;
‘ declared it was the very Picture of a
‘ Nephew of his, his favourite Sister’s
‘ Child ; and said so many kind and fond
‘ Things of its Beauty, that I myself,
‘ tho’, I believe, one of the tenderest and
‘ fondest of Mothers, scarce carried my
‘ own Ideas of my little Darling’s Per-
‘ fection, beyond the Compliments which
‘ he paid it.

‘ My Lord, however, perhaps from
‘ Modesty before my Face, fell far short
‘ of what Mrs. *Ellison* reported from
‘ him. And now, when she found the
‘ Impression which was made on me by
‘ these Means, she took every Opportu-
‘ nity of insinuating to me his Lordship’s
‘ many Virtues, his great Goodness to
‘ his Sister’s Children in particular ; nor
‘ did

‘ did she fail to drop some Hints, which
‘ gave me the most simple and groundless
‘ Hopes of strange Consequences from
‘ his Fondness to my *Charly*.

‘ When by these Means, which, simple
‘ as they may appear, were, perhaps,
‘ the most artful, my Lord had gained
‘ something more, I think, than my Es-
‘ teem, he took the surest Method to
‘ confirm himself in my Affection. This
‘ was, by professing the highest Friend-
‘ ship for my Husband : For, as to my-
‘ self, I do assure you, he never shewed
‘ me more than common Respect ; and I
‘ hope you will believe, I should have
‘ immediately startled and flown off if
‘ he had. Poor I accounted for all the
‘ Friendship which he expressed for my
‘ Husband, and all the Fondness which
‘ he shewed to my Boy, from the great
‘ Prettiness of the one, and the great
‘ Merit of the other ; foolishly conceiv-
‘ ing, that others saw with my Eyes,
‘ and felt with my Heart. Little did I
‘ dream, that my own unfortunate Person
‘ was the Fountain of all this Lord’s
‘ Goodness, and was the intended Price
‘ of it.

‘ One Evening, as I was drinking Tea
‘ with Mrs. *Ellison* by my Lord’s Fire,
‘ (a Liberty which she never scrupled tak-
‘ ing when he was gone out) my little
‘ *Charly*, now about half a Year old,
‘ sitting in her Lap ; my Lord, acciden-
‘ tally no Doubt ; indeed, I then thought
‘ it so, came in. I was confounded and
‘ offered to go ; but my Lord declared,
‘ if he disturbed Mrs. *Ellison*’s Com-
‘ pany, as he phrased it, he would him-
‘ self leave the Room. When I was
‘ thus prevailed on to keep my Seat, my
‘ Lord immediately took my little Baby
‘ into his Lap, and gave it some Tea
‘ there, not a little at the Expence of his
‘ Embroidery : For he was very richly
‘ drest ; indeed, he was as fine a Figure as,
‘ perhaps, ever was seen. His Behaviour
‘ on this Occasion gave me many Ideas
‘ in his Favour. I thought he discovered
‘ good Sense, Good-nature, Condescen-
‘ sion, and other good Qualities, by the
‘ Fondness he shewed to my Child, and
‘ the Contempt he seemed to express for
‘ his Finery, which so greatly became
‘ him : For I cannot deny, but that he
‘ was the handsomest and genteelest Per-
‘ son in the World ; tho’ such Considera-
‘ tions

‘ tions advanced him not a Step in my Fa-
‘ vour.

‘ My Husband now returned from
‘ Church, (for this happened on a *Sunday*)
‘ and was, by my Lord’s particular De-
‘ fire, ushered into the Room. My Lord
‘ received him with the utmost Polite-
‘ ness, and with many Professions of
‘ Esteem ; which, he said, he had con-
‘ ceived from Mrs. *Ellison*’s Representa-
‘ tions of his Merit. He then proceeded
‘ to mention the Living, which was de-
‘ tained from my Husband, of which
‘ Mrs. *Ellison* had likewise informed him ;
‘ and said, he thought it would be no
‘ difficult Matter, to obtain a Restoration
‘ of it by the Authority of the Bishop,
‘ who was his particular Friend, and to
‘ whom he would take an immediate Op-
‘ portunity of mentioning it. This, at
‘ last, he determined to do the very next
‘ Day ; when he invited us both to Din-
‘ ner, where we were to be acquainted
‘ with his Lordship’s Success.

‘ My Lord now insisted on my Hus-
‘ band’s staying Supper with him, with-
‘ out taking any Notice of me ; but Mrs.
‘ *Ellison* declared, he should not part
‘ Man

‘ Man and Wife ; and that she herself
‘ would stay with me. The Motion was
‘ too agreeable to me to be rejected ; and,
‘ except the little Time I retired to put
‘ my Child to Bed, we spent together the
‘ most agreeable Evening imaginable ;
‘ nor was it, I believe, easy to decide,
‘ whether Mr. *Bennet* or myself were most
‘ delighted with his Lordship and Mrs.
‘ *Ellison* ; but this I assure you, the Gene-
‘ rosity of the one, and the extreme Ci-
‘ vility and Kindness of the other were
‘ the Subjects of our Conversation all
‘ the ensuing Night, during which we
‘ neither of us closed our Eyes.

‘ The next Day, at Dinner, my Lord
‘ acquainted us, that he had prevailed
‘ with the Bishop to write to the Clergy-
‘ man in the Country ; indeed, he told
‘ us, that he had engaged the Bishop to be
‘ very warm in our Interest, and had not
‘ the least Doubt of Success. This threw
‘ us both into a Flow of Spirits ; and in
‘ the Afternoon, Mr. *Bennet*, at Mrs.
‘ *Ellison*’s Request, which was seconded
‘ by his Lordship, related the History of
‘ our Lives, from our first Acquaintance.
‘ My Lord seemed much affected with
‘ some tender Scenes, which, as no Man
‘ could

‘ could better feel, so none could better
‘ describe than my Husband. When he
‘ had finished, my Lord begged Pardon
‘ for mentioning an Occurrence which
‘ gave him such a particular Concern, as
‘ it had disturbed that delicious State of
‘ Happiness in which we had lived at our
‘ former Lodging. “ It would be ungen-
‘ erous,” said he, “ to rejoice at an
‘ Accident, which, tho’ it brought me
‘ fortunately acquainted with two of the
‘ most agreeable People in the World,
‘ was yet at the Expence of your mutual
‘ Felicity. The Circumstance I mean is
‘ your Debt at *Oxford*; pray how doth
‘ that stand? I am resolved it shall ne-
‘ ver disturb your Happiness hereafter.”
‘ At these Words, the Tears burst from
‘ my poor Husband’s Eyes; and in an
‘ Ecstasy of Gratitude, he cried out,
‘ Your Lordship overcomes me with Ge-
‘ nerosity. If you go on in this Manner,
‘ both my Wife’s Gratitude and mine
‘ must be bankrupt.” He then ac-
‘ quainted my Lord with the exact State
‘ of the Case, and received Assurances
‘ from him, that the Debt should never
‘ trouble him. My Husband was again
‘ breaking out into the warmest Expres-
‘ sions of Gratitude; but my Lord stopt
‘ him

‘ him short ; saying, if you have any
‘ Obligation, it is to my little *Charly* here,
‘ from whose little innocent Smiles I have
‘ received more than the Value of this
‘ trifling Debt in Pleasure. I forgot to
‘ tell you, that when I offered to leave
‘ the Room after Dinner, upon my Child’s
‘ Account, my Lord would not suffer
‘ me ; but ordered the Child to be brought
‘ to me. He now took it out of my
‘ Arms, placed it upon his own Knee,
‘ and fed it with some Fruit from the
‘ Dessert. In short, it would be more
‘ tedious to you than to myself, to relate
‘ the thousand little Tenderneffes he shew-
‘ ed to the Child. He gave it many
‘ Baubles ; amongst the rest was a Coral,
‘ worth, at least, three Pounds ; and
‘ when my Husband was confined near
‘ a Fortnight to his Chamber with a Cold,
‘ he visited the Child every Day ; (for to
‘ this Infant’s Account were all the Visits
‘ placed) and seldom failed of accompa-
‘ nying his Visit with a Present to the
‘ little Thing.

‘ Here, Mrs. *Booth*, I cannot help
‘ mentioning a Doubt which hath often
‘ arisen in my Mind, since I have been
‘ enough Mistress of myself to reflect on
‘ this

‘ this horrid Train, which was laid to
‘ blow up my Innocence. Wicked and
‘ barbarous it was to the highest Degree,
‘ without any Question ; but my Doubt
‘ is, whether the Art or Folly of it be
‘ the more conspicuous : For however
‘ delicate and refined the Art must be al-
‘ lowed to have been, the Folly, I think,
‘ must, upon a fair Examination, appear
‘ no less astonishing : For to lay all Con-
‘ siderations of Cruelty and Crime out of
‘ the Case, what a foolish Bargain doth
‘ the Man make for himself, who pur-
‘ chases so poor a Pleasure at so high a
‘ Price !

‘ We had lived near three Weeks,
‘ with as much Freedom as if we had been
‘ all of the same Family ; when one Af-
‘ ternoon, my Lord proposed to my
‘ Husband to ride down himself to soli-
‘ cite the Surrender : For he said, the
‘ Bishop had received an unsatisfactory
‘ Answer from the Parson, and had writ
‘ a second Letter more pressing ; which
‘ his Lordship now promised us to strength-
‘ en by one of his own that my Husband
‘ was to carry with him. Mr. Bennet agreed
‘ to this Proposal with great Thankfulness ;
‘ and the next Day was appointed for his
‘ Journey.

‘ Journey. The Distance was near seventy
‘ Miles; and a Post-chaise seemed the
‘ pleasantest, as well as most expeditious
‘ Method; but my Husband objected to
‘ the Expence: Upon this, I recollected
‘ that I had seen something about this Mat-
‘ ter in the Plan of the Register-Office.
‘ By my Advice, therefore, he repaired
‘ thither; where he found a Companion
‘ registered to go within a few Miles of
‘ the same Place; and, by the best of
‘ Luck, this Companion was his old Ac-
‘ quaintance and Fellow-Collegiate.

‘ My Husband set out on his Journey;
‘ and he had scarce left me before Mrs.
‘ *Ellison* came into my Room, and endea-
‘ voured to comfort me in his Absence;
‘ to say the Truth, tho’ he was to be from
‘ me but a few Days, and the Purpose of
‘ his going was to fix our Happiness on a
‘ sound Foundation for all our future
‘ Days, I could scarce support my Spirits
‘ under this first Separation. But tho’ I
‘ then thought Mrs. *Ellison*’s Intentions to
‘ be most kind and friendly; yet the Means
‘ she used were utterly ineffectual, and ap-
‘ peared to me injudicious. Instead of
‘ soothing my Uneasiness, which is always
‘ the first Physic to be given to Grief, she
‘ rallied

‘ rallied me upon it, and began to talk in
 ‘ a very unusual Stile of Gaiety, in which
 ‘ she treated conjugal Love with much
 ‘ Ridicule.

‘ I gave her to understand, that she
 ‘ displeased me by this Discourse ; but
 ‘ she soon found Means to give such a
 ‘ Turn to it, as made a Merit of all she
 ‘ had said. And now, when she had
 ‘ worked me into a good Humour, she
 ‘ made a Proposal to me, which I at first
 ‘ rejected ; but at last fatally,---too fatally
 ‘ suffered myself to be over-persuaded.
 ‘ This was to go to a Masquerade at *Ra-*
 ‘ *nelagh*, for which my Lord had furnished
 ‘ her with Tickets.

At these Words *Amelia* turned pale as Death, and hastily begged her Friend to give her a Glass of Water, some Air, or any Thing. Mrs. *Bennet* having thrown open the Window, and procured the Water, which prevented *Amelia* from fainting, looked at her with much Tendernefs, and cried, ‘ I do not wonder, my dear Ma-
 ‘ dam, that you are affected with my
 ‘ mentioning that fatal Masquerade ; since
 ‘ I firmly believe the same Ruin was in-
 ‘ tended for you at the same Place. The
 Appre-

‘ Apprehension of which occasioned the
 ‘ Letter I sent you this Morning, and all
 ‘ the Trial of your Patience which I have
 ‘ made since.’

Amelia gave her a tender Embrace, with many Expressions of the warmest Gratitude; assured her, she had pretty well recovered her Spirits, and begged her to continue her Story; which Mrs. Bennet then did. However, as our Readers may likewise be glad to recover their Spirits also, we shall here put an End to this Chapter.

C H A P. VII.

The Story farther continued.

MR S. Bennet proceeded thus.

‘ I was at length, prevailed on to
 ‘ accompany Mrs. *Ellison* to the Mas-
 ‘ querade. Here, I must confess, the
 ‘ Pleasantness of the Place, the Variety of
 ‘ the Dresses, and the Novelty of the
 ‘ Thing gave me much Delight, and
 ‘ raised my Fancy to the highest Pitch.
 ‘ As I was entirely void of all Suspicion,
 ‘ my Mind threw off all Reserve, and
 ‘ Pleasure

‘ Pleasure only filled my Thoughts. In-
‘ nocence, it is true, possessed my Heart ;
‘ but it was Innocence unguarded, intoxi-
‘ cated with foolish Desires, and liable to
‘ every Temptation. During the first
‘ two Hours, we had many trifling Ad-
‘ ventures, not worth remembering. At
‘ length my Lord joined us, and con-
‘ tinued with me all the Evening ;
‘ and we danced several Dances toge-
‘ ther.

‘ I need not, I believe, tell you, Ma-
‘ dam, how engaging his Conversation
‘ is. I wish I could with Truth say, I
‘ was not pleased with it ; or, at least, that
‘ I had a Right to be pleased with it. But
‘ I will disguise Nothing from you : I
‘ now began to discover, that he had
‘ some Affection for me ; but he had al-
‘ ready too firm a Footing in my Esteem,
‘ to make the Discovery shocking. I
‘ will---I will own the Truth ; I was de-
‘ lighted with perceiving a Passion in him,
‘ which I was not unwilling to think he
‘ had had from the Beginning, and to
‘ derive his having concealed it so long,
‘ from his Awe of my Virtue, and his
‘ Respect to my Understanding. I assure
‘ you, Madam, at the same Time, my
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‘ Intentions were never to exceed the
‘ Bounds of Innocence. I was charmed
‘ with the Delicacy of his Passion; and
‘ in the foolish, thoughtless Turn of
‘ Mind, in which I then was, I fancied I
‘ might give some very distant Encou-
‘ ragement to such a Passion in such a
‘ Man, with the utmost Safety; that I
‘ might indulge my Vanity and Interest
‘ at once, without being guilty of the
‘ least Injury.

‘ I know Mrs. *Booth* will condemn all
‘ these Thoughts, and I condemn them
‘ no less myself; for it is now my stedfast
‘ Opinion, that the Woman who gives up
‘ the least Out-work of her Virtue, doth,
‘ in that very Moment, betray the Cita-
‘ del.

‘ About two o’ Clock we returned
‘ home, and found a very handsome Co-
‘ lation provided for us. I was asked to
‘ partake of it; and I did not, I could
‘ not refuse. I was not, however, entirely
‘ void of all Suspicion, and I made many
‘ Resolutions; one of which was, not to
‘ drink a Drop more than my usual Stint.
‘ This was, at the utmost, little more
‘ than Half a Pint of Small Punch.

‘ I adhered strictly to my Quantity ;
‘ but in the Quality, I am convinced, I
‘ was deceived : For, before I left the
‘ Room, I found my Head giddy. What
‘ the Villain gave me, I know not ; but
‘ besides being intoxicated, I perceived
‘ Effects from it, which are not to be de-
‘ scribed.

‘ Here, Madam, I must draw a Cur-
‘ tain over the Residue of that fatal
‘ Night. Let it suffice, that it involved
‘ me in the most dreadful Ruin ; a
‘ Ruin, to which, I can truly say, I ne-
‘ ver consented ; and of which I was
‘ scarce conscious, when the villanous
‘ Man avowed it to my Face in the Morn-
‘ ing.

‘ Thus I have deduced my Story to the
‘ most horrid Period ; happy had I been,
‘ had this been the Period of my Life ;
‘ but I was reserved for greater Miseries :
‘ But before I enter on them, I will men-
‘ tion something very remarkable, with
‘ which I was now acquainted, and that
‘ will shew there was Nothing of Accident
‘ which had befallen me ; but that all

‘ was the Effect of a long, regular, pre-
‘ meditated Design.

‘ You may remember, Madam, I told
‘ you, that we were reommended to
‘ Mrs. *Ellison* by the Woman at whose
‘ House we had before lodged. This
‘ Woman, it seems, was one of my Lord’s
‘ Pimps, and had before introduced me
‘ to his Lordship’s Notice.

‘ You are to know then, Madam, that
‘ this Villain, this Lord, now confest to
‘ me, that he had first seen me in the
‘ Galery at the Oratorio; whither I had
‘ gone with Tickets, with which the Wo-
‘ man where I first lodged, had pre-
‘ sented me, and which were, it seems, pur-
‘ chased by my Lord. Here I first met
‘ the vile Betrayer, who was disguised in
‘ a Rug-coat, and a Patch upon his
‘ Face.’

At these Words, *Amelia* cried, O gra-
cious Heavens! and fell back in her Chair.
Mrs. Bennet, with proper Applications,
brought her back to Life; and then *Ame-
lia* acquainted her, that she herself had
first seen the same Person, in the same
Place,

Place, and in the same Disguise. ‘O!
 ‘ Mrs. Bennet, cried she, how am I in-
 ‘ debted to you ! What Words, what
 ‘ Thanks, what Actions can demon-
 ‘ strate the Gratitude of my Sentiments !
 ‘ I look upon you, and always shall look
 ‘ upon you, as my Preserver from the
 ‘ Brink of a Precipice ; from which I
 ‘ was falling into the same Ruin, which
 ‘ you have so generously, so kindly, and
 ‘ so nobly disclosed for my Sake.’

Here the two Ladies compared Notes ;
 and it appeared, that his Lordship’s Be-
 haviour at the Oratorio had been alike
 to both : That he had made Use of the
 very same Words, the very same Actions
 to *Amelia*, which he had practised over
 before on poor unfortunate Mrs. Bennet.
 It may, perhaps, be thought strange, that
 neither of them could afterwards recollect
 him ; but so it was. And, indeed, if we
 consider the Force of Disguise, the very
 short Time that either of them was with
 him at this first Interview, and the very
 little Curiosity that must have been sup-
 posed in the Minds of the Ladies, toge-
 ther with the Amusement in which they
 were then engaged, all Wonder will,
 E 3 I apprehend,

I apprehend, cease. *Amelia*, however, now declared, she remembered his Voice and Features perfectly well; and was thoroughly satisfied he was the same Person. She then accounted for his not having visited in the Afternoon, according to his Promise, from her declared Resolutions to Mrs. *Ellison* not to see him. She now burst forth into some very satirical Invectives against that Lady, and declared she had the Art, as well as the Wickedness, of the Devil himself.

Many Congratulations now past from Mrs. *Bennet* to *Amelia*, which were returned with the most hearty Acknowledgments from that Lady. But, instead of filling our Paper with these, we shall pursue Mrs. *Bennet's* Story; which she resumed, as we have written in the next Chapter.

C H A P. VIII.

Further Continuation.

‘**N**O sooner,’ said Mrs. *Bennet*, continuing her Story, ‘was my Lord departed, than Mrs. *Ellison* came to me. She behaved in such a Manner, when
‘ she

‘ she became acquainted with what had
‘ past, that tho’ I was at first satisfied of
‘ her Guilt, she began to stagger my
‘ Opinion ; and, at length, prevailed
‘ upon me entirely to acquit her. She
‘ raved like a Madwoman against my
‘ Lord, swore he should not stay a Mo-
‘ ment in her House, and that she would
‘ never speak to him more. In short,
‘ had she been the most innocent Woman
‘ in the World, she could not have spoke,
‘ nor acted any otherwise ; nor could she
‘ have vented more Wrath and Indigna-
‘ tion against the Betrayer.

‘ That Part of her Denunciation of
‘ Vengeance, which concerned my Lord’s
‘ leaving the House, she vowed should be
‘ executed immediately ; but then, seem-
‘ ing to recollect herself, she said, “ Con-
“ sider, my dear Child ; it is for your Sake
“ alone I speak ; will not such a Pro-
“ ceeding give some Suspicion to your
“ Husband ? I answered, that I valued
“ not that ; that I was resolved to inform
“ my Husband of all, the Moment I saw
“ him ;” with many Expressions of De-
‘ testation of myself, and an Indifference
‘ for Life, and for every Thing else.

‘ Mrs. *Ellison*, however, found Means
‘ to soothe me, and to satisfy me with
‘ my own Innocence ; a Point, in which,
‘ I believe, we are all easily convinced.
‘ In short, I was persuaded to acquit both
‘ myself and her, to lay the whole Guilt
‘ upon my Lord, and to resolve to conceal it from my Husband.

‘ That whole Day I confined myself to
‘ my Chamber, and saw no Person but
‘ Mrs. *Ellison*. I was, indeed, ashamed
‘ to look any one in the Face. Happily
‘ for me, my Lord went into the Country
‘ without attempting to come near me ;
‘ for I believe his Sight would have driven
‘ me to Madness.

‘ The next Day, I told Mrs. *Ellison*,
‘ that I was resolved to leave her Lodgings
‘ the Moment my Lord came to Town ;
‘ not on her Account : (For I really inclined to think her innocent ;) but on
‘ my Lord’s, whose Face I was resolved,
‘ if possible, never more to behold. She
‘ told me, I had no Reason to quit her
‘ House on that Score : For that my
‘ Lord himself had left her Lodgings
‘ that Morning, in Resentment, she believed,
‘

‘ lieved, of the Abuses which she had
‘ cast on him the Day before.

‘ This confirmed me in the Opinion of
‘ her Innocence; nor hath she from that
‘ Day to this, till my Acquaintance with
‘ you, Madam, done any thing to forfeit
‘ my Opinion. On the contrary, I owe
‘ her many good Offices; amongst the rest
‘ I have a Reversion of 150*l.* a Year
‘ from my Lord, which I know was
‘ owing to her Solicitations: For she is
‘ not void of Generosity or Good-nature;
‘ tho’ by what I have lately seen, I am
‘ convinced she was the Cause of my
‘ Ruin, and hath endeavoured to lay the
‘ same Snares for you.

‘ But to return to my melancholy Story.
‘ My Husband returned at the appointed
‘ Time; and I met him with an Agitation
‘ of Mind not to be described. Perhaps
‘ the Fatigue which he had undergone in
‘ his Journey, and his Dissatisfaction at
‘ his ill Success, prevented his taking No-
‘ tice of what I feared was too visible.
‘ All his Hopes were entirely frustrated; the
‘ Clergyman had not received the Bishop’s
‘ Letter; and as to my Lord’s he treated
‘ it with Derision and Contempt. Tired

‘ as he was, Mr. *Bennet* would not sit
‘ down ’till he had enquired for my Lord,
‘ intending to go and pay his Compli-
‘ ments: Poor Man! he little suspected
‘ that he had deceived him, as I have
‘ since known, concerning the Bishop;
‘ much less did he suspect any other In-
‘ jury. But the Lord---the Villain was
‘ gone out of Town, so that he was
‘ forced to postpone all his Gratitude.

‘ Mr. *Bennet* returned to Town late on
‘ the *Saturday* Night, nevertheless he per-
‘ formed his Duty at Church the next
‘ Day; but I refused to go with him.
‘ This, I think, was the first Refusal I was
‘ guilty of since our Marriage; but I was
‘ become so miserable, that his Presence,
‘ which had been the Source of all my
‘ Happiness, was become my Bane. I
‘ will not say I hated to see him; but I
‘ can say I was ashamed, indeed afraid to
‘ look him in the Face. I was conscious
‘ of I knew not what ——— Guilt I
‘ hope it cannot be called.’

‘ I hope not, nay I think not,’ cries
Amelia.

‘ My

‘ My Husband,’ continued Mrs. *Bennet*;
‘ perceived my Dissatisfaction, and im-
‘ puted it to his ill Success in the Country:
‘ I was pleased with this Self-Delusion;
‘ and yet when I fairly compute the Ago-
‘ nies I suffered at his Endeavours to com-
‘ fort me on that Head, I paid most se-
‘ verely for it. O my dear Mrs. *Booth*;
‘ happy is the deceived Party between
‘ true Lovers, and wretched indeed is the
‘ Author of the Deceit.

‘ In this wretched Condition I past a
‘ whole Week, the most miserable, I
‘ think, of my whole Life, endeavouring
‘ to humour my Husband’s Delusion, and
‘ to conceal my own Tortures; but I
‘ had Reason to fear I could not succeed
‘ long; for on the *Saturday* Night I per-
‘ ceived a visible Alteration in his Beha-
‘ viour to me. He went to Bed in an
‘ apparent ill Humour, turned sullenly
‘ from me; and if I offered at any En-
‘ dearments, he gave me only peevish
‘ Answers.

‘ After a restless turbulent Night, he
‘ rose early on *Sunday* Morning and walk-
‘ ed down Stairs. I expected his Return.

‘ to Breakfast, but was soon informed by
‘ the Maid that he was gone forth; and
‘ that it was no more than seven o’Clock.
‘ All this, you may believe, Madam, alarm-
‘ ed me. I saw plainly he had discovered
‘ the fatal Secret, tho’ by what Means I
‘ could not divine. The State of my
‘ Mind was very little short of Madness.
‘ Sometimes I thought of running away
‘ from my injured Husband, and some-
‘ times of putting an End to my Life.

‘ In the midst of such Perturbations,
‘ I spent the Day. My Husband return-
‘ ed in the Evening.—O Heavens, can
‘ I describe what followed.—It is im-
‘ possible, I shall sink under the Relation.
‘ —He entered the Room, with a Face
‘ as white as a Sheet, his Lips trembling,
‘ and his Eyes red as Coals of Fire, and
‘ starting as it were from his Head.’—
“ *Molly,*” ‘ cries he, throwing himself into
‘ his Chair, “are you well?”—‘ Good
‘ Heavens,’ says I, ‘ what’s the Matter?
‘ —Indeed, I can’t say I am well.’
“ No!” ‘ says he, --- starting from his
‘ Chair, “false Monster, you have betrayed
‘ me, destroyed me, you have ruined your
‘ Husband.” ‘ Then looking like a Fury
‘ he snatched off a large Book from the
‘ Table,

‘ Table, and with the Malice of a Mad-
‘ man, threw it at my Head, and knocked
‘ me down backwards. He then caught
‘ me up in his Arms, and kissed me with
‘ most extravagant Tendernefs; then
‘ looking me stedfast in the Face for
‘ feveral Moments, the Tears gushed in
‘ a Torrent from his Eyes, and with his
‘ utmost Violence he threw me again on
‘ the Floor---Kicked me, stamped upon
‘ me. I believe, indeed, his Intent was
‘ to kill me, and I believe he thought he
‘ had accomplished it.

‘ I lay on the Ground for fome Minutes
‘ I believe, deprived of my Senses. When
‘ I recovered myself, I found my Husband
‘ lying by my Side on his Face, and the
‘ Blood running from him. It seems
‘ when he thought he had difpatched me,
‘ he ran his Head with all his Force
‘ againft a Chest of Drawers which stood
‘ in the Room, and gave himfelf a dread-
‘ ful Wound in his Head.

‘ I can truly fay, I felt not the leaft
‘ Refentment for the Ufage I had received;
‘ I thought I deferved it all; tho’ indeed
‘ I little gueffed what he had fuffered from
‘ me. I now ufed the moft earneft En-
‘ treaties

‘ treaties to him to compose himself; and
‘ endeavoured with my feeble Arms to
‘ raise him from the Ground. At length,
‘ he broke from me, and springing from
‘ the Ground flung himself into a Chair,
‘ when looking wildly at me, he cried,---
“ Go from me, *Molly*. I beseech you
“ leave me, I would not kill you.”---‘ He
‘ then discovered to me——O Mrs. *Booth*,
‘ can you not guess it?——I was indeed
‘ polluted by the Villain---I had infected
‘ my Husband——O Heaven! why do
‘ I live to relate any thing so horrid——
‘ I will not, I cannot yet survive it. I
‘ cannot forgive myself. Heaven cannot
‘ forgive me.——

Here she became inarticulate with the Violence of her Grief, and fell presently into such Agonies, that the frightened *Amelia* began to call aloud for some Assistance. Upon this a Maid Servant came up, who seeing her Mistress in a violent Convulsion Fit, presently screamed out she was dead. Upon which one of the other Sex made his Appearance; and who should this be but the honest Serjeant? whose Countenance soon made it evident, that tho’ a Soldier and a brave one too, he was not the least concerned.

concerned of all the Company on this Occasion.

The Reader, if he hath been acquainted with Scenes of this Kind, very well knows that Mrs. *Bennet* in the usual Time returned again to the Possession of her Voice; the first Use of which she made, was to express her Astonishment at the Presence of the Serjeant, and with a frantic Air, to enquire who he was.

The Maid concluding that her Mistress was not yet returned to her Senses, answered, ‘ Why ’tis my Master, Madam. ‘ Heaven preserve your Senses, Madam--- ‘ Lord, Sir, my Mistress must be very ‘ bad not to know you.’

What *Atkinson* thought at this Instant, I will not say; but certain it is he looked not over wise. He attempted twice to take hold of Mrs. *Bennet*’s Hand; but she withdrew it hastily, and presently after rising up from her Chair, she declared herself pretty well again, and desired *Atkinson* and the Maid to withdraw. Both of whom presently obeyed; the Serjeant appearing by his Countenance to want Comfort almost as much as the Lady had;

had, to whose Assistance he had been summoned.

It is a good Maxim to trust a Person entirely or not at all: For a Secret is often innocently blabbed out by those who know but half of it. Certain it is that the Maid's Speech communicated a Suspicion to the Mind of *Amelia*, which the Behaviour of the Serjeant did not tend to remove; what that is the sagacious Readers may likewise probably suggest to themselves; if not, they must wait our Time for disclosing it. We shall now resume the History of Mrs. Bennet, who after many Apologies, proceeded to the Matters in the next Chapter.

C H A P. IX.

The Conclusion of Mrs. Bennet's History.

‘ **W**HEN I became sensible,’ cries Mrs. Bennet, ‘ of the Injury I had done my Husband, I threw myself at his Feet, and embracing his Knees, while I bathed them with my Tears, I begged a patient Hearing, declaring if he was not satisfied with what I should say, I would become a willing Victim
‘ of

‘ of his Resentment. I said, and I said
‘ truly, that if I owed my Death that
‘ Instant to his Hands, I should have no
‘ other Terrour, but of the fatal Conse-
‘ quence which it might produce to him-
‘ self.

‘ He seemed a little pacified, and bid
‘ me say whatever I pleased.

‘ I then gave him a faithful Relation
‘ of all that had happened. He heard
‘ me with great Attention, and at the
‘ Conclusion, cried, with a deep Sigh---
“ O *Molly*, I believe it all.——You must
“ have been betrayed as you tell me; you
“ could not be guilty of such Baseness,
“ such Cruelty, such Ingratitude”--- ‘ He
‘ then——O ’tis impossible to describe his
‘ Behaviour——he exprest such Kindness,
‘ such Tenderneſs, such Concern, for the
‘ Manner in which he had used me——
‘ I cannot dwell on this Scene——I shall
‘ relapse——You must excuse me.

Amelia begged her to omit any thing
which so affected her; and she proceeded
thus.

‘ My

‘ My Husband, who was more convinced than I was of Mrs. *Ellison*’s Guilt, declared he would not sleep that Night in her House. He then went out to see for a Lodging; he gave me all the Money he had, and left me to pay her Bill, and put up the Cloaths, telling me if I had not Money enough, I might leave the Cloaths as a Pledge; but he vowed he could not answer for himself, if he saw the Face of Mrs. *Ellison*.

‘ Words cannot scarce express the Behaviour of that artful Woman, it was so kind and so generous. She said she did not blame my Husband’s Resentment, nor could she expect any other, but that he and all the World should censure her---That she hated her House almost as much as we did, and detested her Cousin, if possible, more. In fine, she said I might leave my Cloaths there that Evening; but that she would send them to us the next Morning. That she scorned the Thought of detaining them; and as for the paultry Debt, we might pay her whenever we pleased: For to do her Justice with all her Vices, she hath some Good in her.

‘ Some

‘ Some Good in her, indeed!’ cried *Amelia*, with great Indignation.

‘ We were scarce settled in our new Lodgings,’ continued Mrs. *Bennet*, ‘ when my Husband began to complain of a Pain in his Inside. He told me he feared he had done himself some Injury in his Rage, and had burst something within him. As to the odious--- I cannot bear the Thought, the great Skill of his Surgeon soon entirely cured him; but his other Complaint instead of yielding to any Application, grew still worse and worse, nor ever ended till it brought him to his Grave.

‘ O Mrs. *Booth*, could I have been certain that I had occasioned this, however innocently I had occasioned it, I could never have survived it; but the Surgeon who opened him after his Death assured me, that he died, of what they called a Polypus in his Heart, and that nothing which had happened on Account of me was in the least the Occasion of it.

‘ I have, however, related the Affair truly to you. The first Complaint I
‘ ever

‘ ever heard of the Kind, was within a
‘ Day or two after we left Mrs. *Ellison*’s;
‘ and this Complaint remained till his
‘ Death, which might induce him perhaps
‘ to attribute his Death to another Cause;
‘ but the Surgeon, who is a Man of
‘ the highest Eminence, hath always
‘ declared the contrary to me, with
‘ the most positive Certainty; and this
‘ Opinion hath been my only Comfort.

‘ When my Husband died, which was
‘ about ten Weeks after we quitted Mrs.
‘ *Ellison*’s, of whom I had then a dif-
‘ ferent Opinion from what I have now,
‘ I was left in the most wretched Condi-
‘ tion imaginable. I believe, Madam, she
‘ shewed you my Letter. Indeed she did
‘ every thing for me at that Time, which
‘ I could have expected from the best of
‘ Friends. She supplied me with Money
‘ from her own Pocket, by which Means
‘ I was preserved from a Distress in
‘ which I must have otherwise inevita-
‘ bly perished.

‘ Her Kindness to me in this Season
‘ of Distress prevailed on me to return
‘ again to her House. Why, indeed,
‘ should

‘ should I have refused an Offer so very
‘ convenient for me to accept, and which
‘ seemed so generous in her to make?
‘ Here I lived a very retired Life, with
‘ my little Babe, seeing no Company but
‘ Mrs. *Ellison* herself, for a full Quarter
‘ of a Year. At last Mrs. *Ellison* brought
‘ me a Parchment from my Lord, in which
‘ he had settled upon me, at her Instance,
‘ as she told me, and as I believe it was,
‘ an Annuity of 150 *l.* a Year. This
‘ was, I think, the very first time she
‘ had mentioned his hateful Name to me
‘ since my Return to her House. And
‘ she now prevailed upon me, tho’ I as-
‘ sure you, not without much Difficulty,
‘ to suffer him to execute the Deed in my
‘ Presence.

‘ I will not describe our Interview,---
‘ I am not able to describe it, and I have
‘ often wondered how I found Spirits to
‘ support it. This I will say for him,
‘ that if he was not a real Penitent, no
‘ Man alive could act the Part better.

‘ Beside Resentment, I had another
‘ Motive of my Backwardness to agree
‘ to such a Meeting. And this was Fear.
‘ I apprehended, and surely not without
‘ Reason,

‘ Reason, that the Annuity was rather
‘ meant as a Bribe than a Recompence,
‘ and that further Designs were laid
‘ against my Innocence: But in this I
‘ found myself happily deceived; for nei-
‘ ther then, nor at any time since, have
‘ I ever had the least Solicitation of that
‘ Kind. Nor indeed have I seen the least
‘ Occasion to think my Lord had any
‘ such Desires.

‘ Good Heavens! what are these Men!
‘ What is this Appetite, which must have
‘ Novelty and Resistance for its Provo-
‘ catives; and which is delighted with us
‘ no longer than while we may be confi-
‘ dered in the Light of Enemies.’

‘ I thank you, Madam,’ cries *Amelia*,
‘ for relieving me from my Fears on your
‘ Account; I trembled at the Consequence
‘ of this second Acquaintance with such a
‘ Man, and in such a Situation.’

‘ I assure you, Madam, I was in no
‘ Danger,’ returned Mrs. *Bennet*: ‘ For
‘ besides that I think I could have pretty
‘ well relied on my own Resolution, I
‘ have heard since, at St. *Edmundsbury*,
‘ from an intimate Acquaintance of my
Lord’s,

‘ Lord’s, who was an entire Stranger to
‘ my Affairs, that the highest Degree of
‘ Inconstancy is his Character ; and that
‘ few of his numberless Mistresses have
‘ ever received a second Visit from him.

‘ Well, Madam,’ continued she, ‘ I
‘ think I have little more to trouble you
‘ with ; unless I should relate to you, my
‘ long ill State of Health ; from which,
‘ by the Advice of Dr. *Thompson*, I am
‘ lately, I thank Heaven, recovered :
‘ Or, unless I should mention to you the
‘ most grievous Accident that ever befel
‘ me, the Loss of my poor dear *Charly*.’
---Here she made a full Stop, and the
Tears ran down into her Bosom.

Amelia was silent a few Minutes, while
she gave the Lady Time to vent her Pas-
sion ; after which, she began to pour forth
a vast Profusion of Acknowledgements
for the Trouble she had taken in relating
her History ; but chiefly, for the Motive
which had induced her to it ; and for the
kind Warning which she had given her by
the little Note which Mrs. *Bennet* had
sent her that Morning.

‘ Yes,

‘ Yes, Madam,’ cries Mrs. *Bennet*, ‘ I
‘ am convinced, by what I have lately
‘ seen, that you are the destined Sacrifice
‘ to this wicked Lord ; and that Mrs. *El-*
‘ *lison*, whom I no longer doubt to have
‘ been the Instrument of my Ruin, in-
‘ tended to betray you in the same Ma-
‘ ner. The Day I met my Lord in your
‘ Apartment, I began to entertain some
‘ Suspicions, and I took Mrs. *Ellison* very
‘ roundly to Task upon them : Her Be-
‘ haviour, notwithstanding many Affeve-
‘ rations to the contrary, convinced me
‘ I was right ; and I intended, more than
‘ once, to speak to you, but could not ;
‘ till last Night the Mention of the Mas-
‘ querade determined me to delay it no
‘ longer. I therefore sent you that Note
‘ this Morning ; and am glad you so
‘ luckily discovered the Writer, as it hath
‘ given me this Opportunity of easing
‘ my Mind ; and of honestly shewing you,
‘ how unworthy I am of your Friend-
‘ ship, at the same Time that I so ear-
‘ nestly desire it.

C H A P. X.

Being the last Chapter of the Seventh Book.

A M E L I A did not fail to make proper Compliments to Mrs. Bennet, on the Conclusion of her Speech in the last Chapter. She told her, that from the first Moment of her Acquaintance, she had the strongest Inclination to her Friendship; and that her Desires of that Kind were much increased by hearing her Story. ‘Indeed, Madam,’ says she, ‘you are much too severe a Judge on yourself: For they must have very little Candour, in my Opinion, who look upon your Case with any severe Eye. To me, I assure you, you appear highly the Object of Compassion; and I shall always esteem you, as an innocent and an unfortunate Woman.’

Amelia would then have taken her Leave; but Mrs. Bennet so strongly pressed her to stay to Breakfast, that at length she complied: Indeed she had fasted so long, and her gentle Spirits had been so agitated with Variety of Passions, that

Nature very strongly seconded Mrs. *Bennet's* Motion.

Whilst the Maid was preparing the Tea-equipage, *Amelia*, with a little Slyness in her Countenance, asked Mrs. *Bennet*, if Serjeant *Atkinson* did not lodge in the same House with her. The other reddened so extremely at the Question, repeated the Serjeant's Name with such Hesitation, and behaved so awkwardly, that *Amelia* wanted no further Confirmation of her Suspicions. She would not, however, declare them abruptly to the other; but began a Dissertation on the Serjeant's Virtues; and after observing the great Concern which he had manifested, when Mrs. *Bennet* was in her Fit, concluded with saying, she believed the Serjeant would make the best Husband in the World: For that he had great Tenderness of Heart, and a Gentleness of Manners, not often to be found in any Man; and much seldomer in Persons of his Rank.

‘ And why not in his Rank?’ said Mrs. *Bennet*, ‘ Indeed, Mrs. *Booth*, we rob the lower Order of Mankind of their Due. I do not deny the Force and Power of Education;

‘ Education ; but when we consider how
‘ very injudicious is the Education of the
‘ better Sort in general, how little they
‘ are instructed in the Practice of Vir-
‘ tue, we shall not expect to find the
‘ Heart much improved by it. And
‘ even as to the Head, how very slightly
‘ do we commonly find it improved, by
‘ what is called a genteel Education ! I
‘ have myself, I think, seen Instances of
‘ as great Goodness, and as great Under-
‘ standing too, among the lower Sort of
‘ People, as among the higher. Let us
‘ compare your Serjeant now, with the
‘ Lord who hath been the Subject of
‘ Conversation ; on which Side would an
‘ impartial Judge decide the Balance to
‘ incline ?’

‘ How monstrous then,’ cries *Amelia*,
‘ is the Opinion of those, who consider
‘ our matching ourselves the least below
‘ us in Degree, as a Kind of Contamina-
‘ tion !’

‘ A most absurd and preposterous Sen-
‘ timent,’ answered Mrs. *Bennet* warmly,
‘ how abhorrent from Justice, from com-
‘ mon Sense, and from Humanity---but
‘ how extremely incongruous with a Re-

‘ligion, which professes to know no Difference of Degree ; but ranks all Mankind on the Footing of Brethren ! Of all Kinds of Pride, there is none so unchristian as that of Station ; in reality, there is none so contemptible. Con-tempt, indeed, may be said to be its own Object : For my own Part, I know none so despicable as those who despise others.’

‘I do assure you,’ said *Amelia*, ‘you speak my own Sentiments. I give you my Word, I should not be ashamed of being the Wife of an honest Man in any Station. ---Nor, if I had been much higher than I was, should I have thought myself degraded, by calling our honest Serjeant my Husband.’

‘Since you have made this Declaration,’ cries Mrs. *Bennet*, ‘I am sure you will not be offended at a Secret I am going to mention to you.’---

‘Indeed, my Dear,’ answered *Amelia* smiling, ‘I wonder rather you have concealed it so long ; especially after the many Hints I have given you.’

‘Nay, pardon me, Madam,’ replied the other, ‘I do not remember any such Hints ; and, perhaps, you do not even guess what I am going to say. My Secret is this ; that no Woman ever had so sincere, so passionate a Lover, as you have had in the Serjeant.’

‘I a Lover in the Serjeant ! I !’ cries *Amelia* a little surprized.

‘Have Patience,’ answered the other, ‘---I say you, my Dear. As much surprized as you appear, I tell you no more than the Truth ; and yet it is a Truth you could hardly expect to hear from me ; especially with so much good Humour, since I will honestly confess to you.---But what need have I to confess, what I know you guess already ?---Tell me now sincerely, don’t you guess ?’---

‘I guess, indeed, and hope,’ said she, ‘that he is your Husband.’

‘He is, indeed, my Husband,’ cries the other, ‘and I am most happy in your Approbation. In honest Truth, you ought to approve my Choice ; since
F 3 ‘you

‘ you was every Way the Occasion of my
‘ making it. What you said of him,
‘ very greatly recommended him to my
‘ Opinion; but he endeared himself to
‘ me most, by what he said of you. In
‘ short, I have discovered, that he hath
‘ always loved you, with such a faithful,
‘ honest, noble, generous Passion, that I
‘ was consequently convinced his Mind
‘ must possess all the Ingredients of such
‘ a Passion; and what are these, but true
‘ Honour, Goodness, Modesty, Bravery,
‘ Tendernefs, and, in a Word, every
‘ human Virtue.---Forgive me, my Dear;
‘ but I was uneasy till I became myself
‘ the Object of such a Passion.’

‘ And do you really think,’ said *Amelia*
smiling, ‘ that I shall forgive you rob-
‘ bing me of such a Lover? Or, sup-
‘ posing what you banter me with, was
‘ true, do you really imagine you could
‘ change such a Passion?’

‘ No, my Dear,’ answered the other,
‘ I only hope I have changed the Object:
‘ For be assured, there is no greater
‘ vulgar Error, than that it is impossible
‘ for a Man who loves one Woman, ever
‘ to love another. On the contrary, it is
‘ certain,

‘ certain, that a Man who can love one
‘ Woman so well at a Distance, will love
‘ another better that is nearer to him.
‘ Indeed, I have heard one of the best
‘ Husbands in the World, declare, in the
‘ Presence of his Wife, that he had al-
‘ ways loved a Princess with Adoration.
‘ These Passions which reside only in very
‘ amorous and very delicate Minds, feed
‘ only on the Delicacies there growing;
‘ and leave all the substantial Food, and
‘ enough of the Delicacy too for the
‘ Wife.’

The Tea being now ready, Mrs. *Bennet*, or if you please, for the future, Mrs. *Atkinson*, proposed to call in her Husband; but *Amelia* objected. She said, she should be glad to see him any other Time; but was then in the utmost Hurry, as she had been three Hours absent from all she most loved. However, she had scarce drank a Dish of Tea before she changed her Mind; and saying, she would not part Man and Wife, desired Mr. *Atkinson* might appear.

The Maid answered, that her Master was not at home; which Words she had scarce spoken, when he knocked hastily

at the Door ; and immediately came running into the Room, all pale and breathless ; and addressing himself to *Amelia*, cried out, ‘ I am sorry, my dear Lady, ‘ to bring you ill News ; but Captain ‘ *Booth*---‘ What ! what !’ cries *Amelia*, dropping the Tea-cup from her Hand, ‘ is any Thing the Matter with him !--- ‘ Don’t be frightened, my dear Lady,’ said the Serjeant---‘ He is in very good ‘ Health ; but a Misfortune hath happened.’---‘ Are my Children well ?’ said *Amelia*.---‘ O, very well,’ answered the Serjeant. --- ‘ Pray, Madam, don’t be ‘ frightened ; I hope it will signify Nothing---he is arrested---but I hope to get ‘ him out of their damned Hands immediately.’ ‘ Where is he,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘ I will go to him this Instant !’ ‘ He ‘ begs you will not,’ answered the Serjeant. ‘ I have sent his Lawyer to him, ‘ and am going back with Mrs. *Ellison* ‘ this Moment ; but I beg your Ladyship, for his Sake, and for your own ‘ Sake, not to go.’ ‘ Mrs. *Ellison* ! ‘ what is Mrs. *Ellison* to do ?’ cries *Amelia*, ‘ ---I must and will go.’ Mrs. *Atkinson* then interposed, and begged that she would not hurry her Spirits ; but compose herself, and go home to her Children ; whether she would attend her. She comforted her

her with the Thoughts, that the Captain was in no immediate Danger, that she could go to him when she would; and desired her, to let the Serjeant return with Mrs. *Ellison*; saying, she might be of Service; and that there was much Wisdom, and no Kind of Shame, in making Use of bad People on certain Occasions.

‘ And who,’ cries *Amelia* a little come to herself, ‘ hath done this barbarous Action?’

‘ One I am ashamed to name,’ cries the Serjeant; ‘ indeed, I had always a very different Opinion of him; I could not have believed any Thing but my own Ears and Eyes; but Dr. *Harrison* is the Man who hath done the Deed.’

‘ Dr. *Harrison*!’ cries *Amelia*.---‘ Well then, there is an End of all Goodness in the World. I will never have a good Opinion of any human Being more.’

The Serjeant begged, that he might not be detained from the Captain; and that if *Amelia* pleased to go home, he would wait upon her. But she did not

chuse to see Mrs. *Ellison* at this Time ; and after a little Consideration, she resolved to stay where she was ; and Mrs. *Atkinson* agreed to go and fetch her Children to her, it being not many Doors distant.

The Serjeant then departed ; *Amelia*, in her Confusion, never having once thought of wishing him Joy on his Marriage.

A M E

A M E L I A.

B O O K VIII.

C H A P. I.

Being the first Chapter of the eighth Book.

THE History must now look a little backwards to those Circumstances, which led to the Catastrophe mentioned at the End of the last Book.

When *Amelia* went out in the Morning, she left her Children to the Care of her Husband. In this amiable Office he had been engaged near an Hour ; and was at that very Time lying along on the Floor, and his little Things crawling and playing about him, when a most violent Knock was heard at the Door ; and immediately a Footman running up Stairs, acquainted him, that his

Lady was taken violently ill, and carried into Mrs. *Chenevix's* Toy-shop.

Booth no sooner heard this Account, which was delivered with great Appearance of Haste and Earnestness, than he leapt suddenly from the Floor; and leaving his Children roaring at the News of their Mother's Illness, in strict Charge with his Maid, he ran as fast as his Legs could carry him to the Place; or towards the Place rather: For, before he arrived at the Shop, a Gentleman stopt him full Butt, crying, 'Captain, whither so fast?' --- *Booth* answered eagerly, 'Whoever you are, Friend, don't ask me any Questions now.' --- 'You must pardon me, Captain,' answered the Gentleman; 'but I have a little Business with your Honour---In short, Captain, I have a small Warrant here in my Pocket against your Honour, at the Suit of one Dr. *Harrison*.' 'You are a Bailiff then,' says *Booth*. 'I am an Officer, Sir,' answered the other. --- 'Well, Sir, it is in vain to contend,' cries *Booth*; 'but let me beg you will permit me only to step to Mrs. *Chenevix's*---I will attend you, upon my Honour, wherever you please; but my Wife lies violently ill there.' --- 'O, for that

‘ that Matter,’ answered the Bailiff, ‘ you
‘ may set your Heart at Ease. Your
‘ Lady, I hope, is very well. I assure
‘ you, she is not there ; you will excuse
‘ me, Captain, these are only Stratagems
‘ of War. *Bolus and Virtus, quis in a Hostess*
‘ *equirit ?*’---‘ Sir, I honour your Learn-
‘ ing,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ and could almost kiss
‘ you for what you tell me. I assure you,
‘ I would forgive you five hundred Ar-
‘ rests for such a Piece of News. Well,
‘ Sir, and whither am I to go with you ?’
---‘ O, any where ; where your Honour
‘ pleases,’ cries the Bailiff. ‘ Then sup-
‘ pose we go to *Brown’s Coffee-house*,’
said the Prisoner. ‘ No,’ answered the
Bailiff, ‘ that will not do ; that’s in the
‘ Verge of the Court.’ ‘ Why then, to
‘ the nearest Tavern,’ said *Booth*. ‘ No,
‘ not to a Tavern,’ cries the other, ‘ that
‘ is not a Place of Security ; and you
‘ know, Captain, your Honour is a fly
‘ Cock ; I have been after your Honour
‘ these three Months---Come, Sir, you
‘ must go to my House, if you please.’
‘ With all my Heart,’ answered *Booth*,
‘ if it be any where hereabouts.’ ‘ O,
‘ it is but a little Ways off,’ replied the
Bailiff ; ‘ it is only in *Gray’s-Inn-Lane*,
just

‘just by almost.’ He then called a Coach,
‘and desired his Prisoner to walk in.’

Booth entered the Coach without any Resistance, which had he been inclined to make, he must have plainly perceived would have been ineffectual, as the Bailiff appeared to have several Followers at Hand, two of whom, beside the Commander in Chief, mounted with him into the Coach. As *Booth* was a sweet-tempered Man, as well as somewhat of a Philosopher, he behaved with all the Good Humour imaginable, and, indeed, with more than his Companions; who, however, shewed him what they call Civility, that is, they neither struck him nor spit in his Face.

Notwithstanding the Pleasantry which *Booth* endeavoured to preserve, he in Reality envied every Labourer whom he saw pass by him in his Way. The Charms of Liberty against his Will rushed on his Mind; and he could not avoid suggesting to himself, how much more happy was the poorest Wretch who without Controul could repair to his homely Habitation, and to his Family; compared to him, who was thus violently, and yet lawfully

lawfully torn away from the Company of his Wife and Children. And their Condition, especially that of his *Amelia*, gave his Heart many a severe and bitter Pang.

At length he arrived at the Bailiff's Mansion, and was ushered into a Room; in which were several Persons. *Booth* desired to be alone, upon which the Bailiff waited on him up Stairs, into an Apartment, the Windows of which were well fortified with Iron Bars; but the Walls had not the least Outwork raised before them; they were, indeed, what is generally called naked, the Bricks having been only covered with a thin Plaister, which in many Places was mouldered away.

The first Demand made upon *Booth* was for Coach-hire, which amounted to two Shillings, according to the Bailiff's Account; that being just double the legal Fare. He was then asked if he did not chuse a Bowl of Punch; to which he having answered in the Negative, the Bailiff replied, 'Nay, Sir, just as you please. I don't ask you to drink, if you don't chuse it; but certainly you know the Custom, the House is full of Prisoners,

2

and

‘ and I can’t afford Gentlemen a Room
‘ to themselves for nothing.’

Booth presently took this Hint, indeed it was a pretty broad one, and told the Bailiff, he should not scruple to pay him his Price; but in Fact, he never drank unless at his Meals. ‘ As to that, Sir,’ cries the Bailiff, ‘ it is just as your Honour pleases. I scorn to impose upon any Gentleman in Misfortunes: I wish you well out of them for my Part. Your Honour can take nothing amiss of me, I only do my Duty, what I am bound to do; and as you say you don’t care to drink any thing, what will you be pleased to have for Dinner?’

Booth then complied in bespeaking a Dish of Meat, and told the Bailiff, he would drink a Bottle with him after Dinner. He then desired the Favour of Pen, Ink and Paper, and a Messenger; all which were immediately procured him, the Bailiff telling him he might send wherever he pleased, and repeating his Concern for *Booth*’s Misfortunes, and a hearty Desire to see the End of them.

The

The Messenger was just dispatched with the Letter, when who should arrive but honest *Atkinson*? A Soldier of the Guards, belonging to the same Company with the Serjeant, and who had known *Booth* at *Gibraltar*, had seen the Arrest, and heard the Orders given to the Coachman. This Fellow accidentally meeting *Atkinson* had acquainted him with the whole Affair.

At the Appearance of *Atkinson*, Joy immediately overspread the Countenance of *Booth*. The Ceremonials which past between them are unnecessary to be repeated. *Atkinson* was soon dispatched to the Attorney, and to Mrs. *Ellison*, as the Reader hath before heard from his own Mouth.

Booth now greatly lamented that he had writ to his Wife. He thought she might have been acquainted with the Affair better by the Serjeant. *Booth* begged him, however, to do every thing in his Power to comfort her, to assure her that he was in perfect Health and good Spirits, and to lessen as much as possible the Concern, which

which he knew she would have at the reading his Letter.

The Serjeant, however, as the Reader hath seen, brought himself the first Account of the Arrest. Indeed, the other Messenger did not arrive till a full Hour afterwards. This was not owing to any Slowness of his, but to many previous Errands which he was to execute before the Delivery of the Letter: For, notwithstanding the earnest Desire which the Bailiff had declared to see *Booth* out of his Troubles, he had ordered the Porter, who was his Follower, to call upon two or three other Bailiffs, and as many Attornies, to try to load his Prisoner with as many Actions as possible.

Here the Reader may be apt to conclude, that the Bailiff, instead of being a Friend, was really an Enemy to poor *Booth*; but in Fact, he was not so. His Desire was no more than to accumulate Bail Bonds; for the Bailiff was reckoned an honest and good Sort of Man in his Way, and had no more Malice against the Bodies in his Custody, than a Butcher hath to those in his; and as the latter when he takes his Knife in Hand, hath

no Idea but of the Joints into which he is to cut the Carcase ; so the former when he handles his Writ, hath no other Design but to cut out the Body into as many Bail Bonds as possible. As to the Life of the Animal, or the Liberty of the Man, they are Thoughts which never obtrude themselves on either.

C H A P. II.

Containing an Account of Mr. Booth's Fellow Sufferers.

BEFORE we return to *Amelia*, we must detain our Reader a little longer with *Mr. Booth*, in the Custody of *Mr. Bondum* the Bailiff, who now informed his Prisoner, that he was welcome to the Liberty of the House with the other Gentlemen.

Booth asked who those Gentlemen were, ' One of them, Sir,' says *Mr. Bondum*, ' is a very great Writer or Author, as they call him---He hath been here these five Weeks, at the Suit of a Bookseller, for Eleven Pound odd Money ; but he expects to be discharged in a Day or two ; For he hath writ out the Debt. He is now writing for Five or Six Booksellers, ' and

‘ and he will get you sometimes, when
‘ he sits to it, a Matter of fifteen Shillings
‘ a Day. For he is a very good Pen, they
‘ say ; but is apt to be idle. Some Days
‘ he wont write above five Hours ; but
‘ at other times I have known him at it
‘ above Sixteen.’--- ‘ Ay!’ cries *Booth*,
‘ Pray what are his Productions ?---What
‘ doth he write ?’ ‘ Why sometimes,’ an-
swered *Bondum*, ‘ He writes your History
‘ Books for your Numbers, and some-
‘ times your Verses, your Poems, what
‘ do you call them ? And then again he
‘ writes News for your News Papers.’--- ‘ Ay
‘ indeed ! he is a most extraordinary Man
‘ truly---How doth he get his News here ?’
--- ‘ Why he makes it, as he doth your
‘ Parliament Speeches for your Maga-
‘ zines. He reads them to us sometimes
‘ over a Bowl of Punch.---To be sure it
‘ is all one as if one was in the Parliament
‘ House---It is about Liberty and Free-
‘ dom, and about the Constitution of
‘ *England*. I say nothing for my Part :
‘ For I will keep my Neck out of a
‘ Halter ; but faith he makes it out plainly
‘ to me, that all Matters are not as they
‘ should be. I am all for Liberty, for my
‘ Part.’ ‘ Is that so consistent with your
‘ Calling ?’ cries *Booth*, ‘ I thought, my
‘ Friend,

‘ Friend, you had lived by depriving Men
‘ of their Liberty.’ ‘ That’s another
‘ Matter,’ cries the Bailiff, ‘ that’s all
‘ according to Law, and in the Way of
‘ Business. To be sure Men must be
‘ obliged to pay their Debts, or else there
‘ would be an End of every Thing.’

Booth desired the Bailiff to give him his
Opinion of Liberty. Upon which he he-
sitated a Moment, and then cried out,
‘ O ’tis a fine Thing, ’tis a very fine
‘ Thing, and the Constitution of *England*.’

Booth told him that by the old Constitu-
tion of *England*, he had heard that Men
could not be arrested for Debt; to which
the Bailiff answered, that must have been
in very bad Times. ‘ Because as why,’
says he, ‘ would it not be the hardest
‘ Thing in the World if a Man could
‘ not arrest another for a just and lawful
‘ Debt? Besides, Sir, you must be mis-
‘ taken: For, how could that ever be!
‘ is not Liberty the Constitution of *Eng-
‘ land*? Well, and is not the Constitution,
‘ as a Man may say,---whereby the Con-
‘ stitution, that is the Law and Liberty,
‘ and all that——.

Booth had a little Mercy upon the poor
Bailiff, when he found him rounding in
this

this Manner, and told him he had made the Matter very clear. *Booth* then proceeded to enquire after the other Gentlemen, his Fellows in Affliction; upon which *Bondum* acquainted him that one of the Prisoners was a poor Fellow. ‘ He
‘ calls himself a Gentleman,’ said *Bondum*;
‘ but I am sure I never saw any thing
‘ genteel by him. In a Week that he
‘ hath been in my House, he hath drank
‘ only part of one Bottle of Wine. I
‘ intend to carry him to *Newgate* within
‘ a Day or two, if he can’t find Bail,
‘ which I suppose he will not be able to
‘ do: For every Body says he is an un-
‘ done Man. He hath run out all he
‘ hath by Losses in Business, and one way
‘ or other; and he hath a Wife and seven
‘ Children.---Here was the whole Family
‘ here the other Day, all howling toge-
‘ ther. I never saw such a beggarly Crew;
‘ I was almost ashamed to see them in
‘ my House. I thought they seemed
‘ fitter for *Bridewell* than any other Place.
‘ To be sure, I do not reckon him as
‘ proper Company for such as you, Sir;
‘ but there is another Prisoner in the
‘ House that I dare say you will like
‘ very much. He is, indeed, very much
‘ of a Gentleman, and spends his Money
‘ like

' like one. I have had him only three
 ' Days, and I am afraid he won't stay
 ' much longer. They say, indeed, he is
 ' a Gamester; but what is that to me or
 ' any one, as long as a Man appears as a
 ' Gentleman? I always love to speak by
 ' People as I find. And, in my Opinion,
 ' he is fit Company for the greatest Lord in
 ' the Land; for he hath very good Cloaths,
 ' and Money enough. He is not here for
 ' Debt, but upon a Judge's Warrant for
 ' an Assault and Battery; for the Tip-
 ' staff locks up here.'

The Bailiff was thus haranguing, when
 he was interrupted by the Arrival of the
 Attorney, whom the trusty Serjeant had,
 with the utmost Expedition, found out, and
 dispatched to the Relief of his distressed
 Friend; but before we proceed any further
 with the Captain, we will return to poor
Amelia, for whom, considering the Situa-
 tion in which we left her, the good-na-
 tured Reader may be, perhaps, in no small
 Degree solicitous.

C H A P. III.

*Containing some extraordinary Behaviour in
Mrs. Ellifon.*

THE Serjeant being departed to convey Mrs. *Ellifon* to the Captain, his Wife went to fetch *Amelia's* Children to their Mother.

Amelia's Concern for the Distresses of her Husband was aggravated at the Sight of her Children. 'Good Heavens!' she cry'd, 'what will, what can become of these poor little Wretches! Why have I produced these little Creatures only to give them a Share of Poverty and Misery!' At which Words she embraced them eagerly in her Arms, and bedew'd them both with her Tears.

The Childrens Eyes soon overflowed as fast as their Mother's, tho' neither of them knew the Cause of her Affliction. The little Boy, who was the elder, and much the sharper of the two, imputed the Agonies of his Mother to her Illness, according to the Account brought to his Father in his Presence.

When

When *Amelia* became acquainted with the Child's Apprehensions, she soon satisfied him that she was in a perfect State of Health; at which the little Thing express'd great Satisfaction, and said, he was glad she was well again.—*Amelia* told him she had not been in the least disordered.—Upon which the Innocent cry'd out, 'La! how can
' People tell such Fibs! A great tall
' Man told my Papa you was taken very
' ill at Mrs. Somebody's Shop; and my
' poor Papa presently ran down Stairs, I
' was afraid he would have broke his
' Neck to come to you.'

' O the Villains,' cries Mrs. *Atkinson*,
' what a Stratagem was here to take away
' your Husband!'

' Take away!' answered the Child—
' What hath any Body taken away Papa?
' —Sure that naughty fibbing Man hath
' not taken away Papa?'

Amelia begged Mrs. *Atkinson* to say something to her Children; for that her Spirits were over-powered. She then threw herself into a Chair, and gave a full Vent

to a Passion almost too strong for her delicate Constitution.

The Scene that followed, during some Minutes, is beyond my Power of Description: I must beg the Readers Hearts to suggest it to themselves. The Children hung on their Mother, whom they endeavour'd in vain to comfort; as Mrs. *Atkinson* did in vain attempt to pacify them, telling them, all would be well, and they would soon see their Papa again.

At length, partly by the Persuasions of Mrs. *Atkinson*, partly from Consideration of her little ones, and more, perhaps, from the Relief which she had acquired by her Tears, *Amelia* became a little composed.

Nothing worth Notice past in this miserable Company from this Time till the Return of Mrs. *Ellison* from the Bailiff's House; and to draw out Scenes of Wretchedness to too great a Length is a Task very uneasy to the Writer, and for which none but Readers of a most gloomy Complexion will think themselves ever obliged to his Labours.

At length, Mrs. *Ellison* arrived, and entered the Room with an Air of Gaiety, rather misbecoming the Occasion. When she had seated herself in a Chair, she told *Amelia* that the Captain was very well, and in good Spirits; and that he earnestly desired her to keep up hers. ‘Come, Madam,’ said she, ‘don’t be disconsolate; I hope we shall soon be able to get him out of his Troubles. The Debts, indeed, amount to more than I expected; however, Ways may be found to redeem him. He must own himself guilty of some Rashness in going out of the Verge, when he knew to what he was liable; but that is now not to be remedied. If he had followed my Advice, this had not happened; but Men will be head-strong.’

‘I cannot bear this,’ cries *Amelia*; ‘shall I hear that best of Creatures blamed for his Tenderness to me?’

‘Well, I will not blame him,’ answered Mrs. *Ellison*, ‘I am sure I propose nothing but to serve him: And if you will do as much to serve him yourself, he will not long be a Prisoner.’

‘ I do !’ cries *Amelia* ; ‘ Oh Heavens ! is
‘ there a Thing upon Earth’——

‘ Yes, there is a Thing upon Earth,’ said
Mrs. *Ellison*, ‘ and a very easy Thing too.
‘ —And yet I will venture my Life, you
‘ start when I propose it. And yet when I
‘ consider that you are a Woman of Under-
‘ standing, I know not why I should think
‘ so ; for sure you must have too much good
‘ Sense to imagine that you can cry your
‘ Husband out of Prison. If this would have
‘ done, I see you have almost cried your
‘ Eyes out already. And yet you may do
‘ the Business by a much pleasanter Way
‘ than by crying and bawling.’

‘ What do you mean, Madam, !’ cries
Amelia.—‘ For my Part I cannot guess your
‘ Meaning.’

‘ Before I tell you then, Madam,’ an-
swered Mrs. *Ellison*, ‘ I must inform you,
‘ if you do not already know it, that the
‘ Captain is charged with Actions to the
‘ Amount of near 500*l*. I am sure I
‘ would willingly be his Bail ; but I know
‘ my Bail would not be taken for that
‘ Sum. You must consider, therefore,
‘ Ma-

‘ Madam, what Chance you have of re-
 ‘ deeming him ; unless you chuse, as per-
 ‘ haps some Wives would, that he should
 ‘ lie all his Life in Prison.’

At these Words, *Amelia* discharged a Shower of Tears, and gave every Mark of the most frantic Grief.

‘ Why there now,’ cries Mrs. *Ellison*;
 ‘ while you will indulge these extravagant
 ‘ Passions, how can you be capable of listen-
 ‘ ing to the Voice of Reason. I know I am
 ‘ a Fool in concerning myself thus with the
 ‘ Affairs of others. I know the thank-
 ‘ less Office I undertake ; and yet I love
 ‘ you so, my dear Mrs. *Booth*, that I can-
 ‘ not bear to see you afflicted, and I would
 ‘ comfort you, if you would suffer me.
 ‘ Let me beg you to make your Mind
 ‘ easy ; and within these two Days, I will
 ‘ engage to set your Husband at Li-
 ‘ berty.

‘ Harkee, Child, only behave like a
 ‘ Woman of Spirit this Evening, and
 ‘ keep your Appointment, notwithstand-
 ‘ ing what hath happened ; and I am con-
 ‘ vinced there is one, who hath the Power
 ‘ and the Will to serve you.’

Mrs. *Ellifon* spoke the latter Part of her Speech in a Whisper; so that Mrs. *Atkinson*, who was then engaged with the Children, might not hear her; but *Amelia* answered aloud, and said, ‘What Appoint-
‘ment would you have me keep this
‘Evening?’

‘Nay, nay, if you have forgot,’ cries Mrs. *Ellifon*, ‘I will tell you more another
‘time; but come, will you go home? my
‘Dinner is ready by this Time, and you
‘shall dine with me.’

‘Talk not to me of Dinners,’ cries *Amelia*. ‘My Stomach is too full al-
‘ready.’

‘Nay, but, dear Madam,’ answered Mrs. *Ellifon*,—‘let me beseech you to go
‘home with me. I do not care,’ says she, whispering, ‘to speak before some
‘Folks.’

‘I have no Secret, Madam, in the
‘World,’ reply’d *Amelia* aloud, ‘which I
‘would not communicate to this Lady:
‘For I shall always acknowledge the high-
‘est

‘ est Obligations to her for the Secrets she
‘ hath imparted to me.’

‘ Madam,’ said Mrs. *Ellison*, ‘ I do
‘ not interfere with Obligations. I am
‘ glad the Lady hath obliged you so
‘ much ; and I wish all People were equal-
‘ ly mindful of Obligations. I hope I
‘ have omitted no Opportunity of endea-
‘ vouring to oblige Mrs. *Booth*, as well as
‘ I have some other Folks.’

‘ If by other Folks, Madam, you mean
‘ me,’ cries Mrs. *Atkinson*, ‘ I confess, I sin-
‘ cerely believe you intended the same
‘ Obligation to us both : and I have the
‘ Pleasure to think it is owing to me that
‘ this Lady is not as much obliged to you
‘ as I am.’

‘ I protest, Madam, I can hardly guess
‘ your Meaning,’ said Mrs. *Ellison*.—‘ Do
‘ you really intend to affront me, Ma-
‘ dam ?’

‘ I intend to preserve Innocence and Vir-
‘ tue, if it be in my Power, Madam,’
answered the other. ‘ And sure nothing
‘ but the most eager Resolution to destroy

‘ it, could induce you to mention such an
‘ Appointment at such a Time.’

‘ I did not expect this Treatment from
‘ you, Madam,’ cries Mrs. *Ellison*: ‘ Such
‘ Ingratitude I could not have believed,
‘ had it been reported to me by any
‘ other.’

‘ Such Impudence,’ answered Mrs. *Atkinson*, ‘ must exceed, I think, all Belief;
‘ but when Women once abandon that
‘ Modesty which is the Characteristic of
‘ their Sex, they seldom set any Bounds to
‘ their Assurance.’

‘ I could not have believed this to have
‘ been in Human Nature;’ cries Mrs. *Ellison*. ‘ Is this the Woman whom I
‘ have fed, have cloathed, have support-
‘ ed? Who owes to my Charity, and my
‘ Intercessions, that she is not at this
‘ Day destitute of all the Necessaries of
‘ Life!’

‘ I own it all,’ answered Mrs. *Atkinson*.
‘ —And I add the Favour of a Masque-
‘ grade Ticket to the Number. Could I
‘ have thought, Madam, that you would,
‘ before my Face, have asked another Lady
‘ to go to the same Place with the same
‘ Man!’

‘ Man !—But I ask your Pardon, I impute
 ‘ rather more Assurance to you than you
 ‘ are Mistress of—You have endeavoured
 ‘ to keep the Assignment a Secret from
 ‘ me ; and it was by mere Accident only
 ‘ that I discovered it ; unless there are
 ‘ some Guardian Angels, that in general
 ‘ protect Innocence and Virtue, tho’ I may
 ‘ say I have not always found them so
 ‘ watchful.’

‘ Indeed, Madam,’ said Mrs. *Ellison*,
 ‘ you are not worth my Answer, nor will
 ‘ I stay a Moment longer with such a
 ‘ Person.—So, Mrs. *Booth*, you have your
 ‘ Choice, Madam, whether you will go
 ‘ with me, or remain in the Company of
 ‘ this Lady.’

‘ If so, Madam,’ answered Mrs. *Booth*,
 ‘ I shall not be long in determining to stay
 ‘ where I am.’

Mrs. *Ellison* then casting a Look of
 great Indignation at both the Ladies, made
 a short Speech full of Invectives against
 Mrs. *Atkinson*, and not without oblique
 Hints of Ingratitude against poor *Ame-
 lia* ; after which she burst out of the Room,
 and out of the House ; and made Haste
 to her own Home, in a Condition

of Mind, to which Fortune without Guilt cannot, I believe, reduce any one.

Indeed, how much the Superiority of Misery is on the Side of Wickedness, may appear to every Reader who will compare the present Situation of *Amelia*, with that of Mrs. *Ellison*. Fortune had attack'd the former with almost the highest Degree of her Malice. She was involved in a Scene of most exquisite Distress; and her Husband, her principal Comfort, torn violently from her Arms; yet her Sorrow, however exquisite, was all soft and tender; nor was she without many Consolations. Her Case, however hard, was not absolutely desperate; for scarce any Condition of Fortune can be so. Art and Industry, Chance and Friends have often relieved the most distress Circumstances, and converted them into Opulence. In all these she had Hopes on this Side the Grave, and perfect Virtue and Innocence gave her the strongest Assurances on the other. Whereas in the Bosom of Mrs. *Ellison* all was Storm and Tempest; Anger, Revenge, Fear, and Pride, like so many raging Furies, possessed her Mind, and tortured her with Disappointment and Shame. Loss of Reputation, which is generally irreparable, was

to be her Lot; Loss of Friends is of this the certain Consequence; all on this Side the Grave appeared dreary and comfortless; and eternal Misery on the other, closed the gloomy Prospect.

Hence, my worthy Reader, console thyself, that however few of the other good Things of Life are thy Lot; the best of all Things, which is Innocence, is always within thy own Power; and tho' Fortune may make thee often unhappy, she can never make thee completely and irreparably miserable without thy own Consent.

C H A P. IV.

Containing, among many Matters, the exemplary Behaviour of Colonel James.

WHEN Mrs. Ellison was departed, Mrs. Atkinson began to apply all her Art to soothe and comfort *Amelia*; but was presently prevented by her: 'I am ashamed, dear Madam,' said *Amelia*, 'of having indulged my Affliction so much at your-Expence. The Suddenness of the Occasion is my only Excuse; for had I had Time to summon my

‘ Resolution to my Assistance, I hope I
‘ am Mistress of more Patience than you
‘ have hitherto seen me exert. I know,
‘ Madam, in my unwarrantable Excesses, I
‘ have been guilty of many Transgressions.
‘ First, against that Divine Will and
‘ Pleasure, without whose Permission at
‘ least, no Human Accident can happen;
‘ in the next Place, Madam, if any
‘ thing can aggravate such a Fault, I
‘ have transgressed the Laws of Friend-
‘ ship, as well as Decency, in throwing
‘ upon you some Part of the Load of my
‘ Grief; and again I have sinned against
‘ Common Sense, which should teach me,
‘ instead of weakly and heavily lament-
‘ ing my Misfortunes, to rouse all my
‘ Spirits to remove them. In this Light
‘ I am shocked at my own Folly, and
‘ am resolved to leave my Children under
‘ your Care, and go directly to my Hus-
‘ band. I may comfort him. I may
‘ assist him. I may relieve him. There is
‘ nothing now too difficult for me to
‘ undertake.’

Mrs. *Atkinson* greatly approved and
complimented her Friend on all the for-
mer Part of her Speech, except what re-
lated to herself, on which she spoke very
civilly,

civilly, and I believe with great Truth ; but as to her Determination of going to her Husband, she endeavoured to dissuade her, at least she begged her to defer it for the present, and till the Serjeant returned home. She then reminded *Amelia* that it was now past Five in the Afternoon, and that she had not taken any Refreshment but a Dish of Tea the whole Day, and desired she would give her Leave to procure her a Chick, or any thing she liked better for her Dinner.

Amelia thanked her Friend, and said, she would sit down with her to whatever she pleased ; ‘ but if I do not eat,’ said she, ‘ I would not have you impute it to any thing but want of Appetite : For I assure you all things are equally indifferent to me. I am more solicitous about these poor little Things, who have not been used to fast so long. Heaven knows what may hereafter be their Fate.

Mrs. *Atkinson* bid her hope the best, and then recommended the Children to the Care of her Maid.

And now arrived a Servant from Mrs. *James*, with an Invitation to Capt. *Booth* and his Lady, to dine with the Colonel the Day after the next. This a little perplexed *Amelia*; but after a short Consideration she dispatched an Answer to Mrs. *James*, in which she concisely informed her of what had happened.

The honest Serjeant, who had been on his Legs almost the whole Day, now returned, and brought *Amelia* a short Letter from her Husband; in which he gave her the most solemn Assurances of his Health and Spirits, and begged her with great Earnestness to take Care to preserve her own; which if she did, he said he had no doubt but that they should shortly be happy. He added something of Hopes from my Lord, with which Mrs. *Ellison* had amused him; and which served only to destroy the Comfort that *Amelia* received from the rest of his Letter.

Whilst *Amelia*, the Serjeant and his Lady were engaged in a cold Collation, for which Purpose a cold Chicken was procured from the Tavern for the Ladies, and two Pound of cold Beef for the Serjeant;

jeant ; a violent knocking was heard at the Door, and presently afterwards Colonel *James* entered the Room. After proper Compliments had past, the Colonel told *Amelia*, that her Letter was brought to Mrs. *James* while they were at Table, and that on her shewing it him, he had immediately rose up, made an Apology to his Company, and took a Chair to her. He spoke to her with great Tenderness on the Occasion, and desired her to make herself easy ; assuring her, that he would leave nothing in his Power undone to serve her Husband. He then gave her an Invitation, in his Wife's Name, to his own House, in the most pressing Manner.

Amelia returned him very hearty Thanks for all his kind Offers ; but begged to decline that of an Apartment in his House. She said, as she could not leave her Children, so neither could she think of bringing such a Trouble with her into his Family ; and tho' the Colonel gave her many Assurances that her Children as well as herself would be very welcome to Mrs. *James*, and even betook himself to Entreaties, she still persisted obstinately in her Refusal.

In

In real Truth, *Amelia* had taken a vast Affection for Mrs. *Atkinson*, of the Comfort of whose Company she could not bear to be deprived in her Distress; nor to exchange it for that of Mrs. *James*, to whom she had lately conceived no little Dislike.

The Colonel, when he found he could not prevail with *Amelia* to accept his Invitation, desisted from any further Solicitations. He then took a Bank-bill of fifty Pounds from his Pocket-Book, and said,--- ‘ You will pardon me, dear Ma-
‘ dam, if I chuse to impute your Refusal
‘ of my House, rather to a Dislike of my
‘ Wife, who I will not pretend to be
‘ the most agreeable of Women, (all
‘ Men,’ said he sighing, ‘ have not Captain
‘ *Booth’s* Fortune) than to any Aversion
‘ or Anger to me. I must insist upon
‘ it therefore, to make your present
‘ Habitation as easy to you as possible.---
‘ I hope, Madam, you will not deny me
‘ this Happiness; I beg you will honour
‘ me with the Acceptance of this Trifle.
‘ He then put the Note into her Hand,
‘ and declared that the Honour of touch-
‘ ing

ing it was worth a hundred times that Sum.'

'I protest, Colonel *James*,' cried *Amelia* blushing, 'I know not what to do or say, your Goodness so greatly confounds me. Can I, who am so well acquainted with the many great Obligations Mr. *Booth* already hath to your Generosity, consent that you should add more to a Debt we never can pay?—'

The Colonel stopt her short, protesting that she misplaced the Obligation: For that if to confer the highest Happiness was to oblige, he was obliged to her Acceptance. 'And I do assure you, Madam,' said he, 'if this trifling Sum, or a much larger, can contribute to your Ease, I shall consider myself as the happiest Man upon Earth, in being able to supply it; and you, Madam, my greatest Benefactor in receiving it.'

Amelia then put the Note in her Pocket; and they entered into a Conversation, in which many civil Things were said on both Sides; but what was chiefly worth Remark, was that *Amelia* had almost her Husband constantly in her Mouth, and the

the Colonel never mentioned him: the former seemed desirous to lay all Obligations, as much as possible, to the Account of her Husband; and the latter endeavoured with the utmost Delicacy to insinuate that her Happiness was the main, and indeed only Point which he had in View.

Amelia had made no Doubt, at the Colonel's first Appearance, but that he intended to go directly to her Husband. When he dropt therefore a Hint of his Intention to visit him next Morning, she appeared visibly shocked at the Delay. The Colonel perceiving this, said, 'However inconvenient it may be; yet, Madam, if it will oblige you, or if you desire it, I will even go To-night.' *Amelia* answered, 'My Husband would be far from desiring to derive any Good from your Inconvenience; but if you put it to me, I must be excused for saying, I desire nothing more in the World than to send him so great a Comfort as I know he will receive from the Presence of such a Friend.' 'Then to shew you, Madam,' cries the Colonel, 'that I desire nothing more in the World than to give

‘ give you Pleasure, I will go to him
‘ immediately.’

Amelia then bethought herself of the Serjeant, and told the Colonel, his old Acquaintance *Atkinson* whom he had known at *Gibraltar*, was then in the House, and would conduct him to the Place. The Serjeant was immediately called in, paid his Respects to the Colonel, and was acknowledged by him. They both immediately set forward, *Amelia* to the utmost of her Power pressing their Departure.

Mrs. *Atkinson* now returned to *Amelia*, and was by her acquainted with the Colonel’s late Generosity : For her Heart so boiled over with Gratitude, that she could not conceal the Ebullition. *Amelia* likewise gave her Friend a full Narrative of the Colonel’s former Behaviour and Friendship to her Husband, as well Abroad as in *England* ; and ended with declaring, that she believed him to be the most generous Man upon Earth.

Mrs. *Atkinson* agreed with *Amelia*’s Conclusion, and said she was glad to hear there was any such Man. They then proceeded

ceeded with the Children to the Tea Table, where Panegyric, and not Scandal, was the Topic of their Conversation ; and of this Panegyric the Colonel was the Subject ; both the Ladies seeming to vie with each other in celebrating the Praises of his Goodness.

C H A P. V.

Comments upon Authors.

HAVING left *Amelia* in as comfortable a Situation as could possibly be expected, her immediate Distresses relieved, and her Heart filled with great Hopes from the Friendship of the Colonel ; we will now return to *Booth*, who when the Attorney and Serjeant had left him, received a Visit from that great Author of whom honourable Mention is made in our second Chapter.

Booth, as the Reader may be pleased to remember, was a pretty good Master of the Classics : For his Father, tho' he designed his Son for the Army, did not think it necessary to breed him up a Block-head. He did not perhaps imagine that a competent Share of *Latin* and *Greek* would

would make his Son either a Pedant or a Coward. He considered likewise, probably, that the Life of a Soldier is in general a Life of Idleness, and might think that the spare Hours of an Officer in Country Quarters would be as well employed with a Book, as in sauntering about the Streets, loitering in a Coffee House, sitting in a Tavern, or in laying Schemes to debauch and ruin a Set of harmless ignorant Country Girls.

As *Booth* was therefore what might well be called, in this Age at least, a Man of Learning, he began to discourse our Author on Subjects of Literature. ‘ I think, Sir,’ says he, ‘ that Doctor *Swift* hath been generally allowed by the Critics in this Kingdom, to be the greatest Master of Humour that ever wrote. Indeed, I allow him to have possessed most admirable Talents of this Kind; and if *Rabelais* was his Master, I think he proves the Truth of the common *Greek* Proverb---That the Scholar is often superior to the Master. As to *Cervantes*, I do not think we can make any just Comparison; for tho’ Mr. *Pope* compliments him with sometimes taking

‘ *Cervantes*’

‘ *Cervantes’ serious Air.*’ ‘ I remember
‘ the Passage,’ cries the Author.

‘ *Ob thou, whatever Title please thy Ear,*
‘ *Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff or Gulliver ;*
‘ *Whether you take Cervantes’ serious Air,*
‘ *Or laugh and shake in Rabelais’ easy Chair.*

‘ You are right, Sir,’ said *Booth* ; ‘ but
‘ tho’ I should agree that the Doctor hath
‘ sometimes condescended to imitate *Ra-*
‘ *belais*, I do not remember to have seen
‘ in his Works the least Attempt in the
‘ Manner of *Cervantes*. But there is one
‘ in his own Way, and whom I am con-
‘ vinced he studied above all others——
‘ You guess, I believe, I am going to
‘ name *Lucian*. This Author, I say, I
‘ am convinced he followed ; but I think
‘ he followed him at a Distance ; as, to say
‘ the Truth, every other Writer of this
‘ Kind hath done in my Opinion : For
‘ none, I think, hath yet equalled him.
‘ I agree, indeed, entirely with Mr. *Moyle*
‘ in his Discourse on the Age of the Phi-
‘ lopatris, when he gives him the Epi-
‘ thet of the incomparable *Lucian* ; and
‘ incomparable I believe he will remain
‘ as long as the Language in which he
‘ wrote shall endure. What an inimita-
‘ ble

‘ ble Piece of Humour is his *Cack*.’——
‘ I remember it very well,’ cries the Author, ‘ his Story of a Cock and a Bull is
‘ excellent.’ *Booth* stared at this, and
asked the Author what he meant by the
Bull? ‘ Nay,’ answered he, ‘ I don’t know
‘ very well upon my Soul. It is a long
‘ time since I read him. I learnt him all
‘ over at School, I have not read him
‘ much since. And pray, Sir,’ said he,
‘ how do you like his *Pbarsalia*? Don’t
‘ you think Mr. *Rowe*’s Translation a very
‘ fine one?’ *Booth* replied, ‘ I believe we
‘ are talking of different Authors. The
‘ *Pbarsalia* which Mr. *Rowe* translated
‘ was written by *Lucan*; but I have been
‘ speaking of *Lucian*, a Greek Writer, and
‘ in my Opinion the greatest in the Hu-
‘ morous Way, that ever the World pro-
‘ duced.’ ‘ Ay!’ cries the Author, ‘ he
‘ was indeed so, a very excellent Writer
‘ indeed. I fancy a Translation of him
‘ would sell very well.’ ‘ I do not know,
‘ indeed,’ cries *Booth*. ‘ A good Trans-
‘ lation of him would be a valuable Book.
‘ I have seen a wretched one published by
‘ Mr. *Dryden*, but translated by others,
‘ who in many Places have misunderstood
‘ *Lucian*’s Meaning, and have no where
‘ preserved the Spirit of the Original.’
‘ That

‘ That is great Pity,’ says the Author.
‘ Pray, Sir, is he well translated into
‘ *French*?’ *Booth* answered, he could
not tell; but that he doubted it very
much, having never seen a good Version
into that Language, out of the *Greek*.
‘ To confess the Truth, I believe,’ said he,
‘ the *French* Translators have generally con-
‘ sulted the *Latin* only; which, in some
‘ of the few *Greek* Writers I have read,
‘ is intolerably bad. And as the *English*
‘ Translators, for the most Part, pursue
‘ the *French*, we may easily guess, what
‘ Spirit those Copies of bad Copies of
‘ bad Copies must preserve of the Ori-
‘ ginal.’

‘ Egad, you are a shrewd Gueffer,’
cries the Author, ‘ I am glad the Book-
‘ sellers have not your Sagacity. But
‘ how should it be otherwise, considering
‘ the Price they pay by the Sheet? The
‘ *Greek*, you will allow, is a hard Lan-
‘ guage; and there are few Gentlemen
‘ that write, who can read it without a
‘ good Lexicon. Now, Sir, if we were
‘ to afford Time to find out the true
‘ Meaning of Words, a Gentleman would
‘ not get Bread and Cheese by his Work.
‘ If one was to be paid, indeed, as Mr.
‘ Pope

‘ *Pope* was for his *Homer*. Pray, Sir,
 ‘ don’t you think That the best Translation
 ‘ in the World ?’

‘ Indeed, Sir,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ I think,
 ‘ tho’ it is certainly a noble Paraphrase,
 ‘ and of itself a fine Poem, yet, in some
 ‘ Places, it is no Translation at all. In the
 ‘ very Beginning, for Instance, he hath
 ‘ not rendered the true Force of the Au-
 ‘ thor. *Homer* invokes his Muse in the
 ‘ five first Lines of the *Iliad* ; and, at the
 ‘ End of the fifth, he gives his Reason.

Δῖος δ’ ἐτελείετο βυλή.

‘ For all these Things,’ says he, ‘ were
 ‘ brought about by the Decree of *Jupiter*;
 ‘ and, therefore, he supposes their true
 ‘ Sources are known only to the Deities.
 ‘ Now, the Translation takes no more
 ‘ Notice of the ΔΕ, than if no such Word
 ‘ had been there.’

‘ Very possibly,’ answered the Author ;
 ‘ it is a long Time since I read the Ori-
 ‘ ginal. Perhaps, then, he followed the
 ‘ *French* Translations. I observe, indeed,
 ‘ he talks much in the Notes of *Madam*
 ‘ *Dacier* and *Monsieur Eustathius*.

Booth had now received Conviction enough of his Friend's Knowledge of the *Greek* Language ; without attempting, therefore, to set him right, he made a sudden Transition to the *Latin*. ' Pray, ' Sir,' said he, ' as you have mentioned ' *Rowe's* Translation of the *Pharsalia* ; ' do you remember, how he hath rendered that Passage in the Character of ' *Cato* ?

— *Venerisque huic maximus Usus
Progenies ; urbi Pater est, urbique Maritus.*

' For I apprehend that Passage is generally ' misunderstood.'

' I really do not remember,' answered the Author.--- ' Pray, Sir, what do you ' take to be the Meaning ?'

' I apprehend, Sir,' replied *Booth*, ' that, by these Words, *Urbi Pater est*, ' *Urbique Maritus*, *Cato* is represented as ' the Father and Husband to the City of ' *Rome*.'

' Very true, Sir,' cries the Author, ' very fine, indeed.---Not only the Fa-
' ther

‘ther of his Country, but the Husband
‘too ; very noble, truly.’

‘Pardon me, Sir,’ cries *Booth*, ‘I do
‘not conceive that to have been *Lucan’s*
‘Meaning. If you please to observe the
‘Context: *Lucan* having commended the
‘Temperance of *Cato*, in the Instances of
‘Diet and Clothes, proceeds to venereal
‘Pleasures ; of which, says the Poet, his
‘principal Use was Procreation : Then
‘he adds, *Urbi Pater est, Urbique Maritus*,
‘That he became a Father and a Hus-
‘band, for the Sake only of the City.’

‘Upon my Word, that’s true,’ cries
the Author, ‘I did not think of it. It
‘is much finer than the other.---*Urbis*
‘*Pater est*---what is the other?---ay---
‘*Urbis Maritus*.---It is certainly as you
‘say, Sir.’

Booth was, by this, pretty well satisfied
of the Author’s profound Learning ;
however, he was willing to try him a little
further. He asked him, therefore, what
was his Opinion of *Lucan* in general, and
in what Class of Writers he ranked him.

The Author stared a little at this Question; and after some Hesitation, answered,
‘Certainly, Sir, I think he is a fine Writer,
‘and a very great Poet.’

‘I am very much of the same Opinion,
‘cries *Booth*; but where do you class him,
‘next to what Poet do you place him?’

‘Let me see,’ cries the Author, ‘where
‘do I class him! next to whom do I place
‘him!---Ay!---why!---why, pray, where
‘do you yourself place him?’

‘Why, surely,’ cries *Booth*, ‘if he is
‘not to be placed in the first Rank, with
‘*Homer*, and *Virgil*, and *Milton*---I think
‘clearly, he is at the Head of the second;
‘before either *Statius*, or *Silius Italicus*.---
‘Tho’ I allow to each of these their Me-
‘rits; but, perhaps, an Epic Poem was
‘beyond the Genius of either. I own I
‘have often thought, if *Statius* had ven-
‘tured no farther than *Ovid* or *Claudian*,
‘he would have succeeded better: For
‘his *Sylvæ* are, in my Opinion, much
‘better than his *Thebais*.’

‘ I believe I was of the same Opinion
‘ formerly,’ said the Author.

‘ And for what Reason have you al-
‘ tered it ?’ cries *Booth*.

‘ I have not altered it,’ answered the
Author ; ‘ but, to tell you the Truth, I
‘ have not any Opinion at all about these
‘ Matters at present. I do not trouble my
‘ Head much with Poetry : For there is
‘ no Encouragement to such Studies in
‘ this Age. It is true, indeed, I have
‘ now and then wrote a Poem or two for
‘ the Magazines ; but I never intend to
‘ write any more : For a Gentleman is not
‘ paid for his Time. A Sheet is a Sheet with
‘ the Booksellers ; and, whether it be in
‘ Prose or Verse, they make no Difference ;
‘ tho’ certainly there is as much Difference
‘ to a Gentleman in the Work, as there is to
‘ a Taylor, between making a plain and a
‘ laced Suit. Rhimes are difficult Things ;
‘ they are stubborn Things, Sir. I have
‘ been sometimes longer in tagging a
‘ Couplet, than I have been in writing a
‘ Speech on the Side of the Opposition,
‘ which hath been read with great Ap-
‘ plause all over the Kingdom.’

‘ I am glad you are pleased to confirm
‘ that,’ cries *Booth* : ‘ For I protest, it
‘ was an entire Secret to me till this Day.
‘ I was so perfectly ignorant, that I thought
‘ the Speeches, published in the Maga-
‘ zines, were really made by the Mem-
‘ bers themselves.’

‘ Some of them, and I believe I may,
‘ without Vanity, say, the best,’ cries the
Author, ‘ are all the Production of my
‘ own Pen ; but, I believe, I shall leave
‘ it off soon, unless a Sheet of Speech will
‘ fetch more than it does at present. In
‘ Truth, the Romance Writing is the
‘ only Branch of our Business now, that
‘ is worth following. Goods of that Sort
‘ have had so much Success lately in the
‘ Market, that a Bookseller scarce cares
‘ what he bids for them. And it is cer-
‘ tainly the easiest Work in the World ;
‘ you may write it almost as fast as you
‘ can set Pen to Paper ; and if you inter-
‘ lard it with a little Scandal, a little
‘ Abuse on some living Characters of
‘ Note, you cannot fail of Success.’

‘ Upon my Word, Sir,’ cries *Booth*,
‘ you have greatly instructed me. I could
‘ not

‘ not have imagined, there had been so much Regularity in the Trade of Writing, as you are pleased to mention ; by what I can perceive, the Pen and Ink is likely to become the Staple Commodity of the Kingdom.’

‘ Alas ! Sir,’ answered the Author, ‘ it is over-stocked -- The Market is over-stocked. There is no Encouragement to Merit, no Patrons. I have been these five Years soliciting a Subscription for my new Translation of *Ovid’s Metamorphoses*, with Notes explanatory, historical, and critical ; and I have scarce collected five hundred Names yet.’

The Mention of this Translation a little surpris’d *Booth* ; not only as the Author had just declared his Intentions to forsake the tuneful Muses ; but for some other Reasons, which he had collected from his Conversation with our Author, he little expected to hear of a Proposal to translate any of the *Latin* Poets. He proceeded, therefore, to catechise him a little farther ; and by his Answers was fully satisfied, that he had the very same Acquaintance with *Ovid*, that he had appeared to have with *Lucan*.

The Author then pulled out a Bundle of Papers, containing Proposals for his Subscription, and Receipts ; and addressing himself to *Booth*, said, ‘ Tho’ the Place
‘ in which we meet, Sir, is an improper
‘ Place to solicit Favours of this Kind ;
‘ yet, perhaps, it may be in your Power
‘ to serve me, if you will charge your
‘ Pockets with some of these.’ *Booth* was just offering at an Excuse, when the Bailiff introduced Colonel *James*, and the Sergeant.

The unexpected Visit of a beloved Friend to a Man in Affliction, especially in Mr. *Booth*’s Situation, is a Comfort which can scarce be equalled ; not barely from the Hopes of Relief, or Redress, by his Assistance ; but, as it is an Evidence of sincere Friendship, which scarce admits of any Doubt or Suspicion. Such an Instance doth, indeed, make a Man amends for all ordinary Troubles and Distresses ; and we ought to think ourselves Gainers, by having had such an Opportunity of discovering, that we are possessed of one of the most valuable of all human Possessions.

Booth

Booth was so transported at the Sight of the Colonel, that he dropt the Proposals which the Author had put into his Hand, and burst forth into the highest Professions of Gratitude to his Friend, who behaved very properly on his Side, and said every Thing which became the Mouth of a Friend on the Occasion.

It is true, indeed, he seemed not moved equally, either with *Booth* or the Serjeant ; both whose Eyes watered at the Scene. In Truth, the Colonel, tho' a very generous Man, had not the least Grain of Tenderness in his Disposition. His Mind was formed of those firm Materials, of which Nature formerly hammered out the Stoic, and upon which the Sorrows of no Man living could make an Impression. A Man of this Temper, who doth not much value Danger, will fight for the Person he calls his Friend ; and the Man that hath but little Value for his Money will give it him ; but such Friendship is never to be absolutely depended on : For whenever the favourite Passion interposes with it, it is sure to subside and vanish into Air. Whereas, the Man, whose tender Disposition really feels the Miseries of

H 5

another,

another, will endeavour to relieve them for his own Sake ; and, in such a Mind, Friendship will often get the Superiority over every other Passion.

But from whatever Motive it sprung, the Colonel's Behaviour to *Booth* seemed truly amiable ; and so it appeared to the Author, who took the first Occasion to applaud it in a very florid Oration ; which the Reader, when he recollects that he was a Speech-maker by Profession, will not be surpris'd at ; nor, perhaps, will be much more surpris'd, that he soon after took an Occasion of clapping a Proposal into the Colonel's Hands ; holding at the same Time a Receipt very visible in his own.

The Colonel received both, and gave the Author a Guinea in Exchange, which was double the Sum mentioned in the Receipt ; for which the Author made a low Bow, and very politely took his Leave, saying, ' I suppose, Gentlemen, you may
' have some private Business together ; I
' heartily wish a speedy End to your Con-
' finement ; and I congratulate you on the
' possessing so great, so noble, and so ge-
' nerous a Friend.'

C H A P.

C H A P. VI.

Which inclines rather to Satir than Panegyric.

THE Colonel had the Curiosity to ask *Booth* the Name of the Gentleman, who, in the vulgar Language, had struck, or taken him in for a Guinea, with so much Ease and Dexterity. *Booth* answered, he did not know his Name ; all that he knew of him was, that he was the most impudent and illiterate Fellow he had ever seen ; and that, by his own Account, he was the Author of most of the wonderful Productions of the Age. ‘ Perhaps,’ said he, ‘ it may look uncharitable in me, to blame you for your Generosity ; but I am convinced the Fellow hath not the least Merit or Capacity ; and you have subscribed to the most horrid Trash that ever was published.’

‘ I care not a Farthing what he publishes,’ cries the Colonel. ‘ Heaven forbid, I should be obliged to read half the Nonsense I have subscribed to.’

‘ But, don’t you think,’ said *Booth*,
‘ that by such indiscriminate Encourage-
‘ ment of Authors, you do a real Mis-
‘ chief to the Society ? By propagating
‘ the Subscriptions of such Fellows, Peo-
‘ ple are tired out, and with-hold their
‘ Contributions to Men of real Merit ;
‘ and, at the same Time, you are contri-
‘ buting to fill the World, not only with
‘ Nonsense, but with all the Scurrility,
‘ Indecency, and Profaneness with which
‘ the Age abounds ; and with which all
‘ bad Writers supply the Defect of Ge-
‘ nius.’

‘ Pugh !’ cries the Colonel, ‘ I never
‘ consider these Matters. Good or bad,
‘ it is all one to me ; but I have an Ac-
‘ quaintance of mine, and a Man of great
‘ Wit too, that thinks the worst the best,
‘ as they are the surest to make him
‘ laugh.’

‘ I ask Pardon, Sir,’ says the Serjeant ;
‘ but I wish your Honour would consider
‘ your own Affairs a little ; for it grows
‘ late in the Evening.’

‘ The

‘ The Serjeant says true,’ answered the Colonel. ‘ What is it you intend to do ?’

‘ Faith, Colonel, I know not what I shall do. My Affairs seem so irreparable, that I have been driving them, as much as possibly I could from my Mind. If I was to suffer alone, I think, I could bear them with some Philosophy ; but when I consider who are to be the Sharers in my Fortune---the dearest of Children ; and the best, the worthiest, and the noblest of Women. Pardon me, my dear Friend, these Sensations are above me, they convert me into a Woman ; they drive me to Despair, to Madness.’

The Colonel advised him to command himself ; and told him, this was not the Way to retrieve his Fortune. ‘ As to me,’ my dear *Booth*,’ said he, ‘ you know, you may command me as far as is really within my Power.’

Booth answered eagerly, that he was so far from expecting any more Favours from the Colonel, that he had resolved not to let

let him know any Thing of his Misfortune. ‘No, my dear Friend,’ cries he, ‘I am too much obliged to you already;’ and then burst into many fervent Expressions of Gratitude; till the Colonel himself stopt him, and begged him to give an Account of the Debt or Debts, for which he was detained in that horrid Place.

Booth answered, he could not be very exact; but he feared it was upwards of four hundred Pounds.

‘It is but three hundred Pounds, indeed, Sir,’ cries the Serjeant; ‘if you can raise three hundred Pounds, you are a free Man this Moment.’

Booth, who did not apprehend the generous Meaning of the Serjeant, as well as, I believe, the Reader will, answered, he was mistaken; that he had computed his Debts, and they amounted to upwards of four hundred Pounds: Nay, that the Bailiff had shewn him Writs for above that Sum.

‘Whether your Debts are three or four hundred,’ cries the Colonel, ‘the present Business is to give Bail only; and
‘ then

‘ then you will have some time to try your
‘ Friends. I think you might get a Com-
‘ pany abroad ; and then I would advance
‘ the Money on the Security of half your
‘ Pay : And, in the mean Time, I will
‘ be one of your Bail with all my Heart.’

Whilst *Booth* poured forth his Gra-
titude for all this Kindness, the Serjeant
ran down Stairs for the Bailiff ; and shortly
after returned with him into the Room.

The Bailiff, being informed that the
Colonel offered to be Bail for his Prisoner,
answered a little furlily, ‘ Well, Sir,
‘ and who will be the other ? You know,
‘ I suppose, there must be two ; and I
‘ must have Time to enquire after them.’

The Colonel replied, ‘ I believe, Sir,
‘ I am well known to be responsible for a
‘ much larger Sum than your Demand on
‘ this Gentleman ; but if your Forms re-
‘ quire two, I suppose the Serjeant here
‘ will do for the other.’

‘ I don’t know the Serjeant, nor you
‘ either, Sir,’ cries *Bondum* ; ‘ and if you
‘ propose yourselves Bail for the Gentle-
‘ man,

‘ man, I must have Time to enquire after
‘ you.’

‘ You need very little Time to enquire
‘ after me,’ says the Colonel; for I can
‘ send for several of the Law, whom I
‘ suppose you know, to satisfy you; ‘ but
‘ consider it is very late.’

‘ Yes,’ Sir,’ answered *Bondum*, ‘ I do
‘ consider it is too late for the Captain to
‘ be bailed To-night.’

‘ What do you mean by too late?’
cries the Colonel.

‘ I mean, Sir, that I must search the
‘ Office, and that is now shut up: For
‘ if my Lord Mayor and the Court of
‘ Aldermen would be bound for him, I
‘ would not discharge him, till I had
‘ searched the Office.’

‘ How, Sir,’ cries the Colonel, ‘ hath
‘ the Law of *England* no more Regard
‘ for the Liberty of the Subject, than to
‘ suffer such Fellows as you to detain a
‘ Man in Custody for Debt, when he can
‘ give undeniable Security?’

‘ Don’t

‘ Don’t Fellow me,’ said the Bailiff,
‘ I am as good a Fellow as yourself, I
‘ believe, tho’ you have that Ribbond in
‘ your Hat there.’

‘ Do you know who you are speaking
‘ to?’ said the Serjeant. ‘ Do you know
‘ you are talking to a Colonel of the
‘ Army?’

‘ What’s a Colonel of the Army to
‘ me!’——cries the Bailiff. ‘ I have had
‘ as good as he in my Custody before
‘ now.’

‘ And a Member of Parliament’——
cries the Serjeant.

‘ Is the Gentleman a Member of Par-
‘ liament?——Well, and what Harm
‘ have I said——I am sure I meant no
‘ Harm, and if his Honour is offended,
‘ I ask his Pardon; to be sure his Honour
‘ must know that the Sheriff is answerable
‘ for all the Writs in the Office, tho’
‘ they were never so many, and I am an-
‘ swerable to the Sheriff. I am sure the
‘ Captain can’t say that I have shewn him
‘ any Manner of Incivility since he hath
‘ been

‘ been here. — And I hope, honourable
‘ Sir,’ cries he turning to the Colonel,
‘ you don’t take any thing amiss that I
‘ said, or meant by way of Disrespect, or
‘ any such Matter. I did not, indeed, as
‘ the Gentleman here says, know who I was
‘ speaking to ; but I did not say any thing
‘ uncivil as I know of, and I hope no
‘ Offence.’

The Colonel was more easily pacified than might have been expected, and told the Bailiff that if it was against the Rules of Law to discharge Mr. *Booth* that Evening, he must be contented. He then addressed himself to his Friend, and began to prescribe Comfort and Patience to him ; saying he must rest satisfied with his Confinement that Night, and the next Morning he promised to visit him again.

Booth answered, that as for himself, the lying one Night in any Place was very little worth his Regard. ‘ You and I,
‘ my dear Friend, have both spent our
‘ Evening in a worse Situation than I
‘ shall in this House. All my Concern
‘ is for my poor *Amelia*, whose Sufferings
‘ on Account of my Absence I know, and
‘ I feel with unspeakable Tenderness.
‘ Could

‘ Could I be assured she was tolerably
‘ easy, I could be contented in Chains or
‘ in a Dungeon.’

‘ Give yourself no Concern on her Account,’ said the Colonel, ‘ I will wait
‘ on her myself, tho’ I break an Engagement for that Purpose, and will give
‘ her such Assurances as I am convinced
‘ will make her perfectly easy.

Booth embraced his Friend, and weeping over him paid his Acknowledgment with Tears, for all his Goodness. In Words, indeed, he was not able to thank him; for Gratitude joining with his other Passions almost choaked him, and stopt his Utterance.

After a short Scene, in which nothing past worth recounting, the Colonel bid his Friend Good-Night; and leaving the Serjeant with him made the best of his Way back to *Amelia*.

C H A P. VII.

Worthy a very serious Perusal.

THE Colonel found *Amelia* sitting very disconsolate with Mrs. *Atkinson*. He entered the Room with an Air of great Gaiety, assured *Amelia* that her Husband was perfectly well, and that he hoped the next Day he would again be with her.

Amelia was a little comforted at this Account; and vented many grateful Expressions to the Colonel, for his unparalleled Friendship, as she was pleased to call it. She could not, however, help giving Way soon after to a Sigh, at the Thoughts of her Husband's Bondage, and declared that Night would be the longest she had ever known.

‘ This Lady, Madam,’ cries the Colonel, ‘ must endeavour to make it shorter. And if you will give me Leave, I will join in the same Endeavour.’ Then after some more consolatory Speeches, the Colonel attempted to give a gay Turn to the Discourse; and said, ‘ I was engaged to have spent this Evening disagreeably at *Ranelagh*, with a Set of Company I
‘ did

‘ did not like. How vastly am I obliged
 ‘ to you, dear Mrs. *Booth*, that I pass it
 ‘ so infinitely more to my Satisfaction!’

‘ Indeed, Colonel,’ said *Amelia*, ‘ I
 ‘ am convinced that to a Mind so rightly
 ‘ turned as yours, there must be a much
 ‘ sweeter Relish in the highest Offices of
 ‘ Friendship, than in any Pleasures which
 ‘ the gayest public Places can afford.’

‘ Upon my Word, Madam,’ said the
 Colonel, ‘ You now do me more than
 ‘ Justice. I have, and always had the
 ‘ utmost Indifference for such Pleasures.
 ‘ Indeed, I hardly allow them worthy of
 ‘ that Name, or if they are so at all, it is
 ‘ in a very low Degree. In my Opinion,
 ‘ the highest Friendship must always lead
 ‘ us to the highest Pleasure.’

Here *Amelia* entered into a long Differ-
 tation on Friendship, in which she pointed
 several Times directly at the Colonel as
 the Hero of her Tale.

The Colonel highly applauded all her
 Sentiments; and when he could not avoid
 taking the Compliment to himself, he re-
 ceived it with a most respectful Bow.
 He

He then tried his Hand likewise at Description, in which he found Means to repay all *Amelia's* Panegyric in Kind. This tho' he did with all possible Delicacy; yet a curious Observer might have been apt to suspect that it was chiefly on her Account that the Colonel had avoided the Masquerade.

In Discourses of this Kind they past the Evening, till it was very late, the Colonel never offering to stir from his Chair before the Clock had struck one; when he thought, perhaps, that Decency obliged him to take his Leave.

As soon as he was gone, Mrs. *Atkinson* said to Mrs. *Booth*, 'I think, Madam, you told me this Afternoon, that the Colonel was married.'

Amelia answered, she did so.

'I think likewise, Madam,' said Mrs. *Atkinson*, 'you was acquainted with the Colonel's Lady.'

Amelia answered, that she had been extremely intimate with her Abroad.

‘ Is she young, and handsome,’ said Mrs. *Atkinson*, ‘ In short, pray, was it a
‘ Match of Love or Convenience ?’

Amelia answered, entirely of Love, she believed, on his Side : For that the Lady had little or no Fortune.

‘ I am very glad to hear it,’ said Mrs. *Atkinson* : ‘ For I am sure the Colonel is
‘ in Love with somebody. I think, I
‘ never saw a more luscious Picture of
‘ Love drawn than that which he was
‘ pleased to give us, as the Portraiture
‘ of Friendship. I have read, indeed, of
‘ *Pylades and Orestes*, *Damon and Pythias*,
‘ and other great Friends of old ; nay, I
‘ sometimes flatter myself that I am capa-
‘ ble of being a Friend myself ; but as
‘ for that fine, soft, tender, delicate Pas-
‘ sion, which he was pleased to describe,
‘ I am convinced there must go a He
‘ and a She to the Composition.’

‘ Upon my Word, my Dear, you are
‘ mistaken,’ cries *Amelia*. ‘ If you had
‘ known the Friendship which hath al-
‘ ways subsisted between the Colonel and
‘ my Husband, you would not imagine
‘ it .

‘ it possible for any Description to exceed
‘ it. Nay, I think his Behaviour this
‘ very Day is sufficient to convince you.’

‘ I own what he hath done To-day
‘ hath great Merit,’ said Mrs. *Atkinson*;
‘ and yet from what he hath said To-night
‘ ——— You will pardon me, dear Madam;
‘ perhaps I am too quick-sighted in my
‘ Observations, nay, I am afraid I am
‘ even impertinent.’

‘ Fie! upon it,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘ how
‘ can you talk in that Strain? Do you
‘ imagine I expect Ceremony.——Pray
‘ speak what you think with the utmost
‘ Freedom.’

‘ Did he not then,’ said Mrs. *Atkinson*,
‘ repeat the Words, the finest Woman in
‘ the World, more than once? Did he
‘ not make use of an Expression which
‘ might have become the Mouth of *Oroon-*
‘ *dates* himself?——If I remember, the
‘ Words were these, “ That had he been
“ *Alexander the Great*, he should have
“ thought it more Glory to have wiped
“ off a Tear from the bright Eyes of
“ *Statira*, than to have conquered Fifty
“ Worlds.”

‘ Did he say so ?’ cries *Amelia*—— ‘ I
‘ think he did say something like it ; but
‘ my Thoughts were so full of my Husband
‘ that I took little Notice. But what
‘ would you infer from what he said ? I
‘ hope you don’t think he is in Love
‘ with me !’

‘ I hope he doth not think so himself,’
answered Mrs. *Atkinson*, ‘ tho’ when he
‘ mentioned the bright Eyes of *Statira*, he
‘ fixed his own Eyes on yours with the
‘ most languishing Air I ever beheld.’

Amelia was going to answer, when the
Serjeant arrived, and then she immediately
fell to enquiring after her Husband ; and re-
ceived such satisfactory Answers to all her
many Questions concerning him, that she
expressed great Pleasure. These Ideas so
possessed her Mind, that without once
casting her Thoughts on any other Matters,
she took her Leave of the Serjeant and
his Lady, and repaired to bed to her
Children, in a Room which Mrs. *Atkinson*
had provided her in the same House ;
where we will at present wish her a good
Night.

C H A P. VIII.

Consisting of grave Matters.

W H I L E Innocence and chearful Hope, in spite of the Malice of Fortune, closed the Eyes of the gentle *Amelia*, on her homely Bed, and she enjoyed a sweet and profound Sleep; the Colonel lay restless all Night on his Down: His Mind was affected with a kind of Ague Fit; sometimes scorched up with flaming Desires, and again chilled with the coldest Despair.

There is a Time, I think, according to one of our Poets, *When Lust and Envy sleep*. This, I suppose, is when they are well gorged with the Food they most delight in; but while either of these are hungry,

*Nor Poppy, nor Mandragora
Nor all the drowsy Syrups of the East
Will ever medicine them to Slumber.*

The Colonel was, at present, unhappily tormented by both these Fiends. His last Evening's Conversation with *Amelia* had
done

done his Business effectually. The many kind Words she had spoken to him, the many kind Looks she had given him, as being, she conceived, the Friend and Preserver of her Husband, had made an entire Conquest of his Heart. Thus, the very Love which she bore him, as the Person to whom her little Family were to owe their Preservation and Happiness, inspired him with Thoughts of sinking them all in the lowest Abyss of Ruin and Misery; and while she smiled with all her Sweetness on the supposed Friend of her Husband, she was converting that Friend into his most bitter Enemy.

*Friendship take heed, if Woman interfere,
Be sure the Hour of thy Destruction's near.*

These are the Lines of *Vanbrugh*; and the Sentiment is better than the Poetry. To say the Truth, as a handsome Wife is the Cause and Cement of many false Friendships, she is often too liable to destroy the real ones.

Thus the Object of the Colonel's Lust very plainly appears; but the Object of his Envy may be more difficult to discover. Nature and Fortune had seemed to

strive with a kind of Rivalship, which should bestow most on the Colonel. The former had given him Person, Parts, and Constitution, in all which he was superior to almost every other Man. The latter had given him Rank in Life, and Riches, both in a very eminent Degree. Whom then should this happy Man envy? Here, lest Ambition should mislead the Reader to search the Palaces of the Great, we will direct him at once to *Gray's-Inn-Lane*; where in a miserable Bed, in a miserable Room, he will see a miserable broken Lieutenant, in a miserable Condition, with several heavy Debts on his Back, and without a Penny in his Pocket. This, and no other, was the Object of the Colonel's Envy. And why? because this Wretch was possessed of the Affections of a poor little Lamb; which all the vast Flocks that were within the Power and Reach of the Colonel, could not prevent that Glutton's longing for. And sure this Image of the Lamb is not improperly adduced on this Occasion: For what was the Colonel's Desire but to lead this poor Lamb, as it were, to the Slaughter, in order to purchase a Feast of a few Days by her final Destruction, and to tear her away from the Arms of one where she was sure of

being fondled and carested all the Days of her Life.

While the Colonel was agitated with these Thoughts, his greatest Comfort was, that *Amelia* and *Booth* were now separated, and his greatest Terror was of their coming again together. From Wishes therefore he began to meditate Designs; and so far was he from any Intention of procuring the Liberty of his Friend, that he began to form Schemes of prolonging his Confinement, till he could procure some Means of sending him away far from her; in which Case he doubted not but of succeeding in all he desired.

He was forming this Plan in his Mind, when a Servant informed him, that one Serjeant *Atkinson* desired to speak with his Honour. The Serjeant was immediately admitted, and acquainted the Colonel, that if he pleased to go and become Bail for Mr. *Booth*, another unexceptionable House-keeper would be there to join with him. This Person the Serjeant had procured that Morning, and had, by Leave of his Wife, given him a Bond of Indemnification for the Purpose.

The Colonel did not seem so elated with this News as *Atkinson* expected. On the contrary, instead of making a direct Answer to what *Atkinson* said, the Colonel began thus: ‘I think, Serjeant, Mr. *Booth* hath told me that you was Foster-Brother to his Lady. She is really a charming Woman, and it is a thousand Pities she should ever have been placed in the dreadful Situation she is now in. There is nothing so silly as for Subaltern Officers of the Army to marry, unless where they meet with Women of very great Fortunes indeed. What can be the Event of their marrying otherwise, but entailing Misery and Beggary on their Wives and their Posterity?’

‘Ah! Sir!’ cries the Serjeant, ‘it is too late to think of those Matters now. To be sure my Lady might have married one of the top Gentlemen in the Country: For she is certainly one of the best, as well as one of the handsomest, Women in the Kingdom; and if she had been fairly dealt by, would have had a very great Fortune into the Bargain. Indeed she is worthy of the greatest Prince in the World; and if I had been the
‘greatest

‘greatest Prince in the World, I should
‘have thought myself happy with such
‘a Wife; but she was pleased to like
‘the Lieutenant, and certainly there can
‘be no Happiness in Marriage without
‘Liking.’

‘Looke, Serjeant,’ said the Colonel,
‘you know very well that I am the Lieu-
‘tenant’s Friend. I think I have shewn
‘myself so.’

‘Indeed, your Honour hath,’ quoth the
Serjeant, ‘more than once, to my Know-
‘ledge.’

‘But I am angry with him for his Im-
‘prudence, greatly angry with him for
‘his Imprudence; and the more so, as it
‘affects a Lady of so much Worth.’

‘She is, indeed, a Lady of the highest
‘Worth,’ cries the Serjeant. ‘Poor dear
‘Lady, I knew her, an’t please your
‘Honour, from her Infancy; and the
‘sweetest-temper’d, best-natured Lady she
‘is, that ever trod on *English* Ground. I
‘have always loved her as if she was my
‘own Sister.—Nay, she hath very often
‘called me Brother; and I have taken it

‘ to be a greater Honour than if I was to
‘ be called a General Officer.’

‘ What Pity it is,’ said the Colonel,
‘ that this worthy Creature should be ex-
‘ posed to so much Misery by the thought-
‘ less Behaviour of a Man, who, though
‘ I am his Friend, I cannot help saying,
‘ hath been guilty of Imprudence, at least.
‘ Why could he not live upon his Half-
‘ pay? What had he to do to run him-
‘ self into Debt in this outrageous Man-
‘ ner?’

‘ I wish indeed,’ cries the Serjeant, ‘ he
‘ had been a little more considerative;
‘ but, I hope, this will be a Warning to
‘ him.’

‘ How am I sure of that,’ answered the
Colonel; ‘ or what Reason is there to ex-
‘ pect it? Extravagance is a Vice of which
‘ Men are not so easily cured. I have
‘ thought a great deal of this Matter,
‘ Mr. Serjeant; and upon the most ma-
‘ ture Deliberation, I am of Opinion, that
‘ it will better both for him and his poor
‘ Lady, that he should smart a little
‘ more.’

‘ Your

‘ Your Honour, Sir, to be sure is in
‘ the Right,’ reply’d the Serjeant; ‘ but
‘ yet, Sir, if you will pardon me for speak-
‘ ing, I hope you will be pleased to con-
‘ sider my poor Lady’s Case. She suffers,
‘ all this while, as much or more than the
‘ Lieutenant; for I know her so well, that
‘ I am certain she will never have a Mo-
‘ ment’s Ease till her Husband is out of
‘ Confinement.’

‘ I know Women better than you, Ser-
‘ jeant,’ cries the Colonel: They some-
‘ times place their Affections on a Hus-
‘ band, as Children do on their Nurse; but
‘ they are both to be weaned. I know
‘ you, Serjeant, to be a Fellow of Sense as
‘ well as Spirit, or I should not speak so
‘ freely to you; but I took a Fancy to you
‘ a long time ago, and I intend to serve
‘ you; but first I ask you this Question,
‘ is your Attachment to Mr. *Booth*, or to
‘ his Lady?’

‘ Certainly, Sir,’ said the Serjeant, ‘ I
‘ must love my Lady best. Not but I
‘ have a great Affection for the Lieute-
‘ nant too, because I know my Lady hath
‘ the same; and, indeed, he hath been al-

‘ ways very good to me, as far as was
‘ in his Power. A Lieutenant, your Ho-
‘ nour knows, can’t do a great deal ; but
‘ I have always found him my Friend upon
‘ all Occasions.’

‘ You say true,’ cries the Colonel, ‘ a
‘ Lieutenant can do but little ; but I can
‘ do much to serve you, and will too—
‘ But let me ask you one Question—Who
‘ was the Lady whom I saw last Night
‘ with Mrs. *Booth* at her Lodgings ?’

Here the Serjeant blushed, and repeated,
‘ The Lady, Sir !’

‘ Ay, a Lady, a Woman,’ cries the Co-
lonel, ‘ who supped with us last Night.
‘ She looked rather too much like a Gen-
‘ tlewoman for the Mistress of a Lodging
‘ House.’

The Serjeant’s Cheeks glowed at this
Compliment to his Wife, and he was just
going to own her, when the Colonel pro-
ceeded. ‘ I think I never saw in my Life
‘ so ill-looking, sly, demure a B——I
‘ would give something, methinks, to
‘ know who she was.’

‘ I don’t know, indeed,’ cries the Serjeant in great Confusion.—‘ I know nothing about her.’

‘ I wish you would enquire,’ said the Colonel, ‘ and let me know her Name, and likewise what she is. I have a strange Curiosity to know, and let me see you again this Evening exactly at Seven.’

‘ And will not your Honour then go to the Lieutenant this Morning?’ said *Atkinson*.

‘ It is not in my Power,’ answered the Colonel: ‘ I am engaged another Way. Besides there is no Haste in this Affair. If Men will be imprudent, they must suffer the Consequences. Come to me at Seven, and bring me all the Particulars you can concerning that ill-look’d Jade, I mentioned to you; for I am resolved to know who she is. And so, Good-morrow to you Serjeant; be assured I will take an Opportunity to do something for you.’

Tho’ some Readers may, perhaps, think the Serjeant not unworthy of the Freedom.

with which the Colonel treated him, yet that haughty Officer would have been very backward to have condescended to such Familiarity with one of his Rank, had he not proposed some Design from it. In Truth, he began to conceive Hopes of making the Serjeant instrumental to his Design on *Amelia*; in other Words, to convert him into a Pimp; an Office in which the Colonel had been served by *Atkinson's* Betters; and which, as he knew it was in his Power very well to reward him, he had no Apprehension that the Serjeant would decline: An Opinion which the Serjeant might have pardon'd, though he had never given the least Grounds for it, since the Colonel borrowed it from the Knowledge of his own Heart. This dictated to him, that he, from a bad Motive, was capable of desiring to debauch his Friend's Wife; and the same Heart inspired him to hope that another from another bad Motive, might be guilty of the same Breach of Friendship, in assisting him. Few Men, I believe, think better of others than of themselves; nor do they easily allow the Existence of any Virtue of which they perceive no Traces in their own Minds: For which Reason I have observed, that it is extremely difficult to persuade a Rogue that

that you are an honest Man; nor would you ever succeed in the Attempt by the strongest Evidence, was it not for the comfortable Conclusion which the Rogue draws, that he who proves himself to be honest, proves himself to be a Fool at the same time.

C H A P. IX.

A curious Chapter, from which a curious Reader may draw sundry Observations.

THE Serjeant retired from the Colonel in a very dejected State of Mind; in which, however, we must leave him awhile, and return to *Amelia*; who, as soon as she was up, had dispatched Mrs. *Atkinson* to pay off her former Lodgings, and to bring off all Cloaths and other Moveables.

The trusty Messenger returned without performing her Errand: For Mrs. *Ellison* had locked up all her Rooms, and was gone out very early that Morning, and the Servant knew not whither she was gone.

The

The two Ladies now sat down to Breakfast, together with *Amelia's* two Children; after which *Amelia* declared she would take a Coach and visit her Husband. To this Motion Mrs. *Atkinson* soon agreed, and offered to be her Companion. To say Truth, I think it was reasonable enough; and the great Abhorrence which *Booth* had of seeing his Wife in a Bailiff's House, was, perhaps, rather too nice and delicate.

When the Ladies were both dressed, and just going to send for their Vehicle, a great Knocking was heard at the Door, and presently Mrs. *James* was usher'd into the Room.

This Visit was disagreeable enough to *Amelia*, as it detained her from the Sight of her Husband, for which she so eagerly longed. However, as she had no Doubt but that the Visit would be reasonably short, she resolved to receive the Lady with all the Complaisance in her Power.

Mrs. *James* now behaved herself so very unlike the Person that she lately appeared, that it might have surprised any one

one who doth not know, that besides that of a fine Lady, which is all mere Art and Mummery, every such Woman hath some real Character at the Bottom, in which, whenever Nature gets the better of her, she acts. Thus the finest Ladies in the World will sometimes love, and sometimes scratch, according to their different natural Dispositions, with great Fury and Violence, tho' both of these are equally inconsistent with a fine Lady's artificial Character.

Mrs. *James* then was at the Bottom a very good-natured Woman; and the Moment she heard of *Amelia's* Misfortune, was sincerely grieved at it. She had acquiesced on the very first Motion with the Colonel's Design of inviting her to her House; and this Morning at Breakfast, when he had acquainted her that *Amelia* made some Difficulty in accepting the Offer, very readily undertook to go herself and persuade her Friend to accept the Invitation.

She now pressed this Matter with such Earnestness, that *Amelia*, who was not extremely versed in the Art of denying, was hardly able to refuse her Importunity; nothing, indeed, but her Affection to Mrs.

Atkinson could have prevailed on her to refuse; that Point, however, she would not give up, and Mrs. *James*, at last, was contented with a Promise, that as soon as their Affairs were settled, *Amelia*, with her Husband and Family, would make her a Visit, and stay some time with her in the Country, whither she was soon to retire.

Having obtained this Promise, Mrs. *James*, after many very friendly Professions, took her Leave; and stepping into her Coach, re-assumed the fine Lady, and drove away to join her Company at an Auction.

The Moment she was gone, Mrs. *Atkinson*, who had left the Room upon the Approach of Mrs. *James*, returned into it, and was informed by *Amelia* of all that had past.

‘Pray, Madam,’ said Mrs. *Atkinson*, ‘do this Colonel and his Lady live, as it is called, well together?’

‘If you mean to ask,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘whether they are a very fond Couple, I must answer that I believe they are not.’

‘I

‘ I have been told,’ says Mrs. *Atkinson*,
‘ that there have been Instances of Wo-
‘ men who have become Bawds to their
‘ own Husbands, and the Husbands Pimps
‘ for them.’

‘ Fie upon it,’ cries *Amelia*. ‘ I hope
‘ there are no such People. Indeed, my
‘ Dear, this is being a little too censo-
‘ rious.’

‘ Call it what you please,’ answered
Mrs. *Atkinson*. It arises from my Love
‘ to you, and my Fears for your Danger.
‘ You know the Proverb of a burnt Child ;
‘ and if such a one hath any Good-nature
‘ it will dread the Fire, on the Account of
‘ others as well as on its own. And if I
‘ may speak my Sentiments freely, I can-
‘ not think you will be in Safety at this
‘ Colonel’s House.’

‘ I cannot but believe your Apprehen-
‘ sions to be sincere,’ replied *Amelia*, ‘ and
‘ I must think myself obliged to you for
‘ them ; but I am convinced you are en-
‘ tirely in an Error. I look on Colonel
‘ *James* as the most generous and best of
‘ Men. He was a Friend, and an excel-
‘ lent

‘lent Friend too, to my Husband, long
 ‘before I was acquainted with him, and
 ‘he hath done him a thousand good Of-
 ‘fices. What do you say of his Behaviour
 ‘Yesterday?’

‘I wish,’ cries Mrs. *Atkinson*, ‘that his
 ‘Behaviour To-day had been equal. What
 ‘I am now going to undertake is the most
 ‘disagreeable Office of Friendship, but it
 ‘is a necessary one. I must tell you there-
 ‘fore what past this Morning between the
 ‘Colonel and Mr. *Atkinson*; for tho’ it
 ‘will hurt you, you ought, on many Ac-
 ‘counts to know it.’ Here she related the
 whole which we have recorded in the pre-
 ceding Chapter, and with which the Ser-
 jeant had acquainted her; while Mrs. *James*
 was paying her Visit to *Amelia*. And as
 the Serjeant had painted the Matter rather
 in stronger Colours than the Colonel; so
 Mrs. *Atkinson* again a little improved on
 the Serjeant. Neither of these good People,
 perhaps, intended to aggravate any Circum-
 stance; but such is, I believe, the un-
 avoidable Consequence of all Reports. Mrs.
Atkinson, indeed, may be supposed not to
 see what related to *James* in the most fa-
 vourable Light, as the Serjeant, with more
 Honesty than Prudence, had suggested to
 his

his Wife, that the Colonel had not the kindest Opinion of her, and had called her a fly and demure—; it is true he omitted ill-looking B——; two Words, which are, perhaps, superior to the Patience of any *Job* in Petticoats that ever lived. He made amends, however, by substituting some other Phrases in their Stead, not extremely agreeable to a female Ear.

It appeared to *Amelia*, from Mrs. *Atkinson's* Relation, that the Colonel had grossly abused *Booth* to the Serjeant, and had absolutely refused to become his Bail. Poor *Amelia* became a pale and motionless Statue at this Account. At length, she cry'd, ' If this be true, I and mine are all, indeed, undone. We have no Comfort, no Hope, no Friend left. — I cannot disbelieve you.—I know you would not deceive me.—Why should you, indeed, deceive me?—But what can have caused this Alteration since last Night?—Did I say or do any thing to offend him?'

' You said and did rather, I believe, a great deal too much to please him,' answered Mrs. *Atkinson*. ' Besides, he is not in

‘ in the least offended with you. On the
‘ contrary, he said many kind Things.’--

‘ What can my poor Love have done ?’
said *Amelia*. ‘ He hath not seen the Co-
‘ lonel since last Night. Some Villain
‘ hath set him against my Husband ; he
‘ was once before suspicious of such a
‘ Person. Some cruel Monster hath be-
‘ lied his Innocence.’

‘ Pardon me, dear Madam,’ said Mrs.
Atkinson, ‘ I believe the Person, who hath
‘ injured the Captain with this Friend of
‘ his, is one of the worthiest and best of
‘ Creatures---Nay, do not be surpris’d ;
‘ the Person I mean, is even your fair
‘ Self : Sure you would not be so dull in
‘ any other Case ; but in this, Gratitude,
‘ Humility, Modesty, every Virtue shuts
‘ your Eyes.

Mortales bebitant visus.

‘ as *Virgil* says. What in the World can
‘ be more consistent, than his Desire to
‘ have you at his own House ; and to keep
‘ your Husband confined in another ?
‘ All that he said, and all that he did
‘ Yesterday ; and, what is more convinc-
‘ ing

‘ing to me than both, all that he looked
‘last Night, are very consistent with both
‘these Designs.’

‘O Heavens !’ cries *Amelia*, ‘you
‘chill my Blood with Horror ! The Idea
‘freezes me to Death : I can not, must
‘not, will not think it. Nothing but
‘Conviction---Heaven forbid, I should
‘ever have more Conviction ! And did
‘he abuse my Husband ! What ! did he
‘abuse a poor, unhappy, distressed Crea-
‘ture ; oppressed, ruined, torn from his
‘Children, torn away from his wretched
‘Wife ; the honestest, worthiest, noblest,
‘tenderest, fondest, best !’ --- Here she
burst into an Agony of Grief, which ex-
ceeds the Power of Description.

In this Situation, Mrs. *Atkinson* was
doing her utmost to support her, when a
most violent Knocking was heard at the
Door, and immediately the Serjeant ran
hastily into the Room ; bringing with him
a Cordial, which presently relieved *Amelia*.
What this Cordial was, we shall inform
the Reader in due Time. In the mean
while, he must suspend his Curiosity ;
and the Gentlemen at *White’s* may lay
Wagers, whether it was *Ward’s* Pill, or
that

that Powder, for the Invention of which, my worthy and ingenious Friend Dr. *James* would, in almost any Country but this, have received public Honours and Rewards.

But before we close this Chapter, and return back to the Bailiff's House, we must do our best to rescue the Character of our Heroine from the Dulness of Apprehension, which several of our quick-sighted Readers may lay more heavily to her Charge than was done by her Friend *Mrs. Atkinson*.

I must inform, therefore, all such Readers, that it is not, because Innocence is more blind than Guilt, that the former often overlooks and tumbles into the Pit, which the latter foresees and avoids. The Truth is, that it is almost impossible Guilt should miss the discovering of all the Snares in its Way; as it is constantly prying closely into every Corner, in order to lay Snares for others. Whereas Innocence, having no such Purpose, walks fearlessly and carelessly through Life; and is consequently liable to tread on the Gins, which Cunning hath laid to entrap it. To speak plainly, and without Allegory

gory or Figure, it is not Want of Sense, but Want of Suspicion by which Innocence is often betrayed. Again, we often admire at the Folly of the Dupe, when we should transfer our whole Surprise to the astonishing Guilt of the Betrayer. In a Word, many an innocent Person hath owed his Ruin to this Circumstance alone, that the Degree of Villany was such as must have exceeded the Faith of every Man who was not himself a Villain.

C H A P. X.

In which are many profound Secrets of Philosophy.

BOOOTH, having had enough of the Author's Company the preceding Day, chose now another Companion. Indeed the Author was not very solicitous of a second Interview : For, as he could have no Hope from *Booth's* Pocket, so he was not likely to receive much Increase to his Vanity from *Booth's* Conversation : For, low as this Wretch was in Virtue, Sense, Learning, Birth and Fortune, he was by no Means low in his Vanity. This Passion, indeed, was so high in him, and at the

the same Time so blinded him to his own Demerits; that he hated every Man, who did not either flatter him or give him Money. In short, he claimed a strange Kind of Right; either to cheat all his Acquaintance of their Praise, or to pick their Pockets of their Pence; in which latter Case, he himself repaid very liberally with Panegyric.

A very little Specimen of such a Fellow must have satisfied a Man of Mr. *Booth's* Temper. He chose, therefore, now to associate himself with that Gentleman, of whom *Bondum* had given so shabby a Character. In short, Mr. *Booth's* Opinion of the Bailiff was such, that he recommended a Man most, where he least intended it. Nay, the Bailiff, in the present Instance, tho' he had drawn a malicious Conclusion, honestly avowed, that this was drawn only from the Poverty of the Person; which is never, I believe, any forcible Disrecommendation to a good Mind: But he must have had a very bad Mind, indeed, who, in Mr. *Booth's* Circumstances, could have disliked or despised another Man, because that other Man was poor.

Some

Some previous Conversation having past between this Gentleman and *Booth*, in which they had both opened their several Situations to each other ; the former casting an affectionate Look on the latter, expressed great Compassion for his Circumstances ; for which *Booth* thanking him said, ‘ You must have a great Deal of
‘ Compassion, and be a very good Man,
‘ in such a terrible Situation as you describe yourself, to have any Pity to spare
‘ for other People.’

‘ My Affairs, Sir,’ answered the Gentleman, ‘ are very bad, it is true ; and
‘ yet there is one Circumstance, which
‘ makes you appear to me more the Object of Pity than I am to myself ; and
‘ it is this, that you must from your
‘ Years be a Novice in Affliction ; whereas I have served a long Apprenticeship to
‘ Misery, and ought, by this Time, to
‘ be a pretty good Master of my Trade.
‘ To say the Truth, I believe, Habit
‘ teaches Men to bear the Burthens of the
‘ Mind, as it enures them to bear heavy
‘ Burthens on their Shoulders. Without
‘ Use and Experience, the strongest
‘ Minds and Bodies both will stagger under
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‘ der a Weight, which Habit might render easy, and even contemptible.’

‘ There is great Justice,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ in the Comparifon ; and, I think, I have myfelf experienced the Truth of it : For I am not that *Tyro* in Affliction which you feem to apprehend me. And, perhaps, it is from the very Habit you mention, that I am able to fupport my prefent Misfortunes a little like a Man.’

The Gentleman fmiled at this, and cried, ‘ Indeed, Captain, you are a young Philofopher.’

‘ I think,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ I have fome Pretentions to that Philofophy which is taught by Misfortunes ; and you feem to be of Opinion, Sir, that is one of the beft Schools of Philofophy.’

‘ I mean no more, Sir,’ faid the Gentleman, ‘ than that in the Days of our Affliction, we are inclined to think more ferioufly, than in thofe Seasons of Life, when we are engaged in the hurrying Purfuits of Bufinefs or Pleafure, when we have neither Leifure nor Inclination to fift and examine Things to the Bottom.’

‘ tom. Now there are two Considerations,
 ‘ which, from my having long fixed my
 ‘ Thoughts upon them, have greatly sup-
 ‘ ported me under all my Afflictions.
 ‘ The one is the Brevity of Life, even at
 ‘ its longest Duration, which the wisest
 ‘ of Men hath compared to the short
 ‘ Dimension of a Span. One of the Ro-
 ‘ man Poets compares it to the Duration
 ‘ of a Race; and another, to the much
 ‘ shorter Transition of a Wave.

‘ The second Consideration is the Un-
 ‘ certainty of it. Short as its utmost Li-
 ‘ mits are, it is far from being assured of
 ‘ reaching those Limits. The next Day,
 ‘ the next Hour, the next Moment may
 ‘ be the End of our Course. Now of
 ‘ what Value is so uncertain, so precarious
 ‘ a Station? This Consideration, indeed,
 ‘ however lightly it is passed over in our
 ‘ Conception, doth, in a great Measure,
 ‘ level all Fortunes and Conditions; and
 ‘ gives no Man a Right to triumph in the
 ‘ happiest State, or any Reason to repine
 ‘ in the most miserable. Would the most
 ‘ worldly Men see this, in the Light in
 ‘ which they examine all other Matters,
 ‘ they would soon feel and acknowledge
 ‘ the Force of this Way of reasoning:

‘ For which of them would give any Price
‘ for an Estate, from which they were li-
‘ able to be immediately ejected ; or,
‘ would they not laugh at him as a Mad-
‘ man, who accounted himself rich from
‘ such an uncertain Possession ! This is
‘ the Fountain, Sir, from which I have
‘ drawn my Philosophy. Hence it is,
‘ that I have learnt to look on all those
‘ Things, which are esteemed the Bless-
‘ ings of Life, and those which are
‘ dreaded as its Evils, with such a Degree
‘ of Indifference, that as I should not be
‘ elated with possessing the former, so nei-
‘ ther am I greatly dejected and depressed
‘ by suffering the latter. Is the Actor
‘ esteemed happier, to whose Lot it falls
‘ to play the principal Part, than he who
‘ plays the lowest ? And yet the Drama
‘ may run twenty Nights together, and
‘ by Consequence may out-last our Lives ;
‘ but, at the best, Life is only a little
‘ longer Drama ; and the Business of the
‘ great Stage is consequently a little more
‘ serious than that which is performed at
‘ the Theatre Royal. But even here, the
‘ Catastrophes and Calamities which are
‘ represented, are capable of affecting us.
‘ The wisest Men can deceive themselves
‘ into feeling the Distresses of a Tragedy,
tho’

' tho' they know them to be merely ima-
 ' ginary ; and Children will often lament
 ' them as Realities : What Wonder then,
 ' if these tragical Scenes, which I allow to
 ' be a little more serious, should a little
 ' more affect us ? Where then is the Re-
 ' medy, but in the Philosophy I have
 ' mentioned ; which, when once by a
 ' long Course of Meditation it is reduced
 ' to a Habit, teaches us to set a just Value
 ' on every Thing ; and cures at once all
 ' eager Wishes and abject Fears, all vio-
 ' lent Joy and Grief concerning Objects
 ' which cannot endure long, and may not
 ' exist a Moment.'

' You have exprest yourself extremely
 ' well,' cries *Booth*, ' and I entirely agree
 ' with the Justice of your Sentiments ;
 ' but, however true all this may be in
 ' Theory, I still doubt its Efficacy in
 ' Practice. And the Cause of the Diffe-
 ' rence between these two is this ; that we
 ' reason from our Heads, but act from
 ' our Hearts.

— *Video meliora, proboque,
 Deteriora sequor.*

‘ Nothing can differ more widely than
‘ Wisemen and Fools, in their Estima-
‘ tion of Things ; but as both act from
‘ their uppermost Passion, they both of-
‘ ten act alike. What Comfort then can
‘ your Philosophy give to an avaricious
‘ Man, who is deprived of his Riches ;
‘ or, to an ambitious Man, who is stript
‘ of his Power ? To the fond Lover,
‘ who is torn from his Mistress ; or, to
‘ the tender Husband, who is dragged
‘ from his Wife ? Do you really think,
‘ that any Meditations on the Shortness of
‘ Life will soothe them in their Afflictions ?
‘ Is not this very Shortness itself
‘ one of their Afflictions ? And if the
‘ Evil they suffer be a temporary Depri-
‘ vation of what they love, will they not
‘ think their Fate the harder, and lament
‘ the more, that they are to lose any Part
‘ of an Enjoyment, to which there is so
‘ short and uncertain a Period ?’

‘ I beg Leave, Sir,’ said the Gentle-
man, ‘ to distinguish here. By Philosophy,
‘ I do not mean the bare Knowledge of
‘ Right and Wrong ; but an Energy, a
‘ Habit, as *Aristotle* calls it ; and this I
‘ do firmly believe, with him and with
‘ the

‘ the Stoics, is superior to all the Attacks
 ‘ of Fortune.’

He was proceeding, when the Bailiff came in, and in a surly Tone bad them both Good-morrow ; after which he asked the Philosopher, if he was prepared to go to *Newgate* ; for that he must carry him thither that Afternoon.

The poor Man seemed very much shocked with this News. ‘ I hope,’ cries he, ‘ you
 ‘ will give me a little longer Time, if not
 ‘ till the Return of the Writ. But I beg
 ‘ you particularly, not to carry me thither
 ‘ To-day : For I expect my Wife and
 ‘ Children here in the Evening.’

‘ I have nothing to do with Wives and
 ‘ Children,’ cried the Bailiff ; ‘ I never
 ‘ desire to see any Wives and Children
 ‘ here. I like no such Company.’

‘ I intreat you,’ said the Prisoner, ‘ give
 ‘ me another Day. I shall take it as a
 ‘ great Obligation ; and you will disap-
 ‘ point me in the cruellest Manner in the
 ‘ World, if you refuse me.’

‘ I can’t help People’s Disappointments,’
cries the Bailiff, ‘ I must consider myself
‘ and my own Family. I know not
‘ where I shall be paid the Money that’s
‘ due already. I can’t afford to keep
‘ Prisoners at my own Expence.’

‘ I don’t intend it shall be at your Ex-
‘ pence,’ cries the Philosopher; ‘ my
‘ Wife is gone to raise Money this Morn-
‘ ing, and I hope to pay you all I owe you
‘ at her Arrival. But we intend to sup
‘ together To-night at your House; and
‘ if you should remove me now, it would
‘ be the most barbarous Disappointment
‘ to us both, and will make me the most
‘ miserable Man alive.’

‘ Nay, for my Part,’ said the Bailiff,
‘ I don’t desire to do any Thing barbar-
‘ rous. I know how to treat Gentlemen
‘ with Civility as well as another. And
‘ when People pay as they go, and spend
‘ their Money like Gentlemen, I am sure
‘ no Body can accuse me of any Incivi-
‘ lity since I have been in the Office. And
‘ if you intend to be merry To-night, I
‘ am not the Man that will prevent it---
‘ Tho’ I say it, you may have as good a
‘ Supper

‘ Supper drest here as at any Tavern in
‘ Town.’

‘ Since Mr. *Bondum* is so kind, Captain,’
said the Philosopher, ‘ I hope for the Fa-
‘ vour of your Company. I assure you,
‘ if it ever be my Fortune to go abroad
‘ into the World, I shall be proud of the
‘ Honour of your Acquaintance.’

Indeed, Sir,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ it is an Ho-
‘ nour I shall be very ready to accept ;
‘ but as for this Evening, I cannot help
‘ saying, I hope to be engaged in another
‘ Place.’

‘ I promise you, Sir,’ answered the
other, ‘ I shall rejoice at your Liberty,
‘ tho’ I am a Loser by it.’

‘ Why, as to that Matter,’ cries *Bon-
dum* with a Sneer, ‘ I fancy, Captain, you
‘ may engage yourself to the Gentleman
‘ without any Fear of breaking your
‘ Word : For I am very much mistaken
‘ if we part To-day.’

‘ Pardon me, my good Friend,’ said
Booth, ‘ but I expect my Bail every Mi-
‘ nute.’

‘ Lookee, Sir,’ cries *Bondum*, ‘ I don’t
 ‘ love to see Gentlemen in an Error. I shall
 ‘ not take the Serjeant’s Bail ; and as for
 ‘ the Colonel, I have been with him my-
 ‘ self this Morning ; (for to be sure I love
 ‘ to do all I can for Gentlemen) and he
 ‘ told me, he could not possibly be here
 ‘ To-day : Besides, why should I mince
 ‘ the Matter ? there is more Stuff in the
 ‘ Office.’

‘ What do you mean by Stuff ?’ cries
Booth.

‘ I mean that there is another Writ,’
 answered the Bailiff, ‘ at the Suit of Mrs.
 ‘ *Ellison*, the Gentlewoman that was here
 ‘ Yesterday ; and the Attorney that was
 ‘ with her, is concerned against you. Some
 ‘ Officers would not tell you all this ; but
 ‘ I loves to shew Civility to Gentlemen,
 ‘ while they behave themselves as such.
 ‘ And I loves the Gentlemen of the Army
 ‘ in particular. I had like to have been in
 ‘ the Army myself once ; but I liked the
 ‘ Commission I have better. Come, Cap-
 ‘ tain, let not your noble Courage be
 ‘ cast down ; what say you to a Glas of
 ‘ white

‘ white Wine, or a Tiff of Punch, by
 ‘ Way of Whet ?’

‘ I have told you, Sir, I never drink
 ‘ in a Morning,’ cries *Booth* a little pee-
 vishly.

‘ No Offence, I hope, Sir,’ said the
 Bailiff. ‘ I hope I have not treated you
 ‘ with any Incivility. I don’t ask any
 ‘ Gentleman to call for Liquor in my
 ‘ House, if he doth not chuse it ; nor I
 ‘ don’t desire any Body to stay here longer
 ‘ than they have a Mind to ?---*Newgate*,
 ‘ to be sure is the Place for all Debtors
 ‘ that can’t find Bail. I knows what
 ‘ Civility is, and I scorn to behave myself
 ‘ unbecoming a Gentleman ; but I’d have
 ‘ you consider that the twenty-four Hours
 ‘ appointed by Act of Parliament are al-
 ‘ most out ; and so it is time to think of
 ‘ removing. As to Bail, I would not
 ‘ have you flatter yourself : For I knows
 ‘ very well there are other things coming
 ‘ against you. Besides, the Sum you are
 ‘ already charged with is very large, and
 ‘ I must see you in a Place of Safety. My
 ‘ House is no Prison, tho’ I lock up for
 ‘ a little time in it. Indeed, when Gen-
 ‘ tlemen are Gentlemen, and likely to
 K 6 ‘ find

‘ find Bail, I don’t stand for a Day or
‘ two; but I have a good Nose at a Bit
‘ of Carrion, Captain; I have not carried
‘ so much Carrion to *Newgate*, without
‘ knowing the Smell of it.’

‘ I understand not your Cant,’ cries
Booth; ‘ but I did not think to have
‘ offended you so much by refusing to
‘ drink in a Morning.’

‘ Offended me, Sir,’ cries the Bailiff.
‘ Who told you so? Do you think, Sir,
‘ if I want a Glass of Wine I am under
‘ any Necessity of asking my Prisoners for
‘ it? Damn it, Sir, I’ll shew you, I scorn
‘ your Words. I can afford to treat you
‘ with a Glass of the best Wine in *Eng-*
‘ *land*, if you comes to that’——He then
pulled out a Handful of Guineas, saying,
‘ There, Sir, they are all my own; I owe
‘ no Body a Shilling. I am no Beggar,
‘ nor no Debtor. I am the King’s Officer,
‘ as well as you, and I will spend Guinea
‘ for Guinea as long as you please.’

‘ Harkee, Rascal,’ cries *Booth*, laying
hold of the Bailiff’s Collar, ‘ How dare
‘ you treat me with this Insolence? Doth
‘ the Law give you any Authority to in-
‘ sult

‘ sult me in my Misfortunes ?’ At which Words he gave the Bailiff a good Shove, and threw him from him.

‘ Very well, Sir,’ cries the Bailiff, ‘ I will swear both an Assault and an Attempt to a Rescue. If Officers are to be used in this Manner, there is an End of all Law and Justice. But tho’ I am not a Match for you myself, I have those below that are.’ He then ran to the Door, and called up two ill-looking Fellows, his Followers, whom, as soon as they entered the Room, he ordered to seize on *Booth*, declaring he would immediately carry him to *Newgate*; at the same time pouring out a vast Quantity of Abuse, below the Dignity of History to record.

Booth desired the two dirty Fellows to stand off, and declared he would make no Resistance, at the same time bidding the Bailiff carry him wherever he durst.

‘ I’ll shew you what I dare,’ cries the Bailiff, and again ordered the Followers to lay hold of their Prisoner, saying, ‘ He has assaulted me already, and endeavoured a Rescue. I shan’t trust such a
‘ Fellow

‘ Fellow to walk at Liberty. A Gentle-
‘ man, indeed! Ay, ay, *Newgate* is the
‘ properest Place for such Gentry; as ar-
‘ rant Carrion as ever was carried thi-
‘ ther.’

The Fellows then both laid violent Hands on *Booth*, and the Bailiff stept to the Door to order a Coach; when on a sudden, the whole Scene was changed in an Instant: For now the Serjeant came running, out of Breath, into the Room; and seeing his Friend, the Captain, roughly handled by two ill-looking Fellows, without asking any Questions, stept briskly up to his Assistance, and instantly gave one of the Assailants so violent a Salute with his Fist, that he directly measured his Length on the Floor.

Booth having by this Means his right Arm at Liberty was unwilling to be idle, or entirely to owe his Rescue from both the Ruffians to the Serjeant; he therefore imitated the Example which his Friend had set him, and with a lusty Blow levelled the other Follower with his Companion on the Ground.

The

The Bailiff roared out, a Rescue, a Rescue; to which the Serjeant answered, there was no Rescue intended. ‘The Captain,’ said he, ‘wants no Rescue. Here are some Friends coming who will deliver him in a better manner.’

The Bailiff swore heartily he would carry him to *Newgate*, in spite of all the Friends in the World.

‘You carry him to *Newgate*!’ cried the Serjeant, with the highest Indignation. ‘Offer but to lay your Hands on him, and I will knock your Teeth down your ugly Jaws.’—Then turning to *Booth*, he cried,--- ‘They will be all here within a Minute, Sir, we had much ado to keep my Lady from coming herself; but she is at Home in good Health, longing to see your Honour; and I hope you will be with her within this half Hour.’

And now three Gentlemen entered the Room; these were an Attorney, the Person whom the Serjeant had procured in the Morning to be his Bail with Colonel

James,

James, and lastly, Doctor *Harrison* himself.

The Bailiff no sooner saw the Attorney, with whom he was well acquainted (for the others he knew not) than he began, as the Phrase is, to pull in his Horns, and ordered the two Followers, who were now got again on their Legs, to walk down Stairs.

‘ So, Captain,’ says the Doctor, ‘ when
‘ last we parted, I believe we neither of
‘ us expected to meet in such a Place as
‘ this.’

‘ Indeed, Doctor,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ I did
‘ not expect to have been sent hither by
‘ the Gentleman who did me that Fa-
‘ vour.’

‘ How so, Sir?’ said the Doctor, ‘ you
‘ was sent hither by some Person, I sup-
‘ pose, to whom you was indebted. This
‘ is the usual Place, I apprehend, for
‘ Creditors to send their Debtors to. But
‘ you ought to be more surpris’d that
‘ the Gentleman who sent you hither is
‘ come to release you.---Mr. *Murphy*, you
‘ will perform all the necessary Ceremonials.’

The

The Attorney then asked the Bailiff with how many Actions *Booth* was charged, and was informed there were five besides the Doctor's, which was much the heaviest of all. Proper Bonds were presently provided, and the Doctor and the Serjeant's Friend signed them; the Bailiff, at the Instance of the Attorney, making no Objection to the Bail.

Booth, we may be assured, made a handsome Speech to the Doctor for such extraordinary Friendship, with which, however, we do not think proper to trouble the Reader; and now every thing being ended, and the Company ready to depart, the Bailiff stepped up to *Booth*, and told him he hoped he would remember Civility Money.

' I believe,' cries *Booth*, ' you mean
' Incivility Money; if there are any Fees
' due for Rudeness, I must own you have
' a very just Claim.'

' I am sure, Sir,' cries the Bailiff, ' I
' have treated your Honour with all the
' Respect in the World: No Man, I am
' sure, can charge me with using a Gentle-
' man

‘ man rudely. I knows what belongs to
‘ a Gentleman better; but you can’t de-
‘ ny that two of my Men have been
‘ knocked down; and I doubt not but as
‘ you are a Gentleman, you will give
‘ them something to drink.’

Booth was about to answer with some
Passion, when the Attorney interfered, and
whispered in his Ear, that it was usual to
make a Compliment to the Officer, and
that he had better comply with the
Custom.

‘ If the Fellow had treated me civilly,’
answered *Booth*, ‘ I should have had no
‘ Objection to comply with a bad Custom
‘ in his Favour; but I am resolved, I will
‘ never reward a Man for using me ill,
‘ and I will not agree to give him a single
‘ Farthing.’

‘ ’Tis very well, Sir,’ said the Bailiff,
‘ I am rightly served for my Good-nature;
‘ but if it had been to do again, I would
‘ have taken Care you should not have
‘ been bailed this Day.’

Doctor *Harrison*, to whom *Booth* refer-
ed the Cause, after giving him a succinct
Account

Account of what had past, declared the Captain to be in the Right. He said it was a most horrid Imposition, that such Fellows were ever suffered to prey on the Neceffitous; but that the Example would be much worse to reward them where they had behaved themselves ill. ‘And
‘I think,’ says he, ‘the Bailiff is worthy
‘of great Rebuke for what he hath just
‘now said; in which I hope he hath
‘boasted of more Power than is in him.
‘We do, indeed, with great Justice and
‘Propriety, value ourselves on our Free-
‘dom, if the Liberty of the Subject de-
‘pends on the Pleasure of such Fellows
‘as these.’

‘It is not so neither altogether,’ cries the Lawyer: ‘But Custom hath establish-
‘ed a Present or Fee to them at the De-
‘livery of a Prisoner, which they call
‘Civility Money, and expect as in a
‘Manner their Due, tho’ in Reality they
‘have no Right.’

‘But will any Man,’ cries Doctor *Harrison*, ‘after what the Captain hath told
‘us, say that the Bailiff hath behaved
‘himself as he ought; and if he had, is
‘he to be rewarded for not acting in an
‘unchristian

‘ unchristian and inhuman Manner? It
‘ is Pity, that instead of a Custom of
‘ seeing them out of the Pockets of the
‘ Poor and Wretched, when they do not
‘ behave themselves ill, there was not both
‘ a Law and a Practice to punish them
‘ severely when they do. In the present
‘ Case, I am so far from agreeing to give
‘ the Bailiff a Shilling, that if there be
‘ any Method of punishing him for his
‘ Rudeness, I shall be heartily glad to see
‘ it put in Execution: For there are none
‘ whose Conduct should be so strictly
‘ watched as that of these necessary Evils
‘ in the Society, as their Office concerns
‘ for the most Part those poor Creatures
‘ who cannot do themselves Justice, and
‘ as they are generally the worst of Men
‘ who undertake it.’

The Bailiff then quitted the Room, muttering that he should know better what to do another time; and shortly after *Booth* and his Friends left the House; but as they were going out, the Author took Doctor *Harrison* aside, and slipt a Receipt into his Hand, which the Doctor returned, saying he never subscribed when he neither knew the Work nor the Author; but that if he would call at his Lodgings, he would
be

be very willing to give all the Encouragement to Merit which was in his Power.

The Author took down the Doctor's Name and Direction, and made him as many Bows as he would have done had he carried off the Half Guinea, for which he had been fishing.

Mr. *Booth* then took his Leave of the Philosopher, and departed with the rest of his Friends.

A M E.

A M E L I A.

B O O K IX.

C H A P. I.

In which the History looks backwards.

BEFORE we proceed farther with our History, it may be proper to look back a little, in order to account for the late Conduct of Doctor *Harrison*; which, however inconsistent it may have hitherto appeared, when examined to the Bottom, will be found, I apprehend, to be truly congruous with all the Rules of the most perfect Prudence, as well as with the most consummate Goodness.

We have already partly seen in what Light *Booth* had been represented to the Doctor abroad. Indeed, the Accounts
which

which were sent of the Captain, as well by the Curate as by a Gentleman of the Neighbourhood, were much grosser and more to his Disadvantage, than the Doctor was pleased to set them forth in his Letter to the Person accused. What Sense he had of *Booth's* Conduct was, however, manifest by that Letter. Nevertheless he resolved to suspend his final Judgment 'till his Return; and tho' he censured him, would not absolutely condemn him without ocular Demonstration.

The Doctor on his Return to his Parish found all the Accusations which had been transmitted to him, confirmed by many Witnesses, of which the Curate's Wife, who had been formerly a Friend to *Amelia*, and still preserved the outward Appearance of Friendship, was the strongest. She introduced all with *I am sorry to say it; and it is Friendship which bids me speak; and it is for their Good it should be told you*; after which Beginnings, she never concluded a single Speech without some horrid Slander and bitter Invective.

Besides the malicious Turn which was given to these Affairs in the Country, which were owing a good deal to Misfortune,

fortune, and some little perhaps to Imprudence, the whole Neighbourhood rung with several gross and scandalous Lies, which were merely the Inventions of his Enemies, and of which the Scene was laid in *London* since his Absence.

Poisoned with all this Malice, the Doctor came to Town, and learning where *Booth* lodged, went to make him a Visit. Indeed, it was the Doctor, and no other who had been at his Lodgings that Evening when *Booth* and *Amelia* were walking in the *Park*; and concerning which the Reader may be pleased to remember so many strange and odd Conjectures.

Here the Doctor saw the little Gold Watch, and all those fine Trinkets with which the noble Lord had presented the Children; and which from the Answers given him by the poor ignorant innocent Girl, he could have no Doubt had been purchased within a few Days by *Amelia*.

This Account tallied so well with the Ideas he had imbibed of *Booth's* Extravagance in the Country, that he firmly believed both the Husband and Wife to be the vainest, silliest, and most unjust People

People alive. It was, indeed, almost incredible, that two rational Beings should be guilty of such Absurdity; but monstrous and absurd as it was, ocular Demonstration appeared to be the Evidence against them.

The Doctor departed from their Lodgings enraged at this supposed Discovery, and unhappily for *Booth*, was engaged to Supper that very Evening with the Country Gentleman of whom *Booth* had rented a Farm. As the poor Captain happened to be the Subject of Conversation, and occasioned their comparing Notes, the Account which the Doctor gave of what he had seen that Evening, so incensed the Gentleman to whom *Booth* was likewise a Debtor, that he vowed he would take a Writ out against him the next Morning, and have his Body alive or dead. And the Doctor was at last persuaded to do the same. Mr. *Murphy* was thereupon immediately sent for, and the Doctor in his Presence repeated again what he had seen at his Lodgings, as the Foundation of his suing him, which the Attorney, as we have before seen, had blabbed to *Atkinson*.

But no sooner did the Doctor hear that *Booth* was arrested, than the wretched Condition of his Wife and Family began to affect his Mind. The Children, who were to be utterly undone with their Father, were intirely innocent; and as for *Amelia* herself, though he thought he had most convincing Proofs of very blameable Levity; yet his former Friendship and Affection to her were busy to invent every Excuse, till, by very heavily loading the Husband, they lightened the Suspicion against the Wife.

In this Temper of Mind he resolved to pay *Amelia* a second Visit, and was on his Way to Mrs. *Ellison*, when the Serjeant met him, and made himself known to him. The Doctor took his old Servant into a Coffee-house, where he received from him such an Account of *Booth* and his Family, that he desired the Serjeant to shew him presently to *Amelia*; and this was the Cordial which we mentioned at the End of the Ninth Chapter of the preceding Book.

The Doctor became soon satisfied concerning the Trinkets which had given him so much Uneasiness, and which had brought so much Mischief on the Head of poor *Booth*. *Amelia* likewise gave the Doctor some Satisfaction as to what he had heard of her Husband's Behaviour in the Country; and assured him, upon her Honour, that *Booth* could so well answer every Complaint against his Conduct, that she had no Doubt but that a Man of the Doctor's Justice and Candour would entirely acquit him, and would consider him as an innocent unfortunate Man, who was the Object of a good Man's Compassion, not of his Anger or Resentment.

This worthy Clergyman, who was not desirous of finding Proofs to condemn the Captain, or to justify his own vindictive Proceedings, but, on the contrary, rejoiced heartily in every Piece of Evidence which tended to clear up the Character of his Friend, gave a ready Ear to all which *Amelia* said. To this, indeed, he was induced by the Love he always had for that Lady, by the good Opinion he entertained of her, as well as by Pity for her present

Condition, than which nothing appeared more miserable; for he found her in the highest Agonies of Grief and Despair, with her two little Children crying over their wretched Mother. These are, indeed, to a well disposed Mind, the most tragical Sight that human Nature can furnish, and afford a juster Motive to Grief and Tears in the Beholder, than it would be to see all the Heroes who have ever infested the Earth, hanged all together in a String.

The Doctor felt this Sight as he ought. He immediately endeavoured to comfort the Afflicted; in which he so well succeeded, that he restored to *Amelia* sufficient Spirits to give him the Satisfaction we have mentioned: After which, he declared he would go and release her Husband; which he accordingly did, in the Manner we have above related.

C H A P. II.

In which the History goes forward.

WE now return to that Period of our History, to which we had brought it at the End of our last Book.

Booth and his Friends arrived, from the Bailiff's, at the Serjeant's Lodgings; where *Booth* immediately ran up Stairs to his *Amelia*; between whom I shall not attempt to describe the Meeting. Nothing certainly was ever more tender or more joyful. This however I will observe, that a very few of these exquisite Moments, of which the best Minds only are capable, do, in Reality, over-balance the longest Enjoyments which can ever fall to the Lot of the worst.

Whilst *Booth* and his Wife were feasting their Souls with the most delicious mutual Endearments, the Doctor was fallen to play with the two little Children below Stairs. While he was thus engaged, the little Boy did somewhat amiss; upon which the Doctor said, 'If you do so any more, I will take your Papa away from you.

L 3 ' again.

‘again’—‘Again, Sir,’ said the Child,
‘why was it you then that took away my
‘Papa before?’ ‘Suppose it was,’ said the
Doctor, ‘would not you forgive me?’
‘Yes,’ cries the Child, ‘I would forgive
‘you; because a Christian must forgive
‘every Body; but I should hate you as
‘long as I live.’

The Doctor was so pleased with the
Boy’s Answer, that he caught him in his
Arms, and kiss’d him, at which Time, *Booth*
and his Wife returned. The Doctor asked
which of them was their Son’s Instructor
in his Religion: *Booth* answered, that he
must confess *Amelia* had all the Merit of
that Kind. ‘I should have rather thought
‘he had learnt of his Father,’ cries the
Doctor, ‘for he seems a good Soldier-like
‘Christian, and professes to hate his Ene-
‘mies with a very good Grace.’

‘How, *Billy*,’ cries *Amelia*. ‘I am sure
‘I did not teach you so.’

‘I did not say I would hate my Ene-
‘mies, Madam,’ cries the Boy. ‘I only
‘said I would hate Papa’s Enemies; sure,
‘Mamma, there is no Harm in that: nay,
‘I am sure there is no Harm in it; for I
‘have

‘ have heard you say the same thing a thousand Times.’

The Doctor smiled on the Child, and chucking him under the Chin told him, he must hate no Body: And now Mrs. *Atkinson*, who had provided a Dinner for them all, desired them to walk up, and partake of it.

And now it was that *Booth* was first made acquainted with the Serjeant’s Marriage; as was Dr. *Harrison*, both of whom greatly felicitated him upon it.

Mrs. *Atkinson*, who was, perhaps, a little more confounded than she would have been had she married a Colonel, said, ‘ If I have done wrong, Mrs. *Booth* is to answer for it; for she made the Match: Indeed, Mr. *Atkinson*, you are greatly obliged to the Character which this Lady gives of you.’ ‘ I hope he will deserve it,’ said the Doctor; ‘ and if the Army hath not corrupted a good Boy, I believe I may answer for him.’

While our little Company were enjoying that Happiness which never fails to attend Conversation, where all present are

pleased with each other, a Visitant arrived, who was, perhaps, not very welcome to any of them. This was no other than Colonel *James*, who entering the Room with much Gaiety went directly up to *Booth*, embraced him, and expressed great Satisfaction at finding him there; he then made an Apology for not attending him in the Morning, which he said had been impossible; and that he had with the utmost Difficulty put off some Business of great Consequence, in order to serve him this Afternoon; 'but I am glad on your Account,' cried he to *Booth*, 'that my Presence was not necessary.'

Booth himself was extremely satisfied with this Declaration, and failed not to return him as many Thanks as he would have deserved, had he performed his Promise; but the two Ladies were not quite so well satisfied. As for the Serjeant, he had slipped out of the Room when the Colonel entered, not entirely out of that Bashfulness which we have remarked him to be tainted with; but, indeed, from what had past in the Morning he hated the Sight of the Colonel, as well on the Account of his Wife as on that of his Friend.

The

The Doctor, on the contrary, on what he had formerly heard from both *Amelia* and her Husband of the Colonel's Generosity and Friendship, had built so good an Opinion of him, that he was very much pleased with seeing him, and took the first Opportunity of telling him so. 'Colonel,' said the Doctor, 'I have not the Happiness of being known to you; but I have long been desirous of an Acquaintance with a Gentleman, in whose Commendation I have heard so much from some present.' The Colonel made a proper Answer to this Compliment, and they soon entered into a familiar Conversation together: For the Doctor was not difficult of Access; indeed, he held the strange Reserve, which is usually practised in this Nation between People who are in any Degree Strangers to each other, to be very unbecoming the Christian Character.

The two Ladies soon left the Room; and the Remainder of the Visit, which was not very long, past in Discourse on various common Subjects, not worth recording. In the Conclusion, the Colonel invited *Booth* and his Lady, and the Doctor, to dine with him the next Day.

To give Colonel *James* his due Commendation, he had shewn a great Command of himself, and great Presence of Mind on this Occasion: For to speak the plain Truth, the Visit was intended to *Amelia* alone; nor did he expect, or, perhaps, desire, any thing less than to find the Captain at Home. The great Joy which he suddenly convey'd into his Countenance at the unexpected Sight of his Friend, is to be attributed to that noble Art which is taught in those excellent Schools called the several Courts of *Europe*. By this Men are enabled to dress out their Countenances as much at their own Pleasure, as they do their Bodies; and to put on Friendship with as much Ease as they can a laced Coat.

When the Colonel and Doctor were gone, *Booth* acquainted *Amelia* with the Invitation he had received. She was so struck with the News, and betrayed such visible Marks of Confusion and Uneasiness, that they could not have escaped *Booth's* Observation, had Suspicion given him the least Hint to remark: But this, indeed, is the great Optic Glass helping us to discern plainly almost all that passes in the Minds

Minds of others, without some Use of which nothing is more purblind than human Nature.

Amelia having recovered from her first Perturbation, answered, ‘ My Dear, I will
‘ dine with you wherever you please to lay
‘ your Commands on me.’ — ‘ I am obliged
‘ to you, my dear Soul,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ your
‘ Obedience shall be very easy ; for my
‘ Command will be, that you shall always
‘ follow your own Inclinations.’ ‘ My In-
‘ clinations,’ answered she, ‘ would, I am
‘ afraid, be too unreasonable a Confinement to you ; for they would always lead
‘ me to be with you and your Children,
‘ with at most a single Friend or two, now
‘ and then.’ ‘ O my Dear,’ replied he,
‘ large Companies give us a greater Relish
‘ for our own Society when we return to it ;
‘ and we shall be extremely merry, for Dr.
‘ *Harrison* dines with us.’ ‘ I hope you will,
‘ my Dear,’ cries she ; ‘ but I own I should
‘ have been better pleased to have enjoyed
‘ a few Days with yourself and the Children,
‘ with no other Person but Mrs. *Atkinson*,
‘ for whom I have conceived a violent Affection, and who would have given us
‘ but little Interruption. However, if you
L 6 ‘ have

' have promised, I must undergo the Pe-
 ' nance.' ' Nay, Child,' cry'd he, ' I
 ' am sure I would have refused, could I
 ' have guessed it had been in the least dis-
 ' agreeable to you; tho' I know your Ob-
 ' jection'—'Objection!' cries *Amelia* eager-
 ly, ' I have no Objection.' ' Nay, nay,'
 said he, ' come be honest, I know your
 ' Objection, tho' you are unwilling to own
 ' it.' ' Good Heavens!' cry'd *Amelia*,
 frighten'd, ' what do you mean? what
 ' Objection?' ' Why,' answered he, ' to
 ' the Company of Mrs. *James*; and I must
 ' confess she hath not behaved to you late-
 ' ly as you might have expected; but you
 ' ought to pass all that by for the Sake of
 ' her Husband, to whom we have both so
 ' many Obligations; who is the worthiest,
 ' honestest, and most generous Fellow in
 ' the Universe, and the best Friend to me
 ' that ever Man had.'

Amelia, who had far other Suspicions,
 and began to fear that her Husband had dis-
 covered them, was highly pleased when she
 saw him taking a wrong Scent. She gave,
 therefore, a little into the Deceit, and ac-
 knowledged the Truth of what he had
 mentioned; but said, that the Pleasure she
 should have in complying with his Desires,
 would

would highly recompense any Dissatisfaction, which might arise on any other Account ; and shortly after ended the Conversation on this Subject, with her chearfully promising to fulfil his Promise.

In reality, poor *Amelia* had now a most unpleasant Task to undertake : For she thought it absolutely necessary to conceal from her Husband the Opinion she had conceived of the Colonel ; for as she knew the Characters, as well of her Husband as of his Friend, or rather Enemy, (both being often synonymous in the Language of the World) she had the utmost Reason to apprehend something very fatal might attend her Husband's entertaining the same Thought of *James*, which filled and tormented her own Breast.

And as she knew that nothing but these Thoughts could justify the least unkind, or indeed, the least reserved Behaviour to *James* ; who had, in all Appearance, conferred the greatest Obligations upon *Booth* and herself, she was reduced to a Dilemma, the most dreadful that can attend a virtuous Woman, as it often gives the highest Triumph, and sometimes no little

Ad-

Advantage to the Men of professed Gallantry.

In short, to avoid giving any Umbrage to her Husband, *Amelia* was forced to act in a Manner, which she was conscious must give Encouragement to the Colonel: A Situation which, perhaps, requires as great Prudence and Delicacy, as any in which the Heroic Part of the female Character can be exerted.

C H A P. III.

A Conversation between Dr. Harrison and others.

THE next Day, *Booth* and his Lady, with the Doctor, met at Colonel *James's*, where Colonel *Bath* likewise made one of the Company.

Nothing very remarkable past at Dinner, or till the Ladies withdrew. During this Time, however, the Behaviour of Colonel *James* was such as gave some Uneasiness to *Amelia*, who well understood his Meaning, tho' the Particulars were too refined and subtle to be observed by any other present.

When

When the Ladies were gone, which was as soon as *Amelia* could prevail on Mrs. *James* to depart, Colonel *Bath*, who had been pretty brisk with *Champagne* at Dinner, soon began to display his Magnanimity. ‘My Brother tells me, young Gentleman,’ said he to *Booth*, ‘that you have been used very ill lately by some Rascals; and I have no Doubt but you will do yourself Justice.’

Booth answered, that he did not know what he meant. ‘Since I must mention it then,’ cries the Colonel, ‘I hear you have been arrested; and I think you know what Satisfaction is to be required by a Man of Honour.’

‘I beg, Sir,’ says the Doctor, ‘no more may be mentioned of that Matter. I am convinced, no Satisfaction will be required of the Captain, till he is able to give it.’

‘I do not understand what you mean by able,’ cries the Colonel---To which the Doctor answered, that it was of too tender a Nature to speak more of.

‘Give

‘ Give me your Hand, Doctor,’ cries the Colonel, ‘ I see you are a Man of Honour, tho’ you wear a Gown. It is, as you say, a Matter of a tender Nature. Nothing, indeed, is so tender as a Man’s Honour. Curse my Liver, if any Man; I mean, that is, if any Gentleman, was to arrest me---I would as surely cut his Throat as---

‘ How, Sir!’ said the Doctor, ‘ Would you compensate one Breach of the Law by a much greater, and pay your Debts by committing Murder?’

‘ Why do you mention Law between Gentlemen?’ says the Colonel. ‘ A Man of Honour wears his Law by his Side. And can the Resentment of an Affront make a Gentleman guilty of Murder? and what greater Affront can one Man cast upon another, than by arresting him? I am convinced, that he who would put up an Arrest, would put up a Slap in the Face.’

Here the Colonel looked extremely fierce, and the Divine stared with Astonishment at this Doctrine; when *Booth*, who well knew the Impossibility of opposing

posing the Colonel's Humour with Success, began to play with it ; and having first conveyed a private Wink to the Doctor, he said, there might be Cases undoubtedly where such an Affront ought to be resented ; but that there were others, where any Resentment was impracticable :
 ' As for Instance,' said he, ' where the
 ' Man is arrested by a Woman.'

' I could not be supposed to mean that
 ' Case,' cries the Colonel, ' and you are
 ' convinced I did not mean it.'

' To put an End to this Discourse at
 ' once, Sir,' said the Doctor, ' I was the
 ' Plaintiff, at whose Suit this Gentleman
 ' was arrested.'

' Was you so, Sir !' cries the Colonel,
 ' then I have no more to say. Women
 ' and the Clergy are upon the same Foot-
 ' ing. The long-robed Gentry are ex-
 ' empted from the Laws of Honour.'

' I do not thank you for that Exemp-
 ' tion, Sir,' cries the Doctor ; ' and if
 ' Honour and Fighting are, as they seem
 ' to be, synonymous Words with you, I
 ' believe there are some Clergymen, who,
 ' in

‘ in Defence of their Religion, or their
‘ Country, or their Friend, the only justifi-
‘ fiable Causes of fighting, except bare
‘ Self-defence, would fight as bravely as
‘ yourself, Colonel ; and that without
‘ being paid for it.’

‘ Sir, you are privileged,’ says the Co-
lonel with great Dignity, ‘ and you have
‘ my Leave to say what you please. I re-
‘ spect your Order, and you cannot of-
‘ fend me.’

‘ I will not offend you, Colonel,’ cries
the Doctor, ‘ and our Order is very much
‘ obliged to you ; since you profess so
‘ much Respect to us, and pay none to
‘ our Master.’

‘ What Master, Sir ?’ said the Colo-
nel.

‘ That Master,’ answered the Doctor,
‘ who hath expressly forbidden all that
‘ cutting of Throats, to which you dis-
‘ cover so much Inclination.’

‘ O, your Servant, Sir,’ said the Co-
lonel, ‘ I see what you are driving at ;
‘ but you shall not persuade me to think,
‘ that

‘ that Religion forces me to be a Co-
ward.’

‘ I detest and despise the Name as much
‘ as you can,’ cries the Doctor ; ‘ but
‘ you have a wrong Idea of the Word,
‘ Colonel. What were all the *Greeks* and
‘ *Romans* ? Were these Cowards ; and
‘ yet did you ever hear of this Butch-
‘ ery, which we call Duelling, among
‘ them ?’

‘ Yes, indeed, have I,’ cries the Colo-
nel. ‘ What else is all Mr. *Pope’s Homer*
‘ full of, but Duels ? Did not, what’s
‘ his Name, one of the *Agamemnons* fight
‘ with that paultry Rascal *Paris* ? and
‘ *Diomedes* with, what d’ye call him there ;
‘ and *Hector* with, I forget his Name, he
‘ that was *Achilles’s* Bosom-friend ; and
‘ afterwards with *Achilles* himself ? Nay,
‘ and in *Dryden’s Virgil*, is there any
‘ Thing almost besides fighting ?’

‘ You are a Man of Learning, Colo-
nel,’ cries the Doctor, ‘ but——

‘ I thank you for that Compliment,’
said the Colonel--- ‘ No, Sir, I do not
‘ pretend to Learning ; but I have some
‘ little

‘ little Reading, and I am not ashamed
‘ to own it.’

‘ But are you sure, Colonel,’ cries the
Doctor, ‘ that you have not made a small
‘ Mistake? For I am apt to believe, both
‘ Mr. *Pope* and Mr. *Dryden* (tho’ I can-
‘ not say I ever read a Word of either of
‘ them) speak of Wars between Nations,
‘ and not of private Duels: For of the
‘ latter, I do not remember one single
‘ Instance in all the *Greek* or *Roman* Story.
‘ In short, it is a modern Custom, intro-
‘ duced by barbarous Nations since the
‘ Times of Christianity; tho’ it is a direct
‘ and audacious Defiance of the Christian
‘ Law, and is consequently much more
‘ sinful in us, than it would have been
‘ in the Heathens.’

‘ Drink about, Doctor,’ cries the Co-
lonel, ‘ and let us call a new Cause: For
‘ I perceive we shall never agree on this.
‘ You are a Churchman, and I don’t ex-
‘ pect you to speak your Mind.’

‘ We are both of the same Church, I
‘ hope,’ cries the Doctor.

‘ I

‘ I am of the Church of *England*, Sir,’ answered the Colonel, ‘ and will fight for
‘ it to the last Drop of my Blood.’

‘ It is very generous in you, Colonel,’ cries the Doctor, ‘ to fight so zealously
‘ for a Religion by which you are to be
‘ damned.’

‘ It is well for you, Doctor,’ cries the Colonel, ‘ that you wear a Gown : For
‘ by all the Dignity of a Man, if any
‘ other Person had said the Words you
‘ have just uttered, I would have made
‘ him eat them——Ay, d——n me, and
‘ my Sword into the Bargain.’

Booth began to be apprehensive that this Dispute might grow too warm ; in which Case he feared that the Colonel’s Honour, together with the *Champagne*, might hurry him so far as to forget the Respect due, and which he professed to pay, to the sacerdotal Robe. *Booth*, therefore, interposed between the Disputants, and said, the Colonel had very rightly proposed to call a new Subject : For that it was impossible to reconcile accepting a Challenge with the Christian Religion,

Religion, or refusing it with the modern Notion of Honour. ‘ And you must allow it, Doctor,’ said he, ‘ to be a very hard Injunction for a Man to become infamous ; and more especially for a Soldier, who is to lose his Bread into the Bargain.’

‘ Ay, Sir,’ says the Colonel with an Air of Triumph, ‘ What say you to that ?’

‘ Why, I say,’ cries the Doctor, ‘ that it is much harder to be damned on the other Side.’

‘ That may be,’ said the Colonel, ‘ but damn me, if I would take an Affront of any Man breathing for all that. And yet I believe myself to be as good a Christian as wears a Head. My Maxim is never to give an Affront, nor ever to take one ; and I say that is the Maxim of a good Christian ; and no Man shall ever persuade me to the contrary.’

‘ Well, Sir,’ said the Doctor, ‘ since that is your Resolution, I hope no Man will ever give you an Affront.’

‘ I am obliged to you for your Hope,
‘ Doctor,’ cries the Colonel with a Sneer ;
‘ and he that doth, will be obliged to you
‘ for lending him your Gown : For by
‘ the Dignity of a Man, nothing out of
‘ Petticoats I believe dares affront me.’

Colonel *James* had not hitherto joined in the Discourse. In Truth, his Thoughts had been otherwise employed ; nor is it very difficult for the Reader to guess what had been the Subject of them. Being waked, however, from his Reverie, and having heard the two or three last Speeches, he turned to his Brother, and asked him, why he would introduce such a Topic of Conversation before a Gentleman of Dr. *Harrison*’s Character ?

‘ Brother,’ cried *Bath*, ‘ I own it was
‘ wrong, and I ask the Doctor’s Pardon ;
‘ I know not how it happened to arise :
‘ For you know, Brother, I am not used
‘ to talk of these Matters. They are ge-
‘ nerally Poltroons that do. I think I
‘ need not be beholden to my Tongue to
‘ declare I am none. I have shewn my-
‘ self in a Line of Battle. I believe
‘ there is no Man will deny that ; I believe
‘ I may

‘ may say, no Man dares deny, that I have
 ‘ done my Duty’——

The Colonel was thus proceeding to prove that his Prowess was neither the Subject of his Discourse, nor the Object of his Vanity, when a Servant entered, and summoned the Company to Tea with the Ladies ; a Summons which Colonel *James* instantly obeyed, and was followed by all the rest.

But as the Tea-table Conversation, tho’ extremely delightful to those who are engaged in it, may probably appear somewhat dull to the Reader, we will here put an End to the Chapter.

C H A P. IV.

A Dialogue between Booth and Amelia

TH E next Morning early, *Booth* went by Appointment and waited on Colonel *James* ; whence he returned to *Amelia*, in that Kind of Disposition which the great Master of human Passions would describe in *Andromache*, when he tells us she cried and smiled at the same Instant.

Amelia plainly perceived the Discomposure of his Mind, in which the opposite Affections of Joy and Grief were struggling for the Superiority, and begged to know the Occasion; upon which *Booth* spoke as follows.

‘ My Dear,’ said he, ‘ I had no Intention to conceal from you what hath
‘ past this Morning between me and the
‘ Colonel, who hath oppressed me, if I
‘ may use that Expression, with Obligations. Sure never Man had such a
‘ Friend; for never was there so noble,
‘ so generous a Heart---I cannot help this
‘ Ebullition of Gratitude, I really cannot.’---Here he paused a Moment and
wiped his Eyes, and then proceeded;
‘ You know, my Dear, how gloomy the
‘ Prospect was Yesterday before our Eyes,
‘ how inevitable Ruin stared me in the Face;
‘ and the dreadful Idea of having entailed
‘ Beggary on my *Amelia* and her Posterity
‘ racked my Mind: For, tho’ by the
‘ Goodness of the Doctor I had regained
‘ my Liberty, the Debt yet remained;
‘ and if that worthy Man had a Design of
‘ forgiving me his Share, this must have
‘ been my utmost Hope; and the Condi-

‘ tion in which I must still have found
‘ myself need not to be expatiated on.
‘ In what Light then shall I see, in what
‘ Words shall I relate the Colonel’s Kind-
‘ nefs! O, my dear *Amelia*, he hath re-
‘ moved the whole Gloom at once, hath
‘ driven all Despair out of my Mind,
‘ and hath filled it with the most sanguine,
‘ and at the same Time, the most reason-
‘ able Hopes of making a comfortable
‘ Provision for yourself and my dear
‘ Children. In the first Place then, he
‘ will advance me a Sum of Money to
‘ pay off all my Debts; and this on a
‘ Bond to be repaid only when I shall be-
‘ come Colonel of a Regiment, and not
‘ before. In the next Place, he is gone
‘ this very Morning to ask a Company
‘ for me, which is now vacant in the
‘ *West-Indies*; and as he intends to push
‘ this with all his Interest, neither he nor
‘ I have any Doubt of his Success. Now,
‘ my Dear, comes the third, which, tho’
‘ perhaps it ought to give me the greatest
‘ Joy, such is, I own, the Weakness of
‘ my Nature, it rends my very Heart-
‘ strings asunder.---I cannot mention it:
‘ For I know it will give you equal Pain
‘ ---tho’ I know on all proper Occasions
‘ you can exert a manly Resolution.---

‘ You

‘ You will not, I am convinced, oppose
‘ it, whatever you must suffer in comply-
‘ ing---O, my dear *Amelia*, I must suffer
‘ likewise ; yet I have resolved to bear it
‘ ---You know not what my poor Heart
‘ hath suffered since he made the Proposal
‘ ---It is Love for you alone which could
‘ persuade me to submit to it---Consider
‘ our Situation, consider that of our Chil-
‘ dren ; reflect but on those poor Babes,
‘ whose future Happiness is at Stake, and
‘ it must arm your Resolution. It is your
‘ Interest and theirs that reconciled me to
‘ a Proposal, which, when the Colonel
‘ first made it, struck me with the utmost
‘ Horror : He hath, indeed, from these
‘ Motives persuaded me into a Resolution,
‘ which I thought impossible for any one
‘ to have persuaded me into---O, my dear
‘ *Amelia*, let me intreat you to give me
‘ up to the Good of your Children ; as I
‘ have promised the Colonel to give you
‘ up to their Interest and your own. If
‘ you refuse these Terms, we are still un-
‘ done ; for he insists absolutely upon them
‘ ---Think then, my Love, however
‘ hard they may be, Necessity compels
‘ us to submit to them. I know in what
‘ Light a Woman who loves like you,
‘ must consider such a Proposal ; and yet

‘ how many Instances have you of Women, who, from the same Motives, have submitted to the same !’

‘ What can you mean, Mr. *Booth* ?’ cries *Amelia* trembling.

‘ Need I explain my Meaning to you more ?’ answered *Booth*. --- ‘ Did I not say, I must give up my *Amelia* ?’

‘ Give me up !’ said she.

‘ For a Time only, I mean,’ answered he ; ‘ for a short time perhaps. The Colonel himself will take Care it shall not be long---for I know his Heart ; I shall scarce have more Joy in receiving you back, than he will have in restoring you to my Arms. In the mean Time, he will not only be a Father to my Children, but a Husband to you.

‘ A Husband to me !’ said *Amelia*.

‘ Yes, my Dear ; a kind, a fond, a tender, an affectionate Husband. If I had not the most certain Assurances of this, doth my *Amelia* think I could be prevailed on to leave her ?---No, my
Amelia,

‘ *Amelia*, he is the only Man on Earth,
‘ who could have prevailed on me---; but
‘ I know his House, his Purse, his Pro-
‘ tection will be all at your Command---
‘ And as for any Dislike you have con-
‘ ceived to his Wife, let not that be any
‘ Objection: For I am convinced he will
‘ not suffer her to insult you; besides she
‘ is extremely well-bred, and how much
‘ soever she may hate you in her Heart,
‘ she will at least treat you with Civility.

‘ Nay, the Invitation is not his but
‘ hers; and I am convinced they will
‘ both behave to you with the greatest
‘ Friendship; his I am sure will be sincere,
‘ as to the Wife of a Friend entrusted to
‘ his Care; and hers will, from good
‘ Breeding, have not only the Appea-
‘ rances, but the Effects of the truest
‘ Friendship.’

‘ I understand you, my Dear, at last,’
said she, (indeed she had rambled into
very strange Conceits from some Parts of
his Discourse) ‘ and I will give you my
‘ Resolution in a Word---I will do the
‘ Duty of a Wife; and that is, to attend
‘ her Husband wherever he goes.

Booth attempted to reason with her, but all to no Purpose. She gave, indeed, a quiet Hearing to all he said, and even to those Parts which most displeased her Ears ; I mean those in which he exaggerated the great Goodness and disinterested Generosity of his Friend ; but her Resolution remained inflexible, and resisted the Force of all his Arguments with a Steadiness of Opposition, which it would have been almost excusable in him to have construed into Stubbornness.

The Doctor arrived in the midst of the Dispute, and having heard the Merits of the Cause on both Sides, delivered his Opinion in the following Words.

‘ I have always thought it, my dear
‘ Children, a Matter of the utmost Nicety,
‘ to interfere in any Differences between
‘ Husband and Wife ; but since you both
‘ desire me with such Earnestness, to give
‘ you my Sentiments on the present Con-
‘ test between you, I will give you my
‘ Thoughts as well as I am able. In
‘ the first Place then, can any thing be
‘ more reasonable than for a Wife to de-
‘ sire to attend her Husband ? It is, as
‘ my

‘ my favourite Child observes, no more
‘ than a Desire to do her Duty ; and I
‘ make no Doubt but that is one great
‘ Reason of her insisting on it. And how
‘ can you yourself oppose it ? Can Love
‘ be it’s own Enemy ; or can a Husband
‘ who is fond of his Wife, content him-
‘ self almost on any Account with a long
‘ Absence from her ?

‘ You speak like an Angel, my dear
‘ Doctor *Harrison*,’ answered *Amelia* ; ‘ I
‘ am sure if he loved as tenderly as I do,
‘ he could on no Account submit to it.’

‘ Pardon me, Child,’ cries the Doctor,
‘ there are some Reasons which would not
‘ only justify his leaving you, but which
‘ must force him, if he hath any real
‘ Love for you, joined with Common
‘ Sense, to make that Election. If it
‘ was necessary, for Instance, either to
‘ your Good, or to the Good of your
‘ Children, he would not deserve the
‘ Name of a Man, I am sure not that of
‘ a Husband, if he hesitated a Moment.
‘ Nay, in that Case I am convinced, you
‘ yourself would be an Advocate for what
‘ you now oppose. I fancy therefore I
‘ mistook him, when I apprehended he

‘ said that the Colonel made his leaving
‘ you behind as the Condition of getting
‘ him the Commission: For I know my
‘ dear Child hath too much Goodness, and
‘ too much Sense, and too much Resolu-
‘ tion to prefer any temporary Indulgence
‘ of her own Passions to the solid Advan-
‘ tages of her whole Family.’

‘ There, my Dear,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ I
‘ knew what Opinion the Doctor would
‘ be of. Nay I am certain, there is not
‘ a wise Man in the Kingdom who would
‘ say otherwise.

‘ Don’t abuse me, young Gentleman,’
said the Doctor, ‘ with Appellations I
‘ don’t deserve.

‘ I abuse you, my dear Doctor!’ cries
Booth.

‘ Yes, my dear Sir,’ answered the
Doctor; ‘ you insinuated slyly that I was
‘ wise, which, as the World understand
‘ the Phrase, I should be ashamed of;
‘ and my Comfort is, that no one can
‘ accuse me justly of it; I have just
‘ given an Instance of the contrary, by
‘ throwing away my Advice.’

‘ I

‘ I hope, Sir,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ that will
‘ not be the Case.’

‘ Yes, Sir,’ answered the Doctor. ‘ I
‘ know it will be the Case in the present
‘ Instance; for either you will not go at
‘ all, or my little Turtle here will go
‘ with you.’

‘ You are in the Right, Doctor,’ cries
Amelia.

‘ I am sorry for it,’ said the Doctor;
‘ for then I assure you, you are in the
‘ wrong.

‘ Indeed,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘ if you knew
‘ all my Reasons, you would say they
‘ were very strong ones.

‘ Very probably,’ cries the Doctor---
‘ The Knowledge that they are in the
‘ Wrong, is a very strong Reason to some
‘ Women to continue so.’

‘ Nay, Doctor,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘ you
‘ shall never persuade me of that. I will
‘ not believe that any human Being ever did

‘ an Action merely because they knew it
‘ to be wrong.’

‘ I am obliged to you, my dear Child,’
said the Doctor, ‘ for declaring your Re-
‘ solution of not being persuaded. Your
‘ Husband would never call me a wise
‘ Man again, if after that Declaration I
‘ should attempt to persuade you.’

‘ Well, I must be content,’ cries *Amelia*,
‘ to let you think as you please.’

‘ That is very gracious, indeed,’ said
the Doctor. ‘ Surely in a Country where
‘ the Church suffers others to think as
‘ they please, it would be very hard if
‘ they had not themselves the same Li-
‘ berty. And yet, as unreasonable as the
‘ Power of controuling Men’s Thoughts
‘ is represented, I will shew you how you
‘ shall controul mine whenever you desire
‘ it.’

‘ How, pray!’ cries *Amelia*. ‘ I should
‘ greatly esteem that Power.’

‘ Why whenever you act like a wise
‘ Woman,’ cries the Doctor, ‘ you will
‘ force me to think you so; and whenever
‘ you

‘ you are pleased to act as you do now,
‘ I shall be obliged, whether I will or no,
‘ to think as I do now.

‘ Nay, dear Doctor,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ I
‘ am convinced my *Amelia* will never do
‘ any thing to forfeit your good Opinion.
‘ Consider but the cruel Hardship of
‘ what she is to undergo ; and you will
‘ make Allowances for the Difficulty she
‘ makes in complying. To say the Truth,
‘ when I examine my own Heart, I have
‘ more Obligations to her than appear at
‘ first Sight : For by obliging me to find
‘ Arguments to persuade her, she hath
‘ assisted me in conquering myself. In-
‘ deed, if she had shewn more Resolution,
‘ I should have shewn less.’

‘ So you think it necessary then,’ said the
Doctor, ‘ that there should be one Fool at
‘ least in every married Couple. A mighty
‘ Resolution truly, and well worth your va-
‘ luing yourself upon, to part with your
‘ Wife for a few Months in order to make
‘ the Fortune of her and your Children.
‘ When you are to leave her too in the
‘ Care and Protection of a Friend that
‘ gives Credit to the old Stories of
‘ Friendship, and doth an Honour to

‘ Human Nature. What in the Name
‘ of Goodness, do either of you think
‘ that you have made a Union to endure
‘ for ever? How will either of you bear
‘ that Separation which must some time
‘ or other, and perhaps very soon, be the
‘ Lot of one of you? Have you forgot
‘ that you are both mortal?---As for
‘ Christianity, I see you have resigned all
‘ Pretensions to it: For I make no
‘ Doubt, but that you have so set your
‘ Hearts on the Happiness you enjoy
‘ here together, that neither of you ever
‘ think a Word of Hereafter.

Amelia now burst into Tears, upon which *Booth* begged the Doctor to proceed no further. Indeed, he would not have wanted the Caution: For, however blunt he appeared in his Discourse, he had a Tenderness of Heart which is rarely found among Men; for which I know no other Reason, than that true Goodness is rarely found among them: For I am firmly persuaded that the latter never possessed any Human Mind in any Degree, without being attended by as large a Portion of the former.

Thus

Thus then ended the Conversation on this Subject; what followed is not worth relating till the Doctor carried off *Booth* with him to take a Walk in the *Park*.

C H A P. V.

A Conversation between Amelia and Doctor Harrison, with the Result.

A M E L I A being left alone, began to consider seriously of her Condition; she saw it would be very difficult to resist the Importunities of her Husband, backed by the Authority of the Doctor; especially as she well knew how unreasonable her Declarations must appear to every one who was ignorant of her real Motives to persevere in it. On the other Hand, she was fully determined, whatever might be the Consequence, to adhere firmly to her Resolution of not accepting the Colonel's Invitation.

When she had turned the Matter every Way in her Mind, and vexed and tormented herself with much uneasy Reflexion upon it, a Thought at last occurred to her, which immediately brought her

her some Comfort. This was, to make a Confident of the Doctor, and to impart to him the whole Truth. This Method, indeed, appeared to her now to be so adviseable, that she wondered she had not hit upon it sooner; but it is the Nature of Despair to blind us to all the Means of Safety, however easy and apparent they may be.

Having fixed her Purpose in her Mind, she wrote a short Note to the Doctor, in which she acquainted him that she had something of great Moment to impart to him, which must be an entire secret from her Husband, and begged that she might have an Opportunity of communicating it as soon as possible.

Doctor *Harrison* received the Letter that Afternoon, and immediately complied with *Amelia's* Request in visiting her. He found her drinking Tea with her Husband and Mrs. *Atkinson*, and sat down and joined the Company.

Soon after the Removal of the Teatable, Mrs. *Atkinson* left the Room. The Doctor then turning to *Booth*; said, 'I hope, Captain, you have a true Sense
of

‘ of the Obedience due to the Church,
‘ tho’ our Clergy do not often exact it.
‘ However, it is proper to exercise our
‘ Power sometimes in order to remind
‘ the Laity of their Duty. I must tell
‘ you therefore, that I have some private
‘ Business with your Wife; and I expect
‘ your immediate Absence.’

‘ Upon my Word, Doctor,’ answered
Booth, ‘ no Popish Confessor, I firmly
‘ believe, ever pronounced his Will and
‘ Pleasure with more Gravity and Dignity;
‘ none therefore was ever more imme-
‘ diately obeyed then you shall be.’ *Booth*
then quitted the Room, and desired the
Doctor to recall him when his Business
with the Lady was over.

Doctor *Harrison* promised he would,
and then turning to *Amelia*, he said, ‘ Thus
‘ far, Madam, I have obeyed your Com-
‘ mands, and am now ready to receive
‘ the important Secret which you men-
‘ tion in your Note.’

Amelia now informed her Friend of
all she knew, all she had seen and heard,
and all that she suspected of the Colonel.
The good Man seemed greatly shocked
at

at the Relation, and remained in a silent Astonishment.—Upon which, *Amelia* said, ‘ Is Villany so rare a Thing, Sir, that it should so much surprize you?’ ‘ No, Child,’ cries he; ‘ but I am shocked at seeing it so artfully disguised under the Appearance of so much Virtue. And to confess the Truth, I believe my own Vanity is a little hurt in having been so grossly imposed upon. Indeed, I had a very high Regard for this Man; for, besides the great Character given of him by your Husband, and the many Facts I have heard so much redounding to his Honour, he hath the fairest and most promising Appearance I have ever yet beheld---A good Face they say, is a Letter of Recommendation. O Nature, Nature, why art thou so dishonest, as ever to send Men with these false Recommendations into the World!’

‘ Indeed, my dear Sir, I begin to grow entirely sick of it,’ cries *Amelia*: ‘ For sure all Mankind almost are Villains in their Hearts.’

‘ Fie, Child,’ cries the Doctor. ‘ Do not make a Conclusion so much to the Dishonour of the great Creator. The Nature

‘ Nature of Man is far from being in it-
‘ self Evil: It abounds with Benevolence,
‘ Charity and Pity, coveting Praise and
‘ Honour, and shunning Shame and Dis-
‘ grace. Bad Education, bad Habits,
‘ and bad Customs, debauch our Nature,
‘ and drive it Headlong as it were into
‘ Vice. The Governors of the World,
‘ and I am afraid the Priesthood, are an-
‘ swerable for the Badness of it. Instead
‘ of discouraging Wickedness to the ut-
‘ most of their Power, both are too apt
‘ to connive at it. In the great Sin of
‘ Adultery for Instance; hath the Go-
‘ vernment provided any Law to punish
‘ it; or doth the Priest take any Care to
‘ correct it? On the contrary, is the
‘ most notorious Practice of it any Detri-
‘ ment to a Man’s Fortune or to his Repu-
‘ tation in the World? Doth it exclude
‘ him from any Preferment in the State,
‘ I had almost said in the Church? Is it
‘ any Blot in his Escutcheon? Any Bar to
‘ his Honour? Is he not to be found every
‘ Day in the Assemblies of Women of
‘ the highest Quality? In the Closets of
‘ the greatest Men, and even at the Ta-
‘ bles of Bishops? What Wonder then, if
‘ the Community in general treat this mon-
‘ strous Crime as Matter of Jest, and that
‘ Men

‘ Men give way to the Temptations of a
 ‘ violent Appetite, when the Indulgence
 ‘ of it is protected by Law and counte-
 ‘ nanced by Custom. I am convinced
 ‘ there are good Stamina in the Nature
 ‘ of this very Man : For he hath done
 ‘ Acts of Friendship and Generosity to
 ‘ your Husband, before he could have
 ‘ any evil Design on your Chastity ; and
 ‘ in a Christian Society, which I no more
 ‘ esteem this Nation to be, than I do any
 ‘ Part of *Turkey*, I doubt not but this
 ‘ very Colonel would have made a worthy
 ‘ and valuable Member.’

‘ Indeed, my dear Sir,’ cries *Amelia*,
 ‘ you are the wisest as well as best Man
 ‘ in the World——

‘ Not a Word of my Wisdom,’ cries
 the Doctor. ‘ I have not a Grain---I am
 ‘ not the least versed in the *Cbrematistic* *
 ‘ Art, as an old Friend of mine calls it.
 ‘ I know not how to get a single Shil-
 ‘ ling, nor how to keep it in my Pocket
 ‘ when I have it.’

‘ But you understand Human Nature
 ‘ to the Bottom,’ answered *Amelia* ; ‘ and

* The Art of getting Wealth is so called by
Aristotle in his Politics.

“ your

‘ your Mind is a Treafury of all ancient
‘ and modern Learning.’

‘ You are a little Flatterer,’ cries the
Doctor; ‘ but I diflike you not for it.
‘ And to fhew you I don’t, I will return
‘ your Flattery; and tell you, you have
‘ acted with great Prudence in concealing
‘ this Affair from your Husband; but
‘ you have drawn me into a Scrape: For
‘ I have promifed to dine with this Fel-
‘ low again To-morrow; and you have
‘ made it impoffible for me to keep my
‘ Word.’

‘ Nay but, dear Sir,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘ for
‘ Heaven’s Sake take Care. If you fhew
‘ any kind of Difrefpect to the Colonel,
‘ my Husband may be led into fome
‘ Suspicion——Efppecially after our Con-
‘ ference.

‘ Fear nothing, Child. I will give
‘ him no Hint; and that I may be cer-
‘ tain of not doing it, I will ftay away.
‘ You do not think, I hope, that I will
‘ join in a chearful Converfation with
‘ fuch a Man; that I will fo far betray
‘ my Character as to give any Counte-
‘ nance to fuch flagitious Proceedings.
‘ Besides,

‘ Besides, my Promise was only conditional; and I do not know whether I could otherwise have kept it: For I expect an old Friend every Day, who comes to Town twenty Miles on Foot to see me; whom I shall not part with on any Account: For as he is very poor, he may imagine I treat him with Disrespect.’

‘ Well, Sir,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘ I must admire you, and love you for your Goodness.’

‘ Must you love me?’ cries the Doctor. ‘ I could cure you now in a Minute if I pleased.’

‘ Indeed, I defy you, Sir,’ said *Amelia*.

‘ If I could but persuade you,’ answered he, ‘ that I thought you not handsome, away would vanish all Ideas of Goodness in an Instant. Confess honestly, would they not?’

‘ Perhaps I might blame the Goodness of your Eyes,’ replied *Amelia*; ‘ and that is perhaps an honest Confession than you expected. But do, pray, Sir, be

‘ be serious; and give me your Advice
‘ what to do. Consider the difficult Game
‘ I have to play: For I am sure, after
‘ what I have told you, you would not
‘ even suffer me to remain under the
‘ Roof of this Colonel.’

‘ No, indeed, would I not,’ said the
Doctor, ‘ whilst I have a House of my
‘ own to entertain you.’

‘ But how to dissuade my Husband,’
continued she, ‘ without giving him any
‘ Suspicion of the real Cause, the Conse-
‘ quences of his guessing at which, I
‘ tremble to think upon.’

‘ I will consult my Pillow upon it,’
said the Doctor, ‘ and in the Morning
‘ you shall see me again. In the mean
‘ time be comforted, and compose the
‘ Perturbations of your Mind.’

‘ Well, Sir,’ said She, ‘ I put my
‘ whole Trust in you.’

‘ I am sorry to hear it,’ cries the Doctor.
‘ Your Innocence may give you a very
‘ confident Trust in a much more power-
‘ ful Assistance. However, I will do all
‘ I

‘ I can to serve you ; and now if you
‘ please we will call back your Husband :
‘ For upon my Word he hath shewn a
‘ good Catholic Patience. And where is
‘ the honest Serjeant and his Wife ? I am
‘ pleased with the Behaviour of you both
‘ to that worthy Fellow, in Opposition
‘ to the Custom of the World ; which
‘ instead of being formed on the Precepts
‘ of our Religion to consider each other
‘ as Brethren, teaches us to regard those
‘ who are a Degree below us, either in
‘ Rank or Fortune, as a Species of Beings
‘ of an inferior Order in the Creation.

The Captain now returned into the Room, as did the Serjeant and Mrs. *Atkinson* ; and the two Couple, with the Doctor, spent the Evening together in great Mirth and Festivity ; for the Doctor was one of the best Companions in the World ; and a Vein of Cheerfulness, Good-Humour and Pleasantry, ran through his Conversation, with which it was impossible to resist being pleased.

C H A P. VI.

Containing as surprizing an Accident as is perhaps recorded in History.

BOOOTH had acquainted the Serjeant with the great Goodness of Colonel *James*, and with the cheerful Prospects which he entertained from it. This *Atkinson* behind the Curtain communicated to his Wife. The Conclusions which she drew from it, need scarce be hinted to the Reader. She made, indeed, no Scruple of plainly and bluntly telling her Husband that the Colonel had a most manifest Intention to attack the Chastity of *Amelia*.

This Thought gave the poor Serjeant great Uneasiness, and after having kept him long awake, tormented him in his Sleep with a most horrid Dream, in which he imagined that he saw the Colonel standing by the Bed-side of *Amelia*, with a naked Sword in his Hand, and threatening to stab her instantly, unless she complied with his Desires. Upon this, the Serjeant started up in his Bed, and catching his Wife by the Throat, cried out, 'D——n you, put up your Sword this
' Instant,

‘ Instant, and leave the Room, or by
‘ Heaven I’ll drive mine to your Heart’s
‘ Blood.’

This rough Treatment immediately roused Mrs. *Atkinson* from her Sleep, who no sooner perceived the Position of her Husband, and felt his Hand grasping her Throat, than she gave a violent Shriek, and presently fell into a Fit.

Atkinson now waked likewise, and soon became sensible of the violent Agitations of his Wife. He immediately leapt out of Bed, and running for a Bottle of Water began to sprinkle her very plentifully; but all to no Purpose, she neither spoke nor gave any Symptoms of Recovery. *Atkinson* then began to roar aloud; upon which *Booth*, who lay under him, jumped from his Bed, and ran up with the lighted Candle in his Hand. The Serjeant had no sooner taken the Candle, than he ran with it to the Bed-side. Here he beheld a Sight which almost deprived him of his Senses. The Bed appeared to be all over Blood, and his Wife weltring in the midst of it. Upon this, the Serjeant almost in a Frenzy, cried out, O Heavens!
‘ I have killed my Wife. I have stabbed
‘ her.

‘ her. I have stabbed her. — “ What
“ can be the Meaning of all this ?” said
Booth. — ‘ O Sir,’ cries the Serjeant, ‘ I
‘ dreamt I was rescuing your Lady from
‘ the Hands of Colonel *James*, and I have
‘ killed my poor Wife.’ — Here he threw
himself upon the Bed by her, caught her
in his Arms, and behaved like one frantic
with Despair.

By this Time, *Amelia* had thrown on a
wrapping Gown, and was come up into
the Room, where the Serjeant and his Wife
were lying on the Bed, and *Booth* standing
like a motionless Statue by the Bed-side.
Amelia had some Difficulty to conquer the
Effects of her own Surprize on this Occa-
sion ; for a more ghastly and horrible Sight
than the Bed presented, could not be con-
ceived.

Amelia sent *Booth* to call up the Maid
of the House, in order to lend her As-
sistance ; but before his Return, Mrs. *At-
kinson* began to come to herself ; and soon
after, to the inexpressible Joy of the Ser-
jeant, it was discovered she had no Wound.
Indeed, the delicate Nose of *Amelia* soon
made that Discovery, which the grosser
Smell of the Serjeant, and perhaps his
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Fright had prevented him from making: For now it appeared that the red Liquor with which the Bed was stained, tho' it may perhaps sometimes run through the Veins of a fine Lady, was not what is properly called Blood; but was, indeed, no other than Cherry Brandy, a Bottle of which Mrs. *Atkinson* always kept in her Room to be ready for immediate Use; and to which she used to apply for Comfort in all her Afflictions. This the poor Serjeant, in his extreme Hurry, had mistaken for a Bottle of Water. Matters were now soon accommodated, and no other Mischief appeared to be done, unless to the Bed-Cloaths. *Amelia* and *Booth* returned back to their Room; and Mrs. *Atkinson* rose from her Bed, in order to equip it with a Pair of clean Sheets. If she afterwards read a short Curtain Lecture to the Serjeant, he found Means at length to appease and satisfy her.

And thus this Adventure would have ended without producing any Kind of Consequence, had not the Words which the Serjeant uttered in his Frenzy, made some slight Impression on *Booth*: So much, at least, as to awaken his Curiosity; so that in the Morning when he awoke, he sent for the Serjeant, and desired to hear the Particulars

particulars of this Dream, since *Amelia* was concerned in it.

The Serjeant, at first, seem'd unwilling to comply, and endeavoured to make Excuses. This, perhaps, encreased *Bobth's* Curiosity, and he said, 'Nay I am resolved to hear it. Why, you Simpleton, do you imagine me weak enough to be affected by a Dream, however terrible it may be?'

‘Nay, Sir,’ cries the Serjeant, ‘as for
‘that Matter Dreams have sometimes fal-
‘len out to be true.—One of my own,
‘I know, did so, concerning your Ho-
‘nour: For when you courted my young
‘Lady, I dreamt you was married to her;
‘and yet it was at a Time when neither
‘I myself, nor any of the Country, thought
‘you would ever obtain her. But Heaven
‘forbid this Dream should ever come to
‘pass.’

‘Why, what was this Dream?’ cries Booth. ‘I insist on knowing.’

‘ To be sure, Sir,’ cries the Serjeant,
‘ I must not refuse you ; but, I hope, you
N 2 ‘ will

‘ will never think any more of it. Why
‘ then, Sir, I dreamt that your Honour
‘ was gone to the *West-Indies*, and had left
‘ my Lady in the Care of Colonel *James*;
‘ and last Night, I dreamt, the Colonel
‘ came to my Lady’s Bed-side, offering to
‘ ravish her; and with a drawn Sword in
‘ his Hand threaten’d to stab her that
‘ Moment, unless she would comply with
‘ his Desires. How I came to be by, I
‘ know not; but, I dreamt, I rushed upon
‘ him, caught him by the Throat, and
‘ swore I would put him to Death, unless
‘ he instantly left the Room.—Here I
‘ waked, and this was my Dream. I ne-
‘ ver paid any Regard to a Dream in my
‘ Life—but, indeed, I never dreamt any
‘ thing so very plain as this. It appeared
‘ downright Reality. I am sure I have
‘ left the Marks of my Fingers in my
‘ Wife’s Throat. I would not have
‘ taken a hundred Pound to have used her
‘ so.’

‘ Faith,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ it was an odd
‘ Dream—and not so easily to be accounted
‘ for, as that you had formerly of my
‘ Marriage; for as *Shakespeare* says, *Dreams*
‘ denote a foregone Conclusion. Now it is
‘ impossible

‘ impossible you should ever have thought
‘ of any such Matter as this.’

‘ However, Sir,’ cries the Serjeant, ‘ it is
‘ in your Honour’s Power to prevent any
‘ Possibility of this Dream’s coming to
‘ pass, by not leaving my Lady to the Care
‘ of the Colonel: If you must go from
‘ her, certainly there are other Places where
‘ she may be with great Safety; and since
‘ my Wife tells me that my Lady is so
‘ very unwilling, whatever Reasons she
‘ may have, I hope your Honour will
‘ oblige her.’

‘ Now I recollect it,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ Mrs.
‘ *Atkinson* hath once or twice dropt some
‘ disrespectful Words of the Colonel.
‘ He hath done something to disoblige
‘ her.’

‘ He hath, indeed, Sir,’ replied the
Serjeant: ‘ He hath said that of her which
‘ she doth not deserve, and for which, if
‘ he had not been my superior Officer, I
‘ would have cut both his Ears off. — Nay,
‘ for that Matter, he can speak ill of other
‘ People besides her.’

‘ Do you know, *Atkinson*,’ cries *Booth*, very gravely, ‘ that you are talking of the ‘ dearest Friend I have ?’

‘ To be honest then,’ answered the Serjeant, ‘ I do not think so. If I did, I ‘ should love him much better than I do.’

‘ I must and will have this explained,’ cries *Booth*. ‘ I have too good an Opinion ‘ of you, *Atkinson*, to think you would drop ‘ such Things as you have, without some ‘ Reason—and I will know it.’

‘ I am sorry I have dropt a Word,’ cries *Atkinson*. ‘ I am sure I did not intend it ; and your Honour hath drawn it ‘ from me unawares.’

‘ Indeed, *Atkinson*,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ you ‘ have made me very uneasy, and I must ‘ be satisfied.’

‘ Then, Sir,’ said the Serjeant, ‘ you ‘ shall give me your Word of Honour ; ‘ or I will be out into Ten thousand Pieces ‘ before I will mention another Sylla- ‘ ble.’

‘ What

‘What shall I promise?’ said *Booth*.

‘That you will not resent any thing I shall lay to the Colonel,’ answered *Atkinson*.

‘Resent!—Well, I give you my Honour,’ said *Booth*.

The Serjeant made him bind himself over and over again; and then related to him the Scene which formerly past between the Colonel and himself, as far as concerned *Booth* himself; but concealed all that more immediately related to *Amelia*.

‘*Atkinson*,’ cries *Booth*, ‘I cannot be angry with you; for I know you love me, and I have many Obligations to you; but you have done wrong in censuring the Colonel for what he said of me. I deserve all that he said; and his Censures proceeded from his Friendship.’

‘But it was not so kind, Sir,’ said *Atkinson*, ‘to say such Things to me who am but a Serjeant, and at such a Time too.’

‘ I will hear no more,’ cries *Booth*. ‘ Be
‘ assured you are the only Man I would
‘ forgive on this Occasion; and I forgive
‘ you only on Condition you never speak
‘ a Word more of this Nature.—This
‘ silly Dream hath intoxicated you.

‘ I have done, Sir,’ cries the Serjeant.
‘ I know my Distance, and whom I am to
‘ obey; but I have one Favour to beg of your
‘ Honour, never to mention a Word of
‘ what I have said to my Lady; for I
‘ know she never would forgive me; I
‘ know she never would, by what my Wife
‘ hath told me. Besides, you need not
‘ mention it, Sir, to my Lady; for she
‘ knows it all already, and a great deal
‘ more.’

Booth presently parted from the Serjeant,
having desired him to close his Lips on
this Occasion, and repaired to his Wife, to
whom he related the Serjeant’s Dream.

Amelia turned as white as Snow, and
fell into so violent a trembling, that *Booth*
plainly perceived her Emotion, and im-
mediately partook of it himself.—‘ Sure,
‘ my Dear,’ said he, staring wildly, ‘ there
‘ is

‘ is more in this than I know. A silly
 ‘ Dream could not so discompose you. I
 ‘ beg you, I intreat you to tell me—hath
 ‘ ever Colonel *James*’——

At the very Mention of the Colonel’s
 Name, *Amelia* fell on her Knees, and
 begged her Husband not to frighten
 her.

‘ What do I say, my dear Love,’ cried
Booth, ‘ that can frighten you?’

‘ Nothing, my Dear,’ said she.—‘ But
 ‘ my Spirits are so discomposed with the
 ‘ dreadful Scene I saw last Night, that a
 ‘ Dream, which, at another Time, I should
 ‘ have laughed at, hath shocked me. Do
 ‘ but promise me that you will not leave
 ‘ me behind you, and I am easy.’

‘ You may be so,’ cries *Booth*; ‘ for I
 ‘ will never deny you any Thing.—But
 ‘ make me easy too. I must know, if
 ‘ you have seen any thing in Colonel *James*
 ‘ to displease you.’

‘ Why should you suspect it?’ cries *Amelia*.

‘ You torment me to Death,’ cries *Booth*.
‘ By Heavens! I will know the Truth.
‘ Hath he ever said or done any thing
‘ which you dislike?’

‘ How, my Dear,’ said *Amelia*, ‘ can
‘ you imagine I should dislike a Man, who
‘ is so much your Friend? Think of all
‘ the Obligations you have to him, and
‘ then you may easily resolve yourself.
‘ Do you think, because I refuse to stay
‘ behind you in his House, that I have
‘ any Objection to him?—No, my Dear,
‘ had he done a thousand Times more
‘ than he hath, was he an Angel instead
‘ of a Man, I would not quit my *Billy*.—
‘ There’s the Sore, my Dear; there’s the
‘ Misery to be left by you.’

Booth embraced her with the most passionate Raptures, and looking on her with inexpressible Tenderness, cry’d—‘ Upon
‘ my Soul, I am not worthy of you.—I
‘ am a Fool, and yet you cannot blame
‘ me.—If the stupid Miser hoards, with
‘ such Care, his worthless Treasure; if he
‘ watches it with such Anxiety; if every
‘ Apprehension of another’s sharing the
‘ least Part, fills his Soul with such
‘ Agonies;

‘ Agonies; O *Amelia*! what must be my
‘ Condition, what Terrors must I feel
‘ while I am watching over a Jewel of
‘ such real, such inestimable Worth?’

‘ I can, with great Truth, return the
‘ Compliment,’ cries *Amelia*. ‘ I have my
‘ Treasure too; and am so much a Miser,
‘ that no Force shall ever tear me from
‘ it.’

‘ I am ashamed of my Folly,’ cries
Booth; ‘ and yet it is all from extreme
‘ Tenderness. Nay, you yourself are the
‘ Occasion.—Why will you ever attempt
‘ to keep a Secret from me? Do you
‘ think I should have resented to my Friend
‘ his just Censure of my Conduct?’—

‘ What Censure, my dear Love?’ cries
Amelia.

‘ Nay, the Serjeant hath told me all,’
cries *Booth*—Nay, and that he hath told
‘ it to you—Poor Soul! thou couldst not
‘ endure to hear me accused, tho’ never
‘ so justly, and by so good a Friend. In-
‘ deed, my Dear, I have discovered the
‘ Cause of that Resentment to the Colo-
‘ nel, which you could not hide from

‘ me—I love you, I adore you for it. In-
 ‘ deed I could not forgive a slighting
 ‘ Word on you.—But why do I compare
 ‘ Things so unlike? What the Colonel
 ‘ said of me was just and true; every Re-
 ‘ flexion on my *Amelia* must be false and
 ‘ villanous.’

The Discernment of *Amelia* was extremely quick; and she now perceived what had happened, and how much her Husband knew of the Truth. She resolved therefore to humour him, and fell severely on Colonel *James* for what he had said to the Serjeant, which *Booth* endeavoured all he could to soften; and thus ended this Affair, which had brought *Booth* to the very Brink of a Discovery, which must have given him the highest Torment, if it had not produced any of those tragical Effects which *Amelia* apprehended.

C H A P. VII.

In which the Author appears to be Master of that profound Learning called The Knowledge of the Town.

MRS. James now came to pay a Morning's Visit to *Amelia*. She entered the Room with her usual Gaiety, and after a slight Preface, addressing herself to *Booth*, said, she had been quarrelling with her Husband on his Account. 'I know not,' said she, 'what he means by thinking of sending you the Lord knows whither. I have insisted on his asking something for you nearer home. And it would be the hardest Thing in the World, if he should not obtain it. Are we resolved never to encourage Merit; but to throw away all our Preferments on those who do not deserve them? What a Set of contemptible Wretches do we see strutting about the Town in Scarlet!'

Booth made a very low Bow, and modestly spoke in Disparagement of himself. To which she answered, 'Indeed, Mr. *Booth*, you have Merit. I have heard
' it

‘ it from my Brother, who is a Judge
‘ of those Matters ; and I am sure cannot
‘ be suspected of Flattery. He is your
‘ Friend as well as myself ; and we will
‘ never let Mr. *James* rest till he hath got
‘ you a Commission in *England*.’

Booth bowed again, and was offering to speak, but she interrupted him, saying,
‘ I will have no Thanks, nor no fine
‘ Speeches. If I can do you any Service,
‘ I shall think I am only paying the Debt
‘ of Friendship to my dear Mrs. *Booth*.’

Amelia, who had long since forgot the Dislike she had taken to Mrs. *James* at her first seeing her in Town, had attributed it to the right Cause, and had begun to resume her former Friendship for her, expressed very warm Sentiments of Gratitude on this Occasion. She told Mrs. *James*, she should be eternally obliged to her if she could succeed in her kind Endeavours ; for that the Thoughts of parting again with her Husband had given her the utmost Concern. ‘ Indeed,’ added she, ‘ I cannot help saying, he hath some Merit in the Service : For he hath received two dreadful Wounds in it, one of which very greatly endangered his Life ; and,
‘ I

‘ I am convinced, if his Pretensions were
‘ backed with any Interest, he would not
‘ fail of Success.’

‘ They shall be backed with Interest,’
cries Mrs. *James*, ‘ if my Husband hath
‘ any. He hath no Favour to ask for
‘ himself, nor for any other Friend that I
‘ know of ; and, indeed, to grant a
‘ Man his just Due, ought hardly to be
‘ thought a Favour. Resume your old
‘ Gaiety, therefore, my dear *Emily*. Lord!
‘ I remember the Time when you was
‘ much the gayer Creature of the two.
‘ But you make an arrant Mope of your-
‘ self, by confining yourself at home.
‘ One never meets you any where. Come,
‘ you shall go with me to the Lady *Betty*
‘ *Castleton*’s.’

‘ Indeed, you must excuse me, my
‘ Dear,’ answered *Amelia*, ‘ I do not know
‘ Lady *Betty*.’

‘ Not know Lady *Betty* ! How is that
‘ possible ?---But no Matter, I will intro-
‘ duce you---She keeps a Morning Rout ;
‘ hardly a Rout, indeed ; a little Bit of a
‘ Drum---only four or five Tables---
‘ Come, take your Capuchine ; you po-
‘ sitively

‘sitively shall go---*Booth*, you shall go
‘with us too. Tho’ you are with your
‘Wife, another Woman will keep you
‘in Countenance.’

‘La ! Child,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘how you
‘rattle !’

‘I am in Spirits,’ answered Mrs. *James*,
‘this Morning : For I won four Rubbers
‘together last Night ; and *betted* the
‘*Things*, and won almost every Bet. I
‘am in Luck, and we will contrive to be
‘Partners---Come.’

‘Nay, Child, you shall not refuse Mrs.
‘*James*,’ said *Booth*.

‘I have scarce seen my Children To-
‘day,’ answered *Amelia*. ‘Besides, I
‘mortally detest Cards.’

‘Detest Cards !’ cries Mrs. *James*.
‘How can you be so stupid ? I would
‘not live a Day without them---Nay,
‘indeed, I do not believe I should be able
‘to exist. Is there so delightful a Sight
‘in the World, as the four Honours in
‘one’s own Hand, unless it be three na-
‘tural

‘ tural Aces at Bragg -- And you really
‘ hate Cards !’

‘ Upon Reflexion,’ cries *Amelia*, ‘ I
‘ have sometimes had great Pleasure in
‘ them -- in seeing my Children build
‘ Houses with them. My little Boy is so
‘ dexterous, that he will sometimes build
‘ up the whole Pack.’

‘ Indeed, *Booth*,’ cries *Mrs. James*,
‘ this good Woman of yours is strangely
‘ altered since I knew her first ; but she
‘ will always be a good Creature.’

‘ Upon my Word, my Dear,’ cries
Amelia, ‘ you are altered too very greatly ;
‘ but I doubt not to live to see you alter
‘ again, when you come to have as many
‘ Children as I have.’

‘ Children !’ cries *Mrs. James*, ‘ you
‘ make me shudder. How can you envy
‘ me the only Circumstance which makes
‘ Matrimony comfortable ?’

‘ Indeed, my Dear,’ said *Amelia*, ‘ you
‘ injure me : For I envy no Woman’s
‘ Happiness in Marriage.’ At these
Words, such Looks past between *Booth*
and

and his Wife as, to a sensible By-stander, would have made all the Airs of Mrs. *James* appear in the highest Degree contemptible, and would have rendered herself the Object of Compassion. Nor could that Lady avoid looking a little silly on the Occasion.

Amelia now, at the earnest Desire of her Husband, accoutered herself to attend her Friend; but first she insisted on visiting her Children, to whom she gave several hearty Kisses, and then recommending them to the Care of Mrs. *Atkinson*, she and her Husband accompanied Mrs. *James* to the Rout; where few of my fine Readers will be displeased to make Part of the Company.

The two Ladies and *Booth* then entered an Apartment beset with Card-tables, like the Rooms at *Bath* and *Tunbridge*. Mrs. *James* immediately introduced her Friends to Lady *Betty*; who received them very civilly, and presently engaged *Booth* and Mrs. *James* in a Party at Whist: For, as to *Amelia*, she so much declined playing, that as the Party could be filled without her, she was permitted to sit by.

And

And now, who should make his Appearance but the noble Peer, of whom so much honourable Mention hath already been made in this History. He walked directly up to *Amelia*, and addressed her with as perfect a Confidence, as if he had not been in the least conscious of having in any Manner displeased her ; tho' the Reader will hardly suppose, that Mrs. *Ellison* had kept any Thing a Secret from him.

Amelia was not, however, so forgetful. She made him a very distant Curtesy, would scarce vouchsafe an Answer to any Thing he said ; and took the first Opportunity of shifting her Chair, and retiring from him.

Her Behaviour, indeed, was such, that the Peer plainly perceived, that he should get no Advantage by pursuing her any farther at present. Instead, therefore, of attempting to follow her, he turned on his Heel, and addressed his Discourse to another Lady ; tho' he could not avoid often casting his Eyes towards *Amelia* as long as she remained in the Room.

Fortune,

Fortune, which seems to have been generally no great Friend to Mr. *Booth*, gave him no extraordinary Marks of her Favour at Play. He lost two full Rubbers, which cost him five Guineas; after which, *Amelia*, who was uneasy at his Lordship's Presence, begged him in a Whisper to return home; with which Request he directly complied.

Nothing, I think, remarkable happened to *Booth*, unless the Renewal of his Acquaintance with an Officer whom he had known abroad, and who made one of his Party at the Whist-table.

The Name of this Gentleman, with whom the Reader will hereafter be better acquainted, was *Trent*. He had formerly been in the same Regiment with *Booth*, and there was some Intimacy between them. Captain *Trent* expressed great Delight in meeting his Brother Officer, and both mutually promised to visit each other.

The Scenes which had past the preceding Night and that Morning, had so confused *Amelia's* Thoughts, that in the
Hurry

Hurry in which she was carried off by Mrs. *James*, she had entirely forgot her Appointment with Dr. *Harrison*. When she was informed at her Return home, that the Doctor had been to wait upon her, and had expressed some Anger at her being gone out, she became greatly uneasy, and begged of her Husband to go to the Doctor's Lodgings, and make her Apology.

But lest the Reader should be as angry with the Doctor, as he had declared himself with *Amelia*, we think proper to explain the Matter. Nothing then was farther from the Doctor's Mind than the Conception of any Anger towards *Amelia*. On the contrary, when the Girl answered him, that her Mistress was not at home, the Doctor said with great good Humour, 'How! not at home! then tell your Mistress she is a giddy Vagabond, and I will come to see her no more till she sends for me.'---This the poor Girl, from misunderstanding one Word, and half forgetting the rest, had construed into great Passion, several very bad Words, and a Declaration that he would never see *Amelia* any more.

C H A P. VIII.

In which two Strangers make their Appearance.

B O O T H went to the Doctor's Lodgings, and found him engaged with his Country-friend and his Son, a young Gentleman who was lately in Orders; both whom the Doctor had left, to keep his Appointment with *Amelia*.

After what we mentioned at the End of the last Chapter, we need take little Notice of the Apology made by *Booth*, or the Doctor's Reception of it, which was in his peculiar Manner. 'Your Wife,' said he, 'is a vain Huffy to think herself
' worth my Anger; but tell her, I have
' the Vanity myself to think I cannot be
' angry without a better Cause. And
' yet tell her, I intend to punish her for
' her Levity: For if you go abroad, I
' have determined to take her down with
' me into the Country, and make her do
' Penance there till your Return.

'Dear Sir,' said *Booth*, 'I know not
' how to thank you, if you are in earnest.'

‘ I assure you then I am in earnest, cries the Doctor ; ‘ but you need not ‘ thank me, however, since you know ‘ not how’---

‘ But would not that, Sir,’ said *Booth*, ‘ be shewing a Slight to the Colonel’s Invitation? and you know I have so many ‘ Obligations to him.’

‘ Don’t tell me of the Colonel,’ cries the Doctor, ‘ the Church is to be first ‘ served. Besides, Sir, I have Priority ‘ of Right, even to you yourself. You stole ‘ my little Lamb from me : For I was ‘ her first Love.’

‘ Well, Sir,’ cries *Booth*, ‘ if I should ‘ be so unhappy to leave her to any one, ‘ she must herself determine ; and, I ‘ believe, it will not be difficult to guess ‘ where her Choice will fall : For of all ‘ Men, next to her Husband, I believe, ‘ none can contend with Dr. *Harrison* ‘ in her Favour.’

‘ Since you say so,’ cries the Doctor, ‘ ---fetch her hither to Dinner with us : ‘ For I am at least so good a Christian ‘ to

‘ to love those that love me---I will shew
‘ you my Daughter, my old Friend ; for
‘ I am really proud of her---and you may
‘ bring my Grand-children with you, if
‘ you please.’

Booth made some Compliments, and then went on his Errand. As soon as he was gone, the old Gentleman said to the Doctor, ‘ Pray, my good Friend, what Daughter is this of yours ? I never so much as heard that you was married.’

‘ And what then,’ cries the Doctor, ‘ did you ever hear that a Pope was married ? and yet some of them have had Sons and Daughters, I believe ; but, however, this young Gentleman will absolve me without obliging me to Penance.’

‘ I have not yet that Power,’ answered the young Clergyman : ‘ For I am only in Deacon’s Orders.’

‘ Are you not ?’ cries the Doctor ; ‘ why then I will absolve myself. You are to know then, my good Friend, that this young Lady was the Daughter of a Neighbour of mine, who is since
‘ dead,

' dead, and whose Sins I hope are for-
 ' given : For she had too much to answer
 ' for on her Child's Account. Her Fa-
 ' ther was my intimate Acquaintance and
 ' Friend ; a worthier Man, indeed, I
 ' believe never lived. He died suddenly
 ' when his Children were Infants ; and,
 ' perhaps, to the Suddenness of his Death
 ' it was owing, that he did not recom-
 ' mend any Care of them to me. How-
 ' ever, I, in some Measure, took that
 ' Charge upon me ; and particularly of
 ' her whom I call my Daughter. Indeed,
 ' as she grew up, she discovered so many
 ' good Qualities, that she wanted not the
 ' Remembrance of her Father's Merit to
 ' recommend her. I do her no more than
 ' Justice, when I say, she is one of the
 ' best Creatures I ever knew. She hath
 ' a Sweetness of Temper, a Generosity of
 ' Spirit, an Openness of Heart—in a
 ' Word, she hath a true Christian Dispo-
 ' sition. I may call her *an Israelite indeed,*
 ' *in whom there is no Guile.*'

' I wish you Joy of your Daughter,'
 cries the old Gentleman ; ' For to a Man
 ' of your Disposition, to find out an ade-
 ' quate Object of your Benevolence, is,
 ' I acknowledge, to find a Treasure.'

‘ It is, indeed, a Happiness,’ cries the Doctor.

‘ The greatest Difficulty,’ added the Gentleman, ‘ which Persons of your Turn of Mind meet with, is in finding proper Objects of their Goodness: For nothing sure can be more irksome to a generous Mind, than to discover, that it hath thrown away all its good Offices on a Soil that bears no other Fruit than Ingratitude.’

‘ I remember,’ cries the Doctor, ‘ *Phucylides* saith,

Μὴ κακὸν εὖ ἔρξῃς σπείρειν ἴσον ἐς ἐνὶ πόντῳ *.

‘ But he speaks more like a Philosopher than a Christian. I am more pleased with a *French* Writer, one of the best, indeed, that I ever read; who blames Men for lamenting the ill Return which is so often made to the best Offices †. A true Christian can never be disappointed

* To do a Kindness to a bad Man, is like sowing your Seed in the Sea.

† *D'Esprit.*

‘ if he doth not receive his Reward in this
 ‘ World : The Labourer might as well
 ‘ complain, that he is not paid his Hire in
 ‘ the Middle of the Day.’

‘ I own, indeed,’ said the Gentleman,
 ‘ if we see it in that Light’——

‘ And in what Light should we see it ?’
 answered the Doctor. ‘ Are we like *Agrippa*,
 ‘ only almost Christians ? Or, is Chri-
 ‘ stianity a Matter of bare Theory, and
 ‘ not a Rule for our Practice ?’

‘ Practical undoubtedly, undoubtedly
 ‘ practical,’ cries the Gentleman. ‘ Your
 ‘ Example might indeed have convinced
 ‘ me long ago, that we ought to do Good
 ‘ to every one.’

‘ Pardon me, Father,’ cries the young
 Divine, ‘ that is rather a Heathenish than
 ‘ a Christian Doctrine. *Homer*, I remem-
 ‘ ber, introduces in his *Iliad* one *Axylus*,
 ‘ of whom he says,

—— φίλος δ’ ἦν ἀνθρώποισι
 Πάντας γὰρ φιλέεσκεν *.

* He was a Friend to Mankind, for he loved them
 all.

‘ But *Plato*, who of all the Heathens came
 ‘ nearest to the Christian Philosophy, con-
 ‘ demned this as impious Doctrine; so
 ‘ *Eustatbius* tells us, Folio 474.

‘ I know he doth,’ cries the Doctor,
 ‘ and so *Barnes* tells us, in his Note upon
 ‘ the Place; but if you remember the
 ‘ rest of the Quotation, as well as you
 ‘ do that from *Eustatbius*, you might have
 ‘ added the Observation which Mr. *Dry-*
 ‘ *den* makes in Favour of this Passage,
 ‘ that he found not in all the *Latin* Au-
 ‘ thors so admirable an Instance of exten-
 ‘ sive Humanity. You might have like-
 ‘ wise remembred the noble Sentiment,
 ‘ with which Mr. *Barnes* ends his Note,
 ‘ the Sense of which is taken from the
 ‘ Fifth Chapter of *Matthew*,

——— ὅς κ' φάσκει ἡελίοιο
 Μίγδ' ἀγαθοῖσι κακῶσι τ' ἐπ' ἀνδράσιν
 ἐξανατέλλει.

‘ It seems, therefore, as if this Character
 ‘ rather became a Christian than a Hea-
 ‘ then: For *Homer* could not have tran-
 ‘ scribed it from any of his Deities. Whom
 ‘ is it, therefore, we imitate by such ex-
 ‘ tensive Benevolence?’

‘ What

‘ What a prodigious Memory you have,’
cries the old Gentleman ! ‘ Indeed, Son,
‘ you must not contend with the Doctor
‘ in these Matters.’

‘ I shall not give my Opinion hastily,’
cries the Son. ‘ I know again what Mr.
‘ *Poole*, in his Annotations, says on that
‘ Verse of St. *Matthew*—That it is only
‘ to heap Coals of Fire upon their Heads
‘ —How are we to understand, pray, the
‘ Text immediately preceding ? Love
‘ your Enemies, bless them that curse
‘ you, do Good to them that hate you.’

‘ You know, I suppose, young Gentle-
‘ man,’ said the Doctor, ‘ how these
‘ Words are generally understood —The
‘ Commentator you mention, I think,
‘ tells us, that Love is not here to be taken
‘ in the strict Sense, so as to signify the
‘ Complacency of the Heart ; you may
‘ hate your Enemies as God’s Enemies,
‘ and seek due Revenge of them for his
‘ Honour ; and for your own Sakes too
‘ you may seek moderate Satisfaction of
‘ them ; but then, you are to love them
‘ with a Love consistent with these Things
‘ —that is to say, in plainer Words, you

‘ are to love them and hate them, and
‘ bless and curse, and do them Good and
‘ Mischief.’

‘ Excellent ! admirable !’ said the old Gentleman, ‘ You have a most inimitable
‘ Turn to Ridicule.’

‘ I do not approve Ridicule,’ said the Son, ‘ on such Subjects.’

‘ Nor I neither,’ cries the Doctor, ‘ I
‘ will give you my Opinion, therefore,
‘ very seriously. The two Verses taken
‘ together contain a very positive Precept,
‘ delivered in the plainest Words, and yet
‘ illustrated by the clearest Instance, in the
‘ Conduct of the Supreme Being ; and lastly,
‘ the Practice of this Precept is most
‘ nobly enforced by the Reward annexed
‘ —that ye may be the Children, and so
‘ forth. No Man, who understands what
‘ it is to love, and to bless, and to do
‘ Good, can mistake the Meaning. But
‘ if they required any Comment, the
‘ Scripture itself affords enow. If thine
‘ Enemy hunger, feed him ; if he thirst,
‘ give him Drink ; not rendering Evil for
‘ Evil, or Railing for Railing, but contrari-
‘ wise,

‘ wife, Blessing --- They do not, indeed,
‘ want the Comments of Men, who, when
‘ they cannot bend their Minds to the
‘ Obedience of Scripture, are desirous to
‘ wrest Scripture to a Compliance with
‘ their own Inclinations.’

‘ Most nobly and justly observed,’ cries
the old Gentleman. ‘ Indeed, my good
‘ Friend, you have explained the Text
‘ with the utmost Perspicuity.’

‘ But if this be the Meaning,’ cries the
Son, ‘ there must be an End of all Law
‘ and Justice——for I do not see how any
‘ Man can prosecute his Enemy in a Court
‘ of Justice.’

‘ Pardon me, Sir,’ cries the Doctor.
‘ Indeed, as an Enemy, merely and from
‘ a Spirit of Revenge, he cannot nor he
‘ ought not to prosecute him ; but as an
‘ Offender against the Laws of his Coun-
‘ try, he may and it is his Duty so to do :
‘ Is there any Spirit of Revenge in the
‘ Magistrates or Officers of Justice, when
‘ they punish Criminals ? Why do such,
‘ ordinarily I mean, concern themselves
‘ in inflicting Punishments, but because
‘ it is their Duty ? And why may not a

‘ private Man deliver an Offender into the
‘ Hands of Justice, from the same laudable
‘ Motive ? Revenge, indeed, of all
‘ Kinds is strictly prohibited ; wherefore,
‘ as we are not to execute it with our own
‘ Hands, so neither are we to make Use
‘ of the Law as the Instrument of private
‘ Malice, and to worry each other with
‘ Inveteracy and Rancour. And where is
‘ the great Difficulty in obeying this wise,
‘ this generous, this noble Precept ? If
‘ Revenge be, as a certain Divine, not
‘ greatly to his Honour, calls it, the most
‘ luscious Morfel the Devil ever dropt into
‘ the Mouth of a Sinner, it must be allow-
‘ ed at least to cost us often extremely
‘ dear. It is a Dainty, if indeed it be one,
‘ which we come at with great Inquietude,
‘ with great Difficulty, and with great
‘ Danger. However pleasant it may be
‘ to the Palate, while we are feeding on it,
‘ it is sure to leave a bitter Relish behind
‘ it ; and so far, indeed, it may be called
‘ a luscious Morfel, that the most greedy
‘ Appetites are soon glutted, and the most
‘ eager Longing for it is soon turned into
‘ Loathing and Repentance. I allow there
‘ is something tempting in its outward Ap-
‘ pearance ; but it is like the beautiful
‘ Colour of some Poisons, from which,
‘ however

‘ however they may attract our Eyes, a
‘ Regard to our own Welfare commands
‘ us to abstain. And this is an Abstinence
‘ to which Wisdom alone, without any
‘ divine Command, hath been often found
‘ adequate; with Instances of which, the
‘ *Greek* and *Latin* Authors every where
‘ abound. May not a Christian, there-
‘ fore, be well ashamed of making a
‘ Stumbling-block of a Precept, which is
‘ not only consistent with his worldly In-
‘ terest, but to which so noble an Incentive
‘ is proposed ?’

The old Gentleman fell into Raptures at this Speech, and after making many Compliments to the Doctor upon it, he turned to his Son, and told him, he had an Opportunity now of learning more in one Day, than he had learnt at the University in a Twelve-month.

The Son replied, that he allowed the Doctrine to be extremely good in general, and that he agreed with the greater Part; ‘ but I must make a Distinction,’ said he. However, he was interrupted from his Distinction at present; for now *Booth* returned with *Amelia* and the Children.

CHAP. IX.

A Scene of modern Wit and Humour.

IN the Afternoon, the old Gentleman proposed a Walk to *Vauxhall*; a Place of which, he said, he had heard much, but had never seen it.

The Doctor readily agreed to his Friend's Proposal, and soon after ordered two Coaches to be sent for to carry the whole Company. But when the Servant was gone for them, *Booth* acquainted the Doctor that it was yet too early. 'Is it so,' said the Doctor? 'why then I will carry you first to one of the greatest and highest Entertainments in the World.'

The Children pricked up their Ears at this; nor did any of the Company guess what he meant; and *Amelia* asked what Entertainment he could carry them to at that Time of the Day.

'Suppose,' says the Doctor, 'I should carry you to Court.'

‘ At Five o’Clock in the Afternoon!’
cries *Booth*.

‘ Ay, suppose I should have Interest
‘ enough to introduce you into the Pre-
‘ sence.’

‘ You are jesting, dear Sir,’ cries
Amelia.

‘ Indeed, I am serious,’ answered the
Doctor. ‘ I will introduce you into that
‘ Presence, compared to whom the greatest
‘ Emperor on the Earth is many Millions of
‘ Degrees meaner than the most contempti-
‘ ble Reptile is to him. What Entertain-
‘ ment can there be to a rational Being equal
‘ to this? Was not the Taste of Mankind
‘ most wretchedly depraved, where would
‘ the vain Man find an Honour, or where
‘ would the Love of Pleasure propose so
‘ adequate an Object as divine Worship?
‘ With what Ecstasy must the Contempla-
‘ tion of being admitted to such a Presence
‘ fill the Mind! The pitiful Courts of
‘ Princes are open to few, and to those
‘ only at particular Seasons; but from this
‘ glorious and gracious Presence, we are
‘ none of us, and at no time excluded.’

The Doctor was proceeding thus, when the Servant returned, saying the Coaches were ready ; and the whole Company with the greatest Alacrity attended the Doctor to St. *James's* Church.

When the Service was ended, and they were again got into their Coaches, *Amelia* returned the Doctor many Thanks for the Light in which he had placed Divine Worship ; assuring him, that she had never before had so much Transport in her Devotion as at this Time, and saying, she believed she should be the better for this Notion he had given her, as long as she lived.

The Coaches being come to the Water Side, they all alighted, and getting into one Boat proceeded to *Vauxhall*.

The extreme Beauty and Elegance of this Place is well known to almost every one of my Readers ; and happy is it for me that it is so ; since to give an adequate Idea of it, would exceed my Power of Description. To delineate the particular Beauties of these Gardens, would, indeed, require as much Pains and as much Paper
too,

too, as to rehearse all the good Actions of their Master; whose Life proves the Truth of an Observation which I have read in some Ethic Writer, that a truly elegant Taste is generally accompanied with an Excellency of Heart; or in other Words, that true Virtue is, indeed, nothing else but true Taste.

Here our Company diverted themselves, with walking an Hour or two before the Music began. Of all the Seven, *Booth* alone had ever been here before; so that to all the rest, the Place with it's other Charms, had that of Novelty. When the Music played, *Amelia*, who stood next to the Doctor, said to him in a Whisper, ' I hope I am not guilty of Profaneness ;
' but in Pursuance of that cheerful Chain
' of Thoughts with which you have in-
' spired me this Afternoon, I was just
' now lost in a Reverie, and fancied my-
' self in those blissful Mansions which we
' hope to enjoy hereafter. The delicious
' Sweetness of the Place, the enchanting
' Charms of the Music, and the Satisfac-
' tion which appears in every One's Coun-
' tenance, carried my Soul almost to Hea-
' ven in it's Ideas. I could not have, in-
' deed,

‘ deed, imagined there had been any thing
‘ like this in this World.’

The Doctor smiled, and said, ‘ You
‘ see, dear Madam, there may be Plea-
‘ sures of which you could conceive no
‘ Idea, till you actually enjoyed them.’

And now the little Boy, who had long withstood the Attractions of several Cheese-Cakes that passed to and fro, could contain no longer, but asked his Mother to give him one; saying, ‘ I am sure my
‘ Sister would be glad of another, tho’ she
‘ is ashamed to ask.’ The Doctor overhearing the Child proposed that they should all retire to some Place where they might sit down and refresh themselves, which they accordingly did. *Amelia* now missed her Husband; but as she had three Men in her Company, and one of them was the Doctor, she concluded herself and her Children to be safe, and doubted not but that *Booth* would soon find her out.

They now sat down, and the Doctor very gallantly desired *Amelia* to call for what she liked. Upon which the Children were supplied with Cakes; and some Ham and Chicken were provided for the rest of
the

the Company. With which while they were regaling themselves with the highest Satisfaction, two young Fellows walking Arm in Arm came up, and when they came opposite to *Amelia*, they stood still, staring *Amelia* full in the Face, and one of them cried aloud to the other, ‘D——n me, my Lord, ‘if she is not an Angel!’—My Lord stood still staring likewise at her, without speaking a Word—When two others of the same Gang came up—and one of them cried—‘Come along, *Jack*, I have seen her before; ‘but she is too well manned already. ‘Three —— are enough for one Woman, ‘or the Devil is in it.’ Here he repeated a scandalous Nick-Name for the Clergy, with which I shall not stain my Paper.

‘D——n me,’ says he that spoke first, and whom they called *Jack*, ‘I will have ‘a Brush at her, if she belonged to the ‘whole Convocation.’ And so saying he went up to the young Clergyman, and cried—‘Doctor, sit up a little, if you please, ‘and don’t take up more Room in a Bed ‘than belongs to you.’ At which Words, he gave the young Man a Push, and seated himself down directly over-against *Amelia*, and leaning both his Elbows on the Table, he fixed his Eyes on her in a Manner with
which

which Modesty can neither look, nor bear to be looked at.

Amelia seemed greatly shocked at this Treatment; upon which the Doctor removed her within him, and then facing the Gentleman, asked him what he meant by this rude Behaviour—Upon which my Lord stepped up and said, ‘Don’t be impertinent, old Gentleman. Do you think such Fellows as you, are to keep D——n me, such fine Wenches, D——n me, to yourselves, D——n me?’

‘No, no,’ cries *Jack*, ‘the old Gentleman is more reasonable. Here’s the Fellow that eats up the Tithe Pig. Don’t you see how his Mouth waters at her—Where’s your slabbering Bib?’ For tho’ the Gentleman had rightly guessed he was a Clergyman; yet, he had not any of those Insignia on, with which it would have been improper to have appeared there.

‘Such Boys as you,’ cries the young Clergyman, ‘ought to be well whipped at School, instead of being suffered to become Nufances in the Society.’

• Boys,

‘ Boys, Sir!’ says *Jack*, ‘ I believe I
‘ am as good a Man as yourself, Mr. ——
‘ and as good a Sholar too. *Bos Fur Sus*
‘ *quotque Sacerdos*.---Tell me what’s next.
‘ D——n me, I’ll hold you fifty Pounds
‘ —you don’t tell me what’s next.’

‘ You have him, *Jack*,’ cries my Lord,
‘ It’s over with him, D——n me. He
‘ can’t strike another Blow.’

‘ If I had you in a proper Place,’ cries
the Clergyman, ‘ you should find I would
‘ strike a Blow, and a pretty hard one
‘ too.’

‘ There,’ cries my Lord, ‘ there is the
‘ Meekness of the Clergyman — There
‘ spoke the Wolf in the Sheep’s Cloathing.
‘ D——n me, how big he looks—You
‘ must be civil to him, faith! or else he
‘ will burst with Pride.’

‘ Ay, ay,’ cries *Jack*, ‘ let the Clergy
‘ alone for Pride, there’s not a Lord in
‘ the Kingdom now hath half the Pride of
‘ that Fellow.’

‘ Pray,

‘ Pray, Sir,’ cries the Doctor, turning to the other, ‘ are you a Lord ?’

‘ Yes, Mr. ———,’ cries he, I have
‘ that Honour, indeed.’

‘ And I suppose you have Pride too,’
said the Doctor.

‘ I hope I have, Sir,’ answered he, ‘ at
‘ your Service.’

‘ If such a one as you, Sir,’ cries the Doctor,
‘ who are not only a Scandal to the Title
‘ you bear as a Lord, but even as a Man,
‘ can pretend to Pride, why will you not
‘ allow it to a Clergyman ? I suppose, Sir,
‘ by your Dress you are in the Army, and
‘ by the Ribbon in your Hat, you seem to
‘ be proud of that too. How much
‘ greater and more honourable is the Ser-
‘ vice in which that Gentleman is enlisted
‘ than yours. Why then should you ob-
‘ ject to the Pride of the Clergy, since
‘ the lowest of the Function is in reality
‘ every way so much your Superior ?’

‘ Tida Tidu Tidum,’---cries my Lord.

‘ However,

‘ However, Gentlemen,’ cries the Doctor,
‘ if you have the least Pretension to that
‘ Name, I beg you will put an End to
‘ your Frolick; since you see it gives so
‘ much Uneasiness to the Lady. Nay, I
‘ entreat you, for your own Sakes; for
‘ here is one coming who will talk to you
‘ in a very different Stile from ours.’

‘ One coming!’ cries my Lord--- ‘ what
‘ care I who is coming?’

‘ I suppose it is the Devil,’ cries *Jack*:
‘ For here are two of his Livery Servants
‘ already.’

‘ Let the Devil come as soon as he will,
cries my Lord, ‘ D——n me if I have
‘ not a Kifs.’

Amelia now fell a trembling, and her
Children perceiving her Fright, both hung
on her, and began to cry—when *Booth*
and Captain *Trent* both came up.

Booth seeing his Wife disordered asked
eagerly what was the Matter. At the
same time, the Lord and his Companion
seeing Captain *Trent*, whom they well
knew

knew---said both together--- ‘ What, doth
‘ this Company belong to you?’ When
the Doctor with great Presence of Mind,
as he was apprehensive of some fatal
Consequence if *Booth* should know what
had past, said, ‘ So, Mr. *Booth*, I am-glad
‘ you are returned; your poor Lady here
‘ began to be frightened out of her Wits.
‘ But now you have him again,’ said he
to *Amelia*, ‘ I hope you will be easy.’

Amelia, frightened as she was, presently
took the Hint, and greatly chid her
Husband for leaving her; but the little Boy
was not so quick-sighted, and cried--- ‘ In-
‘ deed, Papa, those naughty Men there
‘ have frightened my Mamma out of her
‘ Wits.’

‘ How!’ cries *Booth*, a little moved.
‘ Frighten’d! hath any one frighten’d you,
‘ my Dear?’

‘ No, my Love,’ answered she, ‘ no-
‘ thing. I know not what the Child
‘ means. Every thing is well, now I see
‘ you safe.’

Trent had been all the while talking aside
with the young Sparks; and now address-
sing

sing himself to *Booth*, said, ‘Here hath
‘been some little Mistake; I believe my
‘Lord mistook Mrs. *Booth* for some other
‘Lady.’

‘It is impossible,’ cries my Lord, ‘to
‘know every one.—I am sure, if I had
‘known the Lady to be a Woman of
‘Fashion, and an Acquaintance of Cap-
‘tain *Trent*, I should have said nothing
‘disagreeable to her; but if I have, I ask
‘her Pardon, and the Company’s.’

I am in the Dark,’ cries *Booth*. ‘Pray,
‘what is all this Matter?’

‘Nothing of any Consequence,’ cries
the Doctor, ‘nor worth your enquiring
‘into——You hear it was a Mistake of the
‘Person; and I really believe his Lord-
‘ship, that all proceeded from his not
‘knowing to whom the Lady belong-
‘ed.’

‘Come, come,’ says *Trent*, ‘there is
‘nothing in the Matter, I assure you. I
‘will tell you the whole another Time.’

‘Very well, since you say so,’ cries
Booth, ‘I am contented.’ So ended the
Affair,

Affair, and the two Sparks made their Congee and sneaked off.

‘ Now they are gone,’ said the young Gentleman, ‘ I must say, I never saw two
‘ worse-bred Jackanapes, nor Fellows that
‘ deserved to be kick’d more. If I had
‘ had them in another Place, I would have
‘ taught them a little more Respect to the
‘ Church.’

‘ You took rather a better Way,’ answered the Doctor, ‘ to teach them that
‘ Respect.’

Booth now desired his Friend *Trent* to sit down with them, and proposed to call for a fresh Bottle of Wine; but *Amelia*’s Spirits were too much disconcerted to give her any Prospect of Pleasure that Evening. She therefore laid hold of the Pretence of her Children, for whom she said the Hour was already too late; with which the Doctor agreed. So they paid their Reckoning, and departed; leaving to the two Rakes, the Triumph of having totally dissipated the Mirth of this little innocent Company, who were before enjoying complete Satisfaction.

C H A P. X.

A curious Conversation between the Doctor, the young Clergyman, and the young Clergyman's Father.

THE next Morning when the Doctor and his two Friends were at Breakfast, the young Clergyman, in whose Mind the injurious Treatment he had received the Evening before, was very deeply impressed, renewed the Conversation on that Subject. ‘It is a Scandal,’ said he, ‘to the Government, that they do not preserve more Respect to the Clergy, by punishing all Rudeness to them with the utmost Severity. It was very justly observed of you, Sir,’ says he to the Doctor, ‘that the lowest Clergyman in *England* is in real Dignity superior to the highest Nobleman. What then can be so shocking as to see that Gown, which ought to entitle us to the Veneration of all we meet, treated with Contempt and Ridicule? Are we not, in Fact, Embassadors from Heaven, to the World; and do they not, therefore, in denying us our due Respect, deny it in Reality to him that sent us?’

‘If

‘ If that be the Case,’ says the Doctor ;
‘ it behoves them to look to themselves ;
‘ for he who sent us is able to exact most
‘ severe Vengeance for the ill Treatment
‘ of his Ministers.’

‘ Very true, Sir,’ cries the young one ;
‘ and I heartily hope he will ; but those
‘ Punishments are at too great a Distance
‘ to infuse Terror into wicked Minds.
‘ The Government ought to interfere with
‘ its immediate Censures. Fines and Im-
‘ prisonments and corporal Punishments
‘ operate more forcibly on the human
‘ Mind than all the Fears of Damna-
‘ tion.’

‘ Do you think so ?’ cries the Doctor ;
‘ than I am afraid Men are very little
‘ in earnest in those Fears.’

‘ Most justly observed,’ says the old
Gentleman. ‘ Indeed, I am afraid that is
‘ too much the Case.’

‘ In that,’ said the Son, ‘ the Govern-
‘ ment is to blame. Are not Books of
‘ Infidelity, treating our holy Religion as
‘ a mere Imposture ; nay, sometimes, as

‘ a mere Jest, published daily, and spread
‘ abroad amongst the People with perfect
‘ Impunity?’

‘ You are certainly in the Right,’ says
the Doctor, ‘ there is a most blameable
‘ Remissness with Regard to these Mat-
‘ ters; but the whole Blame doth not lie
‘ there; some little Share of the Fault is,
‘ I am afraid, to be imputed to the Cler-
‘ gy themselves.’

‘ Indeed, Sir,’ cries the young one, ‘ I
‘ did not expect that Charge from a Gen-
‘ tleman of your Cloth: Do the Clergy
‘ give any Encouragement to such Books?
‘ Do they not, on the contrary, cry loud-
‘ ly out against the suffering them? This
‘ is the invidious Aspersions of the Laity;
‘ and I did not expect to hear it confirmed
‘ by one of our own Cloth.’

‘ Be not too impatient, young Gentle-
‘ man,’ said the Doctor. ‘ I do not abso-
‘ lutely confirm the Charge of the Laity.
‘ It is much too general, and too severe;
‘ but even the Laity themselves do not at-
‘ tack them in that Part to which you
‘ have applied your Defence. They are
‘ not supposed such Fools as to attack
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‘ that Religion to which they owe their
‘ temporal Welfare. They are not taxed
‘ with giving any other Support to Infi-
‘ delity, than what it draws from the ill
‘ Examples of their Lives; I mean of the
‘ Lives of some of them. Here too the Laity
‘ carry their Censures too far : For there are
‘ very few or none of the Clergy, whose Lives,
‘ if compared with those of the Laity,
‘ can be called profligate; but such, in-
‘ deed, is the perfect Purity of our Religion;
‘ such is the Innocence and Virtue, which
‘ it exacts to entitle us to its glorious Re-
‘ wards, and to skreen us from its dreadful
‘ Punishments, that he must be a very good
‘ Man indeed who lives up to it. Thus then
‘ these Persons argue. This Man is educated
‘ in a perfect Knowledge of Religion, he
‘ is learned in its Laws, and is by his
‘ Profession obliged in a Manner to have
‘ them always before his Eyes. The Re-
‘ wards which it promises to the Obedience
‘ of these Laws are so great, and the Pu-
‘ nishments threatned on Disobedience so
‘ dreadful, that it is impossible but all
‘ Men must fearfully fly from the one,
‘ and as eagerly pursue the other. If
‘ therefore such a Person lives in direct
‘ Opposition to, and in a constant Breach of
‘ these Laws, the Inference is obvious.
‘ There

‘ There is a pleasant Story in *Matthew*
‘ *Paris*, which I will tell you as well as I
‘ can remember it. Two young Gentlemen,
‘ I think they were Priests, agreed together,
‘ that whosoever died first, should return
‘ and acquaint his Friend with the Secrets
‘ of the other World. One of them died
‘ soon after, and fulfilled his Promise. The
‘ whole Relation he gave is not very ma-
‘ terial, but among other Things he pro-
‘ duced one of his Hands which *Satan* had
‘ made use of, to write upon as the Mo-
‘ derns do on a Card, and had sent his
‘ Compliments to the Priests, for the
‘ Number of Souls, which the wicked
‘ Examples of their Lives daily sent to
‘ Hell. This Story is the more remark-
‘ able, as it was written by a Priest, and
‘ a great Favourer of his Order.’

‘ Excellent,’ cried the old Gentleman,
‘ What a Memory you have !’

‘ But, Sir,’ cries the young one, ‘ a Cler-
‘ gyman is a Man as well as another ; and
‘ if such perfect Purity be expected.’—

‘ I do not expect it, cries the Doctor,
‘ and I hope it will not be expected of us.
‘ The Scripture itself gives us this Hope,

‘ where the best of us are said to fall twenty Times a Day. But sure, we may
‘ not allow the Practice of any of those
‘ grosser Crimes which contaminate the
‘ whole Mind. We may expect an Obedience to the Ten Commandments, and
‘ an Abstinence from such notorious Vices;
‘ as in the first Place, Avarice, which indeed can hardly subsist without the
‘ Breach of more Commandments than
‘ one; indeed it would be excessive Candour to imagine, that a Man, who so
‘ visibly sets his whole Heart not only on
‘ this World, but on one of the most
‘ worthless Things in it, (for so is Money
‘ without regard to its Uses,) should be at
‘ the same Time laying up his Treasure
‘ in Heaven. Ambition is a second Vice
‘ of this Sort; we are told we cannot serve
‘ God and Mammon. I might have
‘ applied this to Avarice, but I chose rather to mention it here. When we see a
‘ Man sneaking about in Courts and Levees, and doing the dirty Work of great
‘ Men from the Hopes of Preferment, can
‘ we believe that a Fellow, whom we see
‘ to have so many hard Taskmasters upon
‘ Earth, ever thinks of his Master which
‘ is in Heaven? Must he not himself
‘ think, if he ever reflects at all, that
‘ so

‘ so glorious a Master will disdain and
‘ disown a Servant, who is the dutiful
‘ Tool of a Court Favourite ; and em-
‘ ployed either as the Pimp of his Plea-
‘ sure, or sometimes perhaps made a dirty
‘ Channel, to assist in the Conveyance of
‘ that Corruption, which is clogging up
‘ and destroying the very Vitals of his
‘ Country ?

‘ The last Vice which I shall mention,
‘ is Pride. There is not in the Universe
‘ a more ridiculous, nor a more contempti-
‘ ble Animal than a proud Clergyman ;
‘ a Turkey-cock or a Jackdaw, are Ob-
‘ jects of Veneration when compared with
‘ him. I don’t mean by Pride, that no-
‘ ble Dignity of Mind, to which Good-
‘ ness can only administer an adequate Ob-
‘ ject, which delights in the Testimony of
‘ its own Conscience, and could not with-
‘ out the highest Agonies bear its Con-
‘ demnation. By Pride, I mean, that
‘ saucy Passion, which exults in every lit-
‘ tle eventual Pre-eminence over other
‘ Men ; such are the ordinary Gifts of
‘ Nature, and the paultry Presents of For-
‘ tune, Wit, Knowledge, Birth, Strength,
‘ Beauty, Riches, Titles and Rank. That
‘ Passion which is ever-aspiring, like a silly
‘ Child,

‘ Child, to look over the Heads of all
‘ about them ; which while it servilely ad-
‘ heres to the Great, flies from the Poor,
‘ as if afraid of Contamination ; devour-
‘ ing greedily every Murmur of Applause,
‘ and every Look of Admiration, pleased
‘ and elated with all kind of Respect, and
‘ hurt and enflamed with the Contempt
‘ of the lowest and most despicable of
‘ Fools, even with such as treated you
‘ last Night disrespectfully at *Vauxhall*.
‘ Can such a Mind as this be fixed on
‘ Things above ? Can such a Man reflect
‘ that he hath the ineffable Honour to be
‘ employed in the immediate Service of his
‘ great Creator, or can he please himself with
‘ the Heart-warming Hope, that his
‘ Ways are acceptable in the Sight of
‘ that glorious, that incomprehensible Be-
‘ ing ?’

‘ Hear, Child, hear,’ cries the old Gen-
tlemen, ‘ hear and improve your Under-
‘ standing. Indeed, my good Friend, no
‘ one retires from you without carrying
‘ away some good Instructions with him.
‘ Learn of the Doctor, *Tom*, and you will
‘ be the better Man as long as you live.’

‘ Undoubtedly, Sir,’ answered *Tom*, ‘ the
‘ Doctor hath spoken a great deal of ex-
‘ cellent Truth, and, without a Compli-
‘ ment to him, I was always a great Ad-
‘ mirer of his Sermons, particularly of
‘ their Oratory. But,

Nec tamen hoc tribuens dederim quoque cætera.

‘ I cannot agree that a Clergyman is ob-
‘ liged to put up with an Affront, any
‘ more than another Man, and more espe-
‘ cially when it is paid to the Order.’

‘ I am very sorry, young Gentleman,’
cries the Doctor, ‘ that you should be
‘ ever liable to be affronted, as a Clergy-
‘ man; and, I do assure you, if I had
‘ known your Disposition formerly, the
‘ Order should never have been affronted
‘ through you.’

The old Gentleman now began to check
his Son, for his Opposition to the Doctor,
when a Servant delivered the latter a Note
from *Amelia*, which he read immediately
to himself, and it contained the following
Words ;

‘ My

‘ My dear Sir,

‘ **S**OMETHING hath happened since I saw
‘ you, which gives me great Uneasi-
‘ ness, and I beg the Favour of seeing you
‘ as soon as possible, to advise with you
‘ upon it.

‘ I am,

‘ your most obliged,

‘ and dutiful Daughter,

‘ *Amelia Booth.*’

The Doctor’s Answer was, that he would wait on the Lady directly; and then turning to his Friend, he asked him if he would not take a Walk in the *Park* before Dinner. ‘ I must go,’ says he, ‘ to the Lady who was with us last Night, for I am afraid by her Letter, some bad Accident hath happened to her. Come, young Gentleman, I spoke a little too hastily to you just now, but I ask your Pardon. Some Allowance must be made to the Warmth of your Blood. I hope we shall in Time both think alike.’

The

The old Gentleman made his Friend another Compliment, and the young one declared, he hoped he should always think, and act too, with the Dignity becoming his Cloth. After which, the Doctor took his Leave for a while, and went to *Amelia's* Lodgings.

As soon as he was gone, the old Gentleman fell very severely on his Son. ‘*Tom*, says he, ‘how can you be such a Fool, to undo by your Perverseness all that I have been doing? Why will you not learn to study Mankind with the Attention which I have employed to that Purpose? Do you think, if I had affronted this obstinate old Fellow as you do, I should ever have engaged his Friendship?’

‘I cannot help it, Sir,’ said *Tom*, ‘I have not studied six Years at the University, to give up my Sentiments to every one. It is true, indeed, he put together a Set of sounding Words; but, in the main, I never heard any one talk more foolishly.’

‘What of that,’ cries the Father, ‘I never told you he was a wise Man, nor did

‘ did I ever think him so. If he had
‘ any Understanding, he would have been
‘ a Bishop long ago, to my certain Know-
‘ ledge. But, indeed, he hath been always
‘ a Fool in private Life; for I question
‘ whether he is worth 100 *l.* in the World,
‘ more than his annual Income. He hath
‘ given away above half his Fortune to the
‘ Lord knows who. I believe I have had
‘ above 200 *l.* of him, first and last; and
‘ would you lose such a Milch-cow as this
‘ for Want of a few Compliments. Indeed,
‘ *Tom*, thou art as great a Simpleton as
‘ himself. How do you expect to rise in
‘ the Church, if you can’t temporize, and
‘ give into the Opinion of your Superiors?’

‘ I dont know, Sir,’ cries *Tom*, ‘ what
‘ you mean by my Superiors. In one Sense,
‘ I own, a Doctor of Divinity is superior
‘ to a Batchelor of Arts, and so far I am
‘ ready to allow his Superiority; but I un-
‘ derstand *Greek* and *Hebrew* as well as
‘ he, and will maintain my Opinion a-
‘ gainst him, or any other in the Schools.’

‘ *Tom*,’ cries the old Gentleman, ‘ till
‘ thou gettest the better of thy Conceit, I
‘ shall never have any Hopes of thee. If
‘ thou art wise, thou wilt think every Man
thy

‘ thy Superior, of whom thou canst get
‘ any thing ; at least thou wilt persuade
‘ him that thou thinkest so, and that is sufficient. *Tom, Tom,* thou hast no Policy
‘ in thee.’

‘ What have I been learning these seven
‘ Years,’ answered he, ‘ in the University ?
‘ However, Father, I can account for your
‘ Opinion. It is the common Failing of
‘ old Men to attribute all Wisdom to themselves. *Nestor* did it long ago ; but, if
‘ you will enquire my Character at College,
‘ I fancy you will not think I want to go to
‘ School again.’

The Father and Son then went to take their Walk, during which the former repeated many good Lessons of Policy to his Son, not greatly, perhaps, to his Edification. In Truth, if the old Gentleman’s Fondness had not, in a great Measure, blinded him to the Imperfections of his Son, he would have soon perceived that he was sowing all his Instructions in a Soil so choaked with Self-Conceit, that it was utterly impossible they should ever bear any Fruit.